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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

FORTUNE TELLERS NEVER STARVE
W. L. Gresham

MAN'S TRIUMPH OVER THE PROSTATE
F. C. Kelly

WHAT IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BODY IN THE WORLD?
Photographic Study

Anton Bruehl

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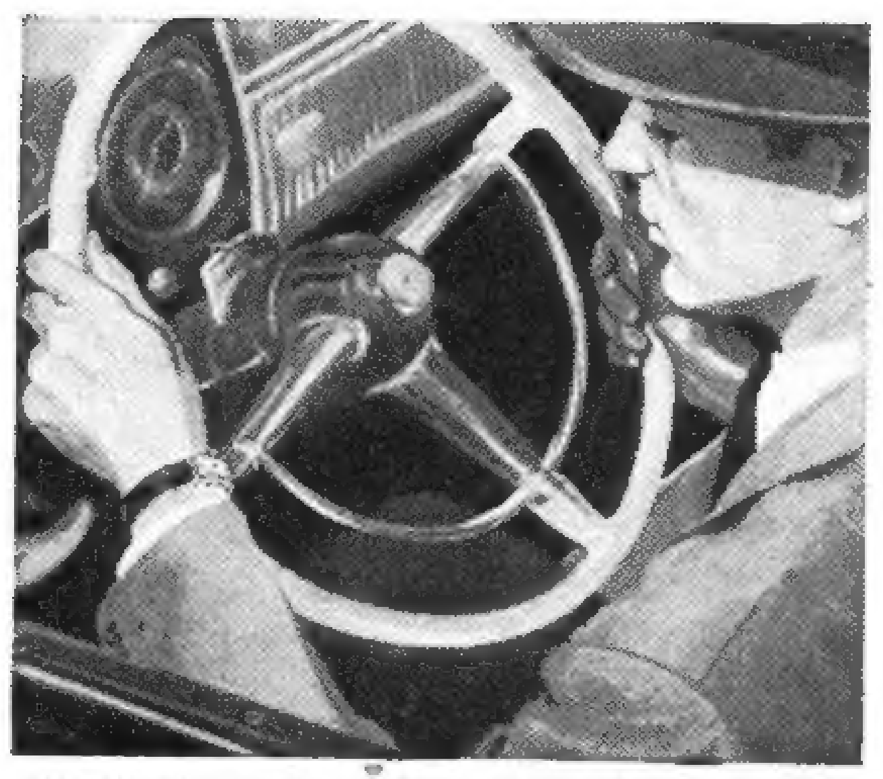

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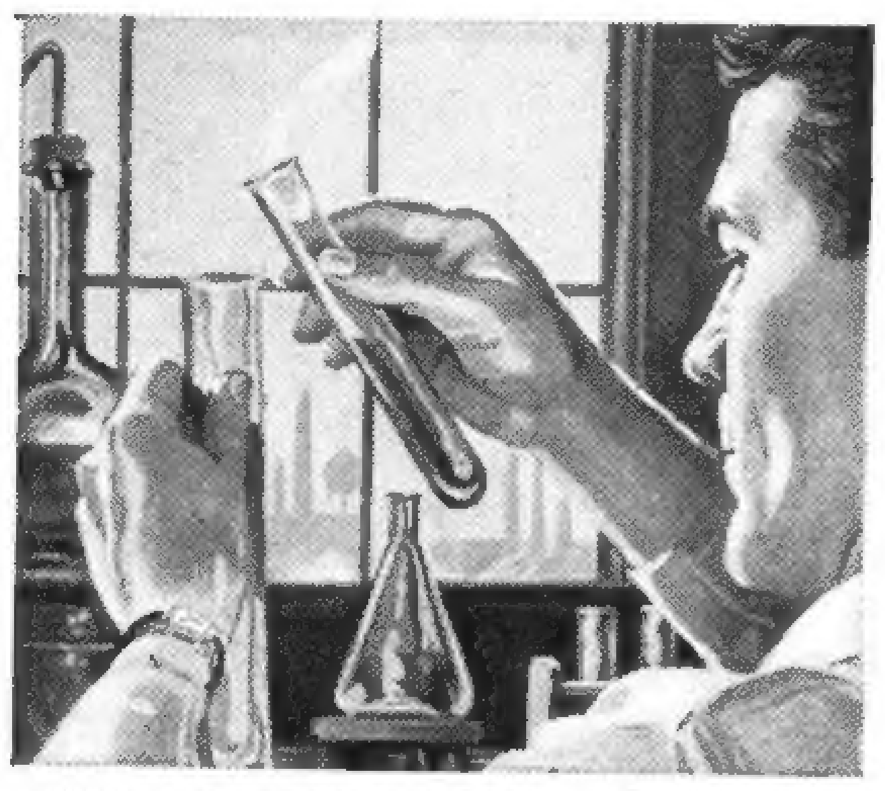

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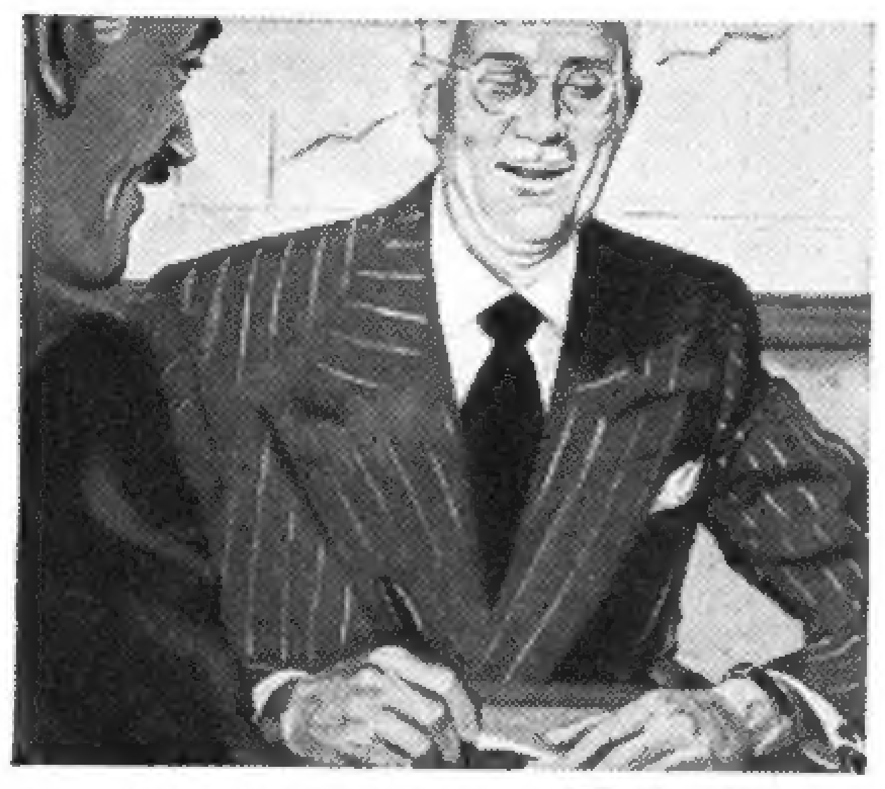

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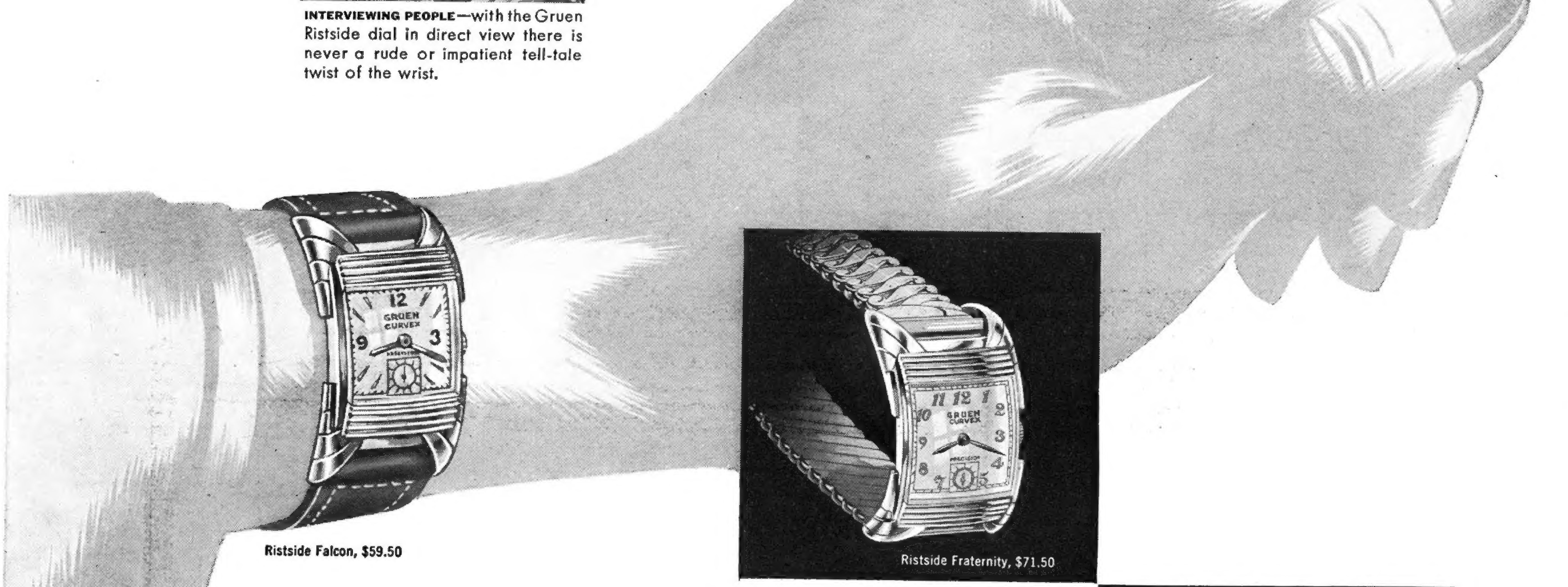

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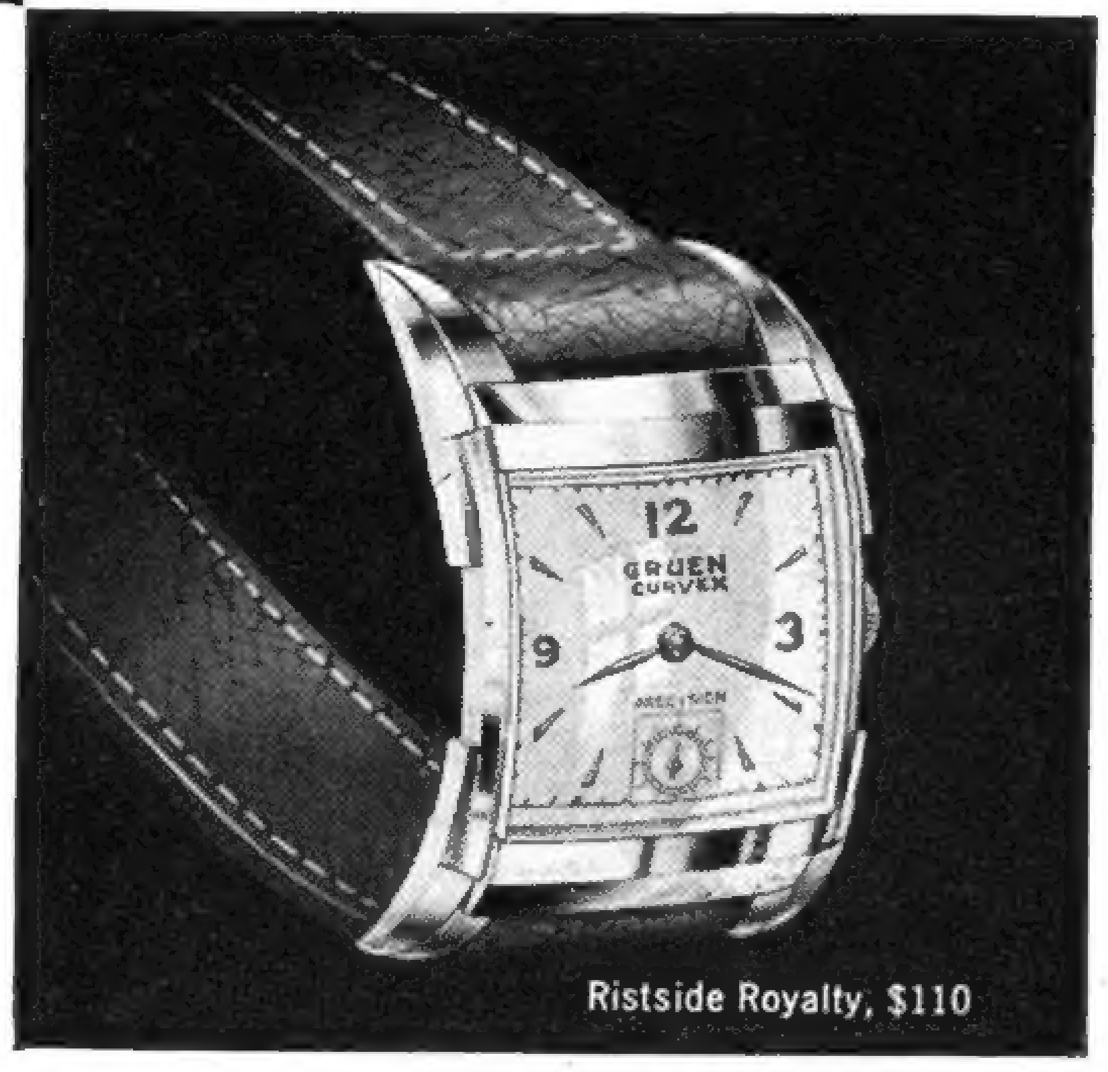

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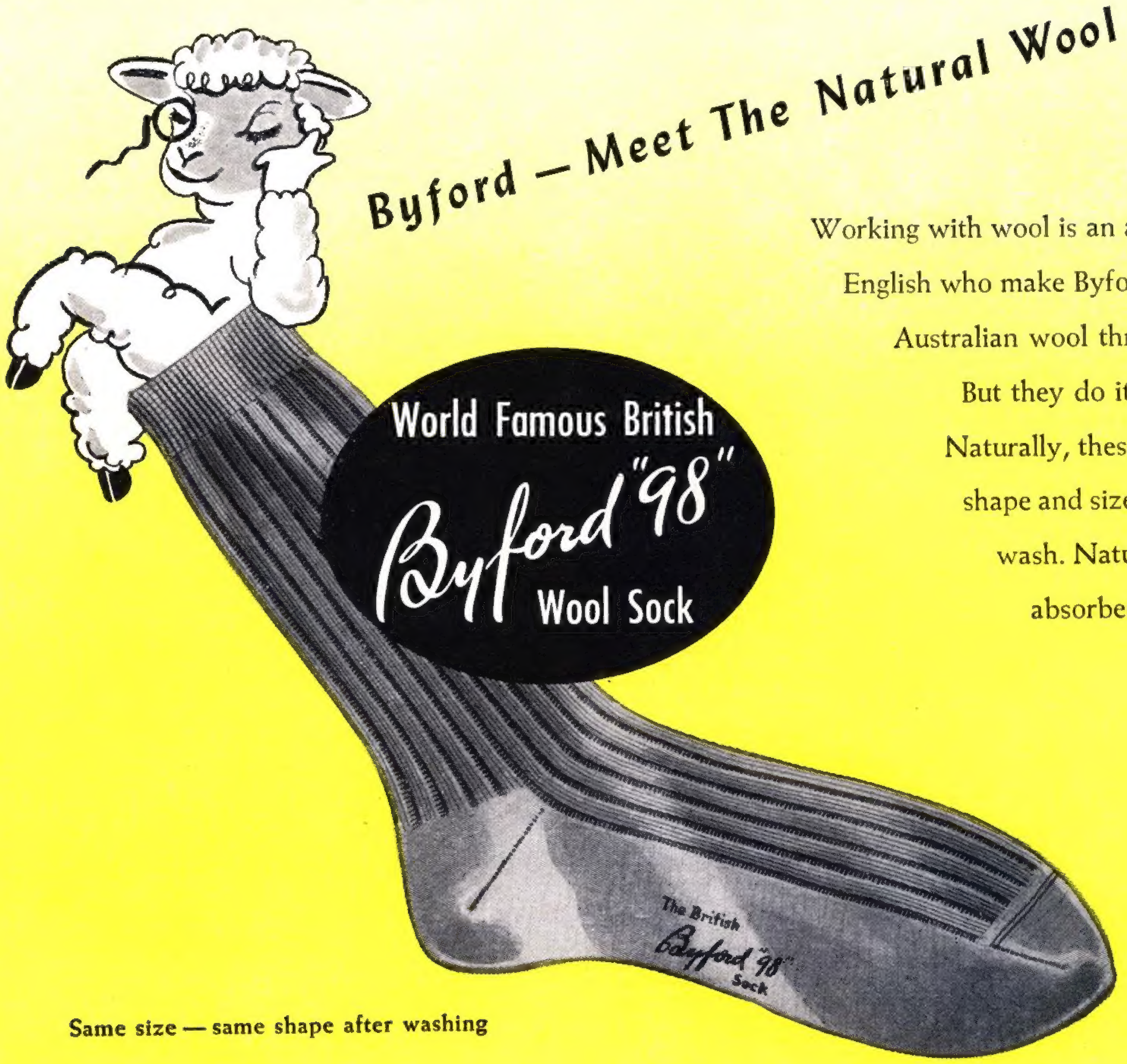

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Memo from the Publisher

When a Feller Needs a Friend

When at last the moment arrives, it does things to a man. His eyes swivel around in his head like marbles, and his skin takes on the hue of an old valise, well-battered by years of travel and scuffling. His breathing, normally a regular matter, suggests a Model-T after a swift run over the Continental Divide, the carburetor somewhat stopped by dead wasps, an accumulation of pine needles picked up in Maine in 1914, and an old lace handkerchief abandoned by a Follies girl in flight. His limbs—which he calls arms and legs—have seceded from the body, and are making independent excursions in various odd directions, which he follows listlessly, four at once.

This is not a man about to go into mortal combat. He is a man about to be married. He is, above all, a feller in need of a friend.

These symptoms, more or less, are common to the American male about to embark on his great adventure of marriage, and our good friend and great cartoonist, Webster, always a friend in need, could picture them far better than we. But we know all too graphically how seriously and how urgently a friend is needed in the zero hours before the champagne is opened, and even if you view it from the safe distance of a diamond anniversary, you will agree that the groom needs a friend to sustain him, while the mob flutters around the bride, serene and poised as she is.

So, Esquire to the rescue. In this issue, our Bridegroom Supplement holds his hand, adjusts his stock, hands him a rulebook and scripture that he will bless forevermore, because he knew what to do—precisely—at the big moment, except how to look at the girl dreaming up the aisle towards him. We have put it together in a supplement this month, but this is only a chapter in the continuing war-against-the-jitters we wage on behalf of bridegrooms in every outgoing mail.

This brief comment is more aptly a request: can we help you in matters marriageable? Or, more specifically, can we help you? Because when a feller needs a friend—we mean it—there's always Esky to turn to, in matters masculine, any sort, any time. Just drop us a line: we're always at your service.

GTS

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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T. M. REG.

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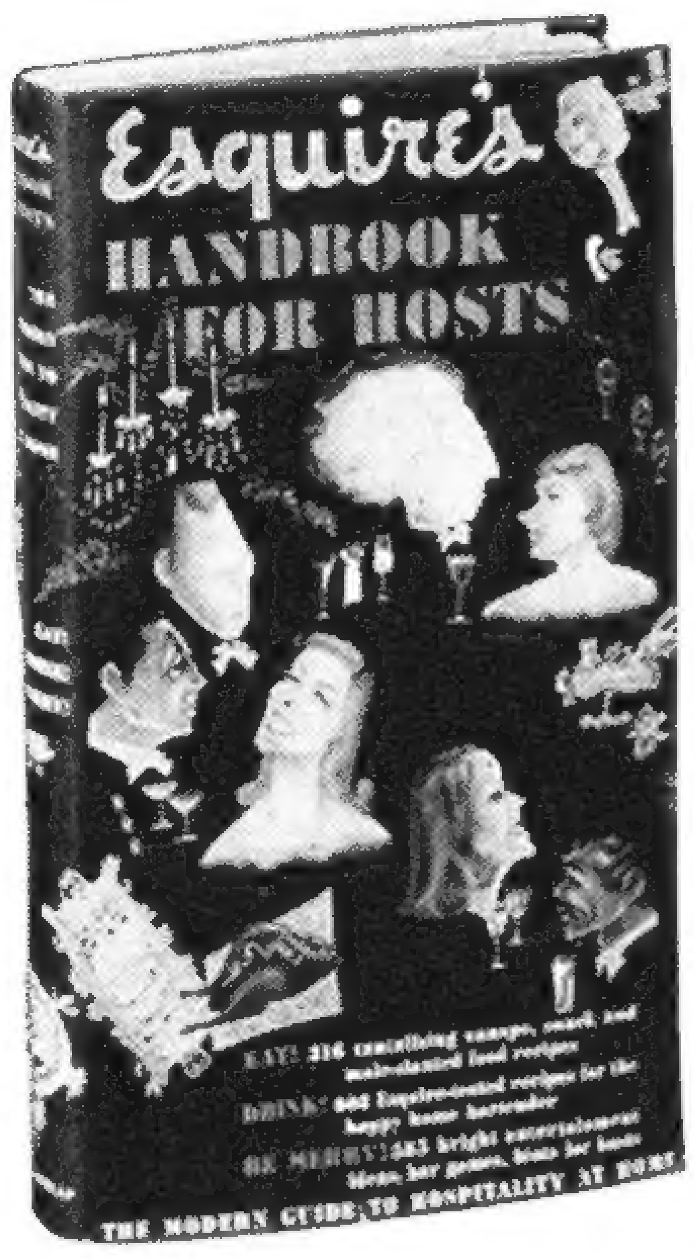
EDITORIAL

Esquire's Handbook for Hosts



Is peanut butter and hot dogs your idea of a romantic after-theatre snack?

Can you prepare Vichysoisse, bouillabaisse, or tête-a-têtes, much less pronounce them?

Do the girls drink your liquor and then go out with other guys?

Then, relax. Even if you do a little better than this, and your Cadillac convertible is still shiny, and your hair and your bank balance are fairly visible, you can relax. Because *Esquire's Handbook for Hosts* is now ready on Mr. Grosset and Mr. Dunlap's presses, and within a matter of days the all-time, all-knowing, all-inclusive, all-man reference book on "Eat, Drink and Be Merry" will be in your hands for a mere $3.50. For every male, be he the lad in the fifteen-room penthouse, or the guy in the glorified piano crate below street level, can now learn all the secrets of success anent the broiler and the casserole dish, the bar and the cocktail shaker, as well as the entertainment of the fair (and sometimes bored but never boring) sex.

We are not making like the fellow in the checkered suit outside the tent, with a weary and washed-out disappointment lolling within, in wait for you. This is simply an announcement, albeit of pure joy, of a cook-and-drink-and-fun book written for guys, designed by guys, and created entire by Esquire to fill that large gap in the publishing field like a steak hits the spot after a football game.

We do not wish to sneer at other publishers; we do not wish to drag gourmets away from their tortured little byplays; we do not wish to belittle the magic skillet of the little woman; we are only saying that this is *it*—a sensible, practical, and still unique It—for the Gentleman who breathes, and who likes to keep his breathing regular with something better than hash and red-eye whiskey every time he has to turn a lone hand in the kitchen or behind the bar. This is the answer to a maiden's prayer, in. fact—the maiden of your dreams. Listen, then, and realize that ours is no idle boast.

Not to belabor the ether with superlatives like a book salesman with his foot in the door, let us examine the *Handbook for Hosts* with a jaundiced and critical eye, throwing away all references to the colossal, and realizing as well as you do that $3.50 might serve other purposes than filling up a niche on the bookshelf.

There are 366 pages. There are three sections. One is called "Eat" and (you guessed it) is devoted entirely to the delights of the table. Over 300 easy-to-prepare-and-no-nonsense recipes are given, covering canapés, hors d'oeuvres, specialties like the aforementioned Vichysoisse as well as Welsh Rarebit, and moving right along into distinctive desserts and special methods of coffee-making.

"Drink" is the second section, and contains nearly 600 graces for the gullet ranging from a Mom Collins to a French '75, and covering stops at every bird-and-bottle in between.

The "Be Merry" section, number three, is a definite collection of games for every kind of a party—from the sole drinker who dabbles in solitaire to the Hollywood mob scene (or soirée) which so often brings out "The Game" to avoid bringing out the cops. Dozens of card games, quizzes, and other forms of party entertainment are elaborately explained, and whimsical grace notes enliven many pages in the form of the famous Esquire "checkpayers" as well as Esquire cartoons.

The book is very handsome, even though we are the proud papa, and has a shiny laminated jacket, covered with bright caricatures, cloth binding—a good-looking job to own.

All of the recipes, food and drink, and all the fun, have been culled from Esquire sources. If you like Esquire, gentlemen, this book is your meat—savory, rich, juicy, substantial, and filled with the goodness of bright ideas, companionability, and the joy of living. Did we leave anything out? Not that we—or you—will be able to notice.

* * *

The editorial page of a big-town newspaper offers its author several directions in which to go. First—and dearly beloved of the craft—is the indignant editorial. This reached its apex, of course, in the last century when crusad-

Continued on page 8

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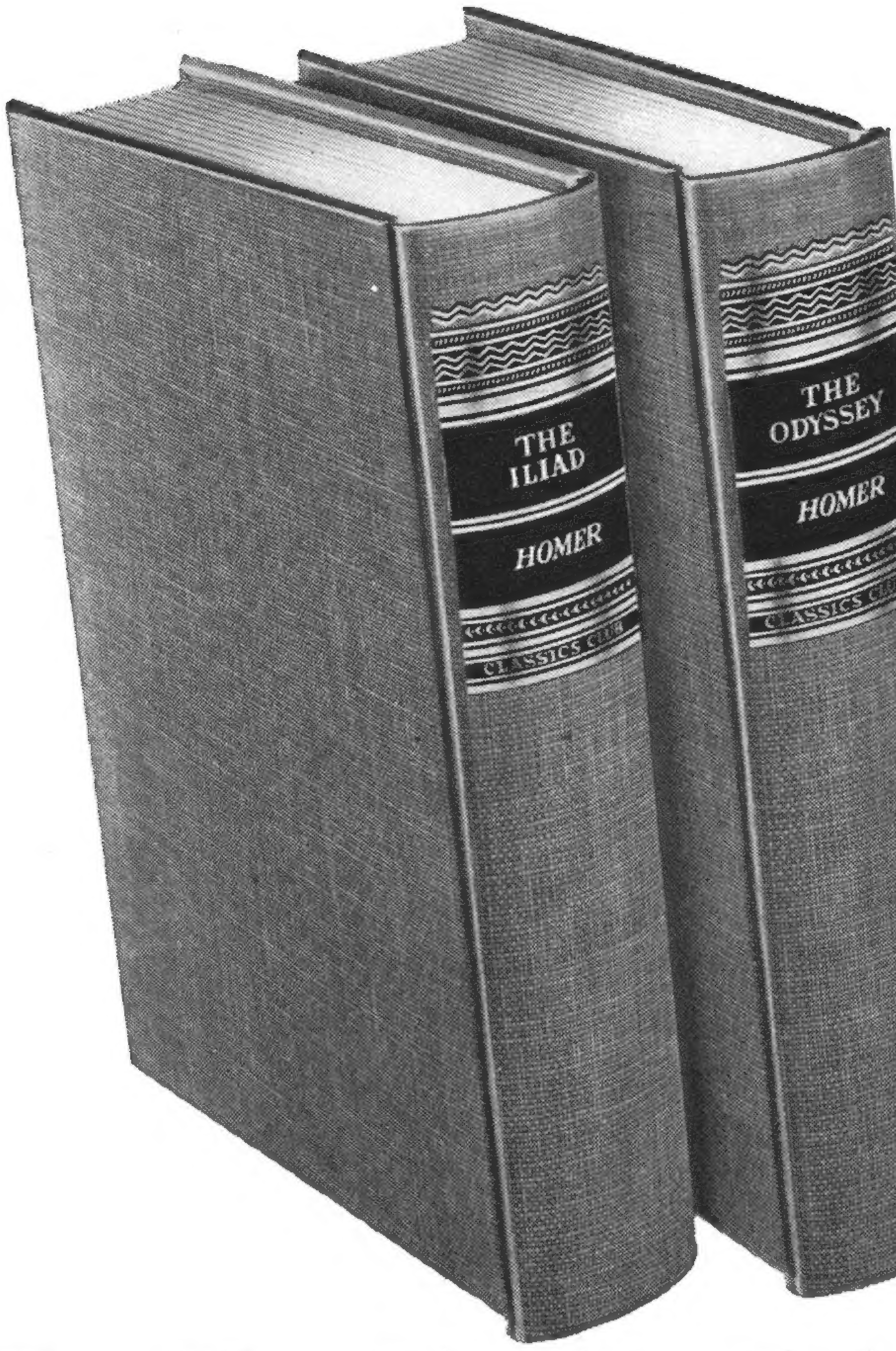

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Esquire's Handbook for Hosts

Continued from page 6

ing editors took their lives into their hands with their pens and such distinguished scribes as James Gordon Bennett would be often embroiled in street brawls, with a great flourish of canes.

The tradition still flourishes, too. With a bit of smoking news in his feverish paw, the editor sits down with an answering fire in his eye, and the short, punchy verbs, the pithy and the mordant phrases fly wild and free. The White House, Communists, local politicos, or a too outspoken beauty queen, receive a sound, but never libelous, tongue-lashing.

Then there is always the "thoughtful" editorial writer. No fireworks for him: he sits at a quiet desk, puffing on his pipe, philosophizing on the meaning of a rocket aimed at the moon, of a sentence uttered by an elder statesman, or a Lincolnian phrase with a stark modern application.

And, on the big-city dailies, there is always the "rural" editor, whose job it is to remind all men that we are a nation of country boys at heart, that the crocus is in bloom, that the scarlet-crested gillyflower is sounding sweet color notes in the dell, and that Mark Twain once made a very funny remark about the weather.

Each of these worthies may work at fever heat, with the full knowledge that deadline is only an hour away, and that the world is full of avid readers, even more avidly anxious to dash off a letter to the editor, in rebuttal or praise.

It is a hot pace.

But on a monthly, the task sets differently. The same letters come in—the same praise, insults, suggestions, incomprehension. But the letters to a monthly come slowly. Esquire goes first to the subscriber or newsstand purchaser, and then on for a reading by about eight or nine other guys. So we grow accustomed to the fact that when we commit a heresy, denunciation will be three months in the coming, at least. Confession—a lady is stirred to tell us her amorous misadventures or complain about her husband's secretary—takes about five or six months. Gentlemanly debate, in politest terms, and never intended to wound, only correct, the editorial spirit, may continue for years.

Thus the editor of a monthly comes to his columnar task with measured tread, knowing the long road ahead. The fires—if there be any in his eye—are banked deep, and burn low. The purpose is based on long considered conviction: no comment on gillyflowers, local politics, or White House visitors here. The deadline may be weeks away; the publication hour, not a half day ahead, but perhaps seasons away. The editor tends to take things calmly. He is not given to signs stating, "The difficult we do immediately: the impossible takes a little longer." He may not go all the way with the great man, Robert Benchley, whose desk sign read, "The work can wait," but he sets a calculated pace, like a distance runner who knows the laps, or the hillsides ahead.

And so we can only view with delight the bright and saucy words of an editor of another monthly, the Columbia University *Jester*, when he wrote:

"With the austere dignity of an eunuch snapping candid camera shots of a sex circus, the average reader picks up a copy of Jester, *thumbs over the jokes, hunts salacities among the cartoons, and lays it aside. Then he comes to tell us how little he enjoyed it, and is surprised when we call him stupid or bang him in the lung. But if he is also venal enough eventually to strain his eyes through this department for his grudged ten-cents' worth, we want to have a little talk with him.*

"This is the seventh Jester *this year, and a good issue. Still we are not happy about it. A humor magazine is a deadly serious thing, and only the fact that* Jester *is not one saves us from graveyard solemnity. And at this season also, when we have mastered the machinery of a manner (as Reinhardt said of a different manner better mastered) and are able to look backward and around us and even a little forward, we begin to know how good* Jester *is and how much better it still might be. This knowledge may or may not help us to jobs telling the publishers of all the dumb magazines how to improve their abortions; but certainly it never transfers to the next year's editors.*

"Of course this is no new observation. Even freshmen know about such things and store up nostalgic bromides against their becoming seniors. But one thing should be made clear which perhaps has not been so. You, the readers of Jester, *who in some angular way communicate your desires through the medium of the business board, wish (for instance) more jokes. You will not have them. In fact, you will have more of what we like—if we can get it. And if that means less of what you like, so much the worse for you. You must be a very stupid fellow."*

It so happens this editorial was written for the *Jester* some years ago. But it leaves us freshly wondering at the insouciant nerve of a college editor who could insult his readers, like a Mencken, and have them like it.

Should an editor put out a magazine as he pleases, and the hell with his readers? Certainly not. Even if he were not handling a commercial venture, that would be stupid and blind.

Should he, then, give them just what they want? Just as certainly, he should not, we'd say.

Give them what they want, yes: but that's not all. Give them some of the fun and surprises they don't have time to think about, give them new things, and sometimes shocking things, and sometimes soothing things, but keep it coming and keep it coming different. We'd never be happy if Esquire was just what you expected, or just what pleased us. It takes two to create: two to communicate.

And we thought to tell you of this, our gillyflower of the month. Nothing spectacular, no burning issue, no blossom in the dell. Just a thought we had a few days before deadline, and perhaps a season before you read this. ⧺

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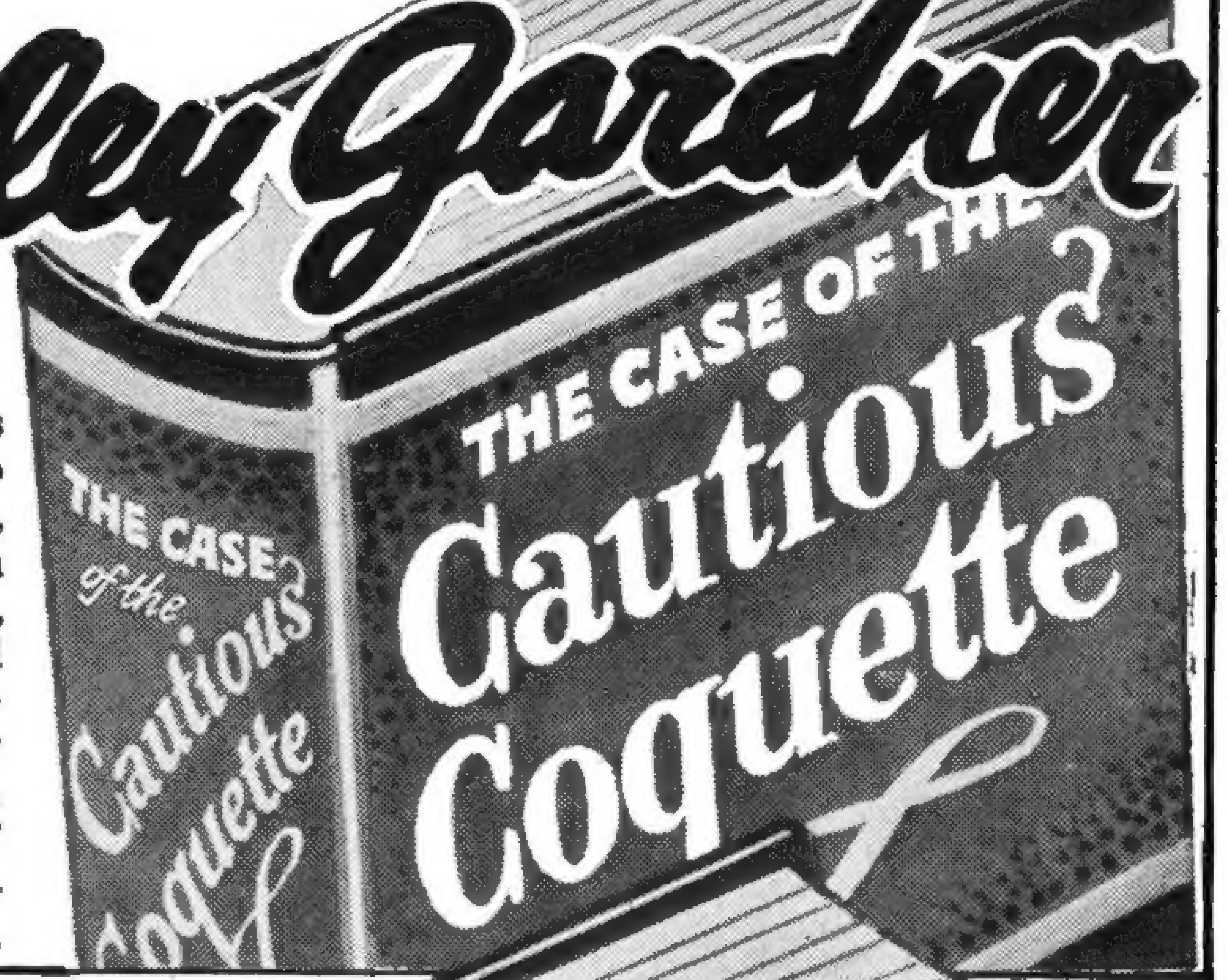

THE CASE OF THE Cautious Coquette
THE CASE of the Cautious Coquette

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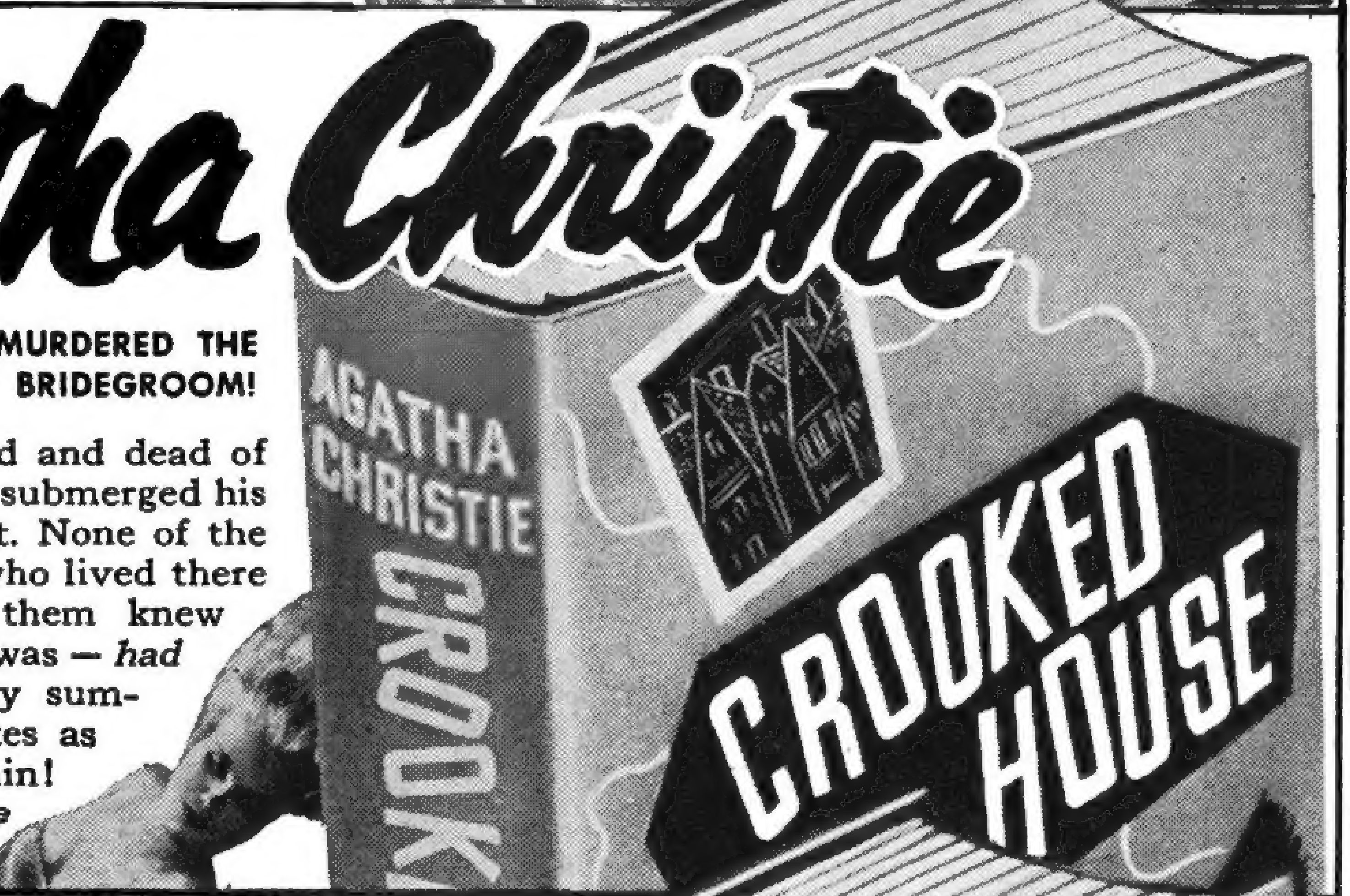

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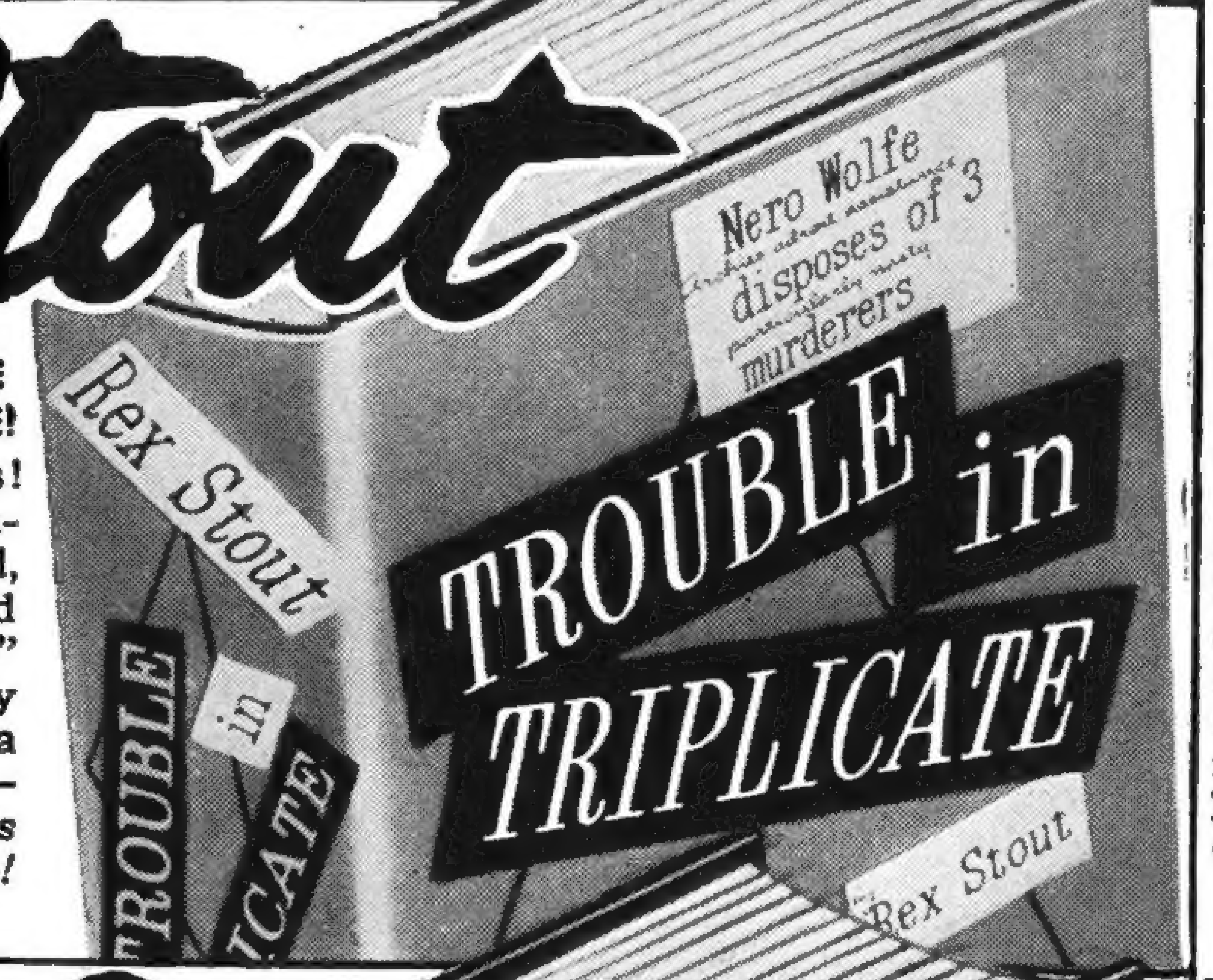

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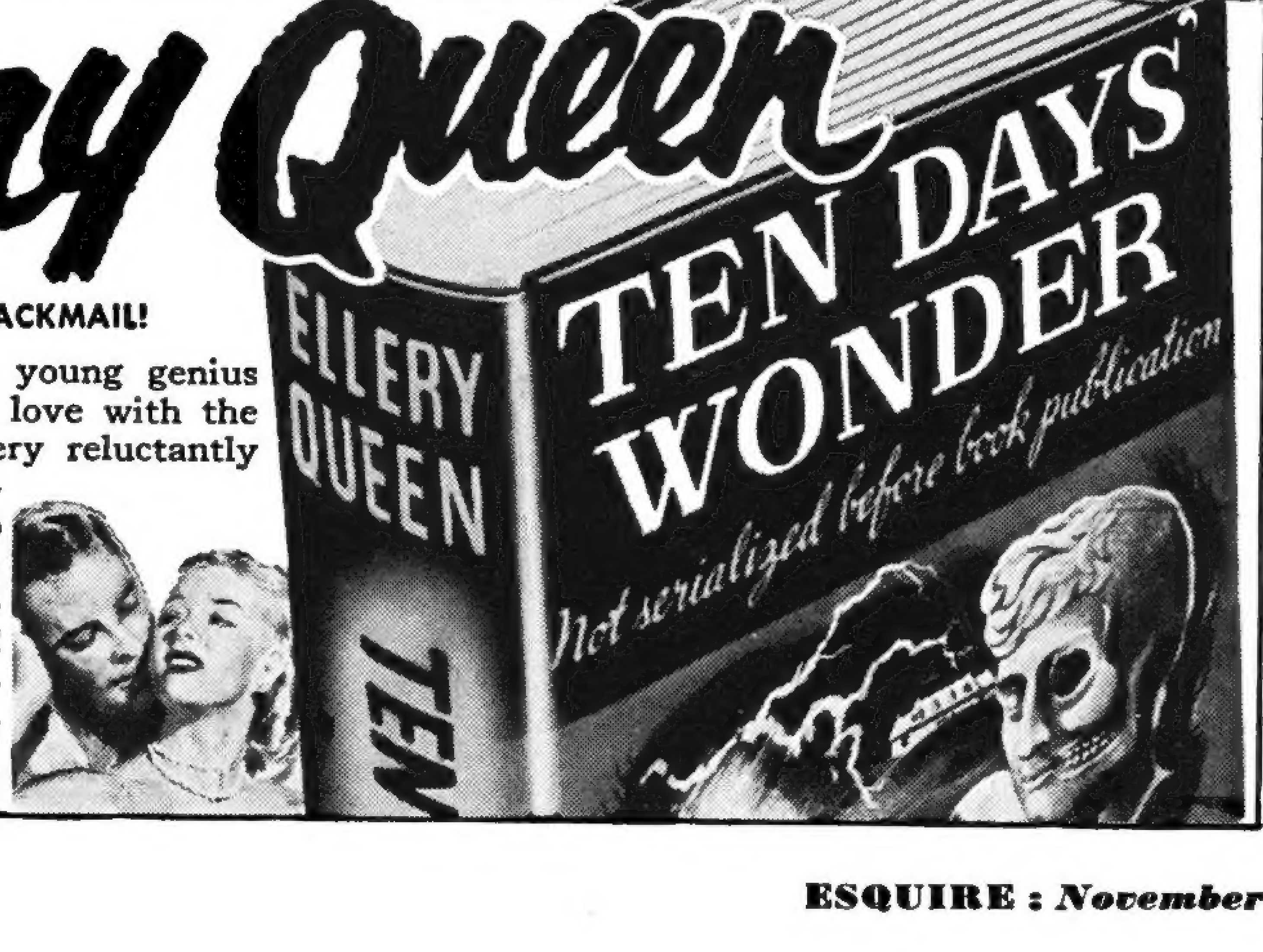
Ellery Queen



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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

polo polemics

In the July issue of Esquire there is an article about polo (*The Sport of Kings*) and no mention of Argentine polo teams is made. . . . I consider that unfair. In the last two Olympic games, Argentina won the polo title of champions.

Our boys then crossed over to the U. S. and won in your fine country. Later a fine U. S. team came here and won. As for the polo matches played this year in the U. S. by Argentine teams, they are too fresh in everyone's memory to mention.

Roberto P. Lalor
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Editor's Note: *Although Argentina has never had a Tommy Hitchcock, Jr., reader Lalor's critique scores a goal. For instance, the Argentine El Trebol Polo Club quartet has won over 130 consecutive matches against all comers, including the 1949 U. S. All-Stars.*

hearts and flowers

I don't have to tell you what every man knows: Esquire is tops. Especially the Al Moore girl. But one thing I really miss is the beautiful reproduction of French impressionist paintings. How about some more?

Jack Sporn
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fred's a funny

Upon seeing his story, *Allen's Alibi*, and the accompanying caricature of himself in the June issue of Esquire, Fred Allen struck a dramatic pose and in a greatly agitated voice, cried: "Zounds! At last it has come. . . ." Immediately all action ceased in his studio. I happened to be present at the rehearsal in Allen's NBC studio at Radio City the day the issue appeared, and had taken him aside to show it to him. Actors, technicians, et al. stopped in their tracks wondering if some calamity had struck. A photographer, sensing a coast-to-coast news break, stepped in and flashed this picture. Hurrying to Fred's side, a worried assistant asked, "What's up, Mr. Allen?" "What's up?" said Fred, "What's up, you ask? Why, we made magazine history today, man. My story is in Esquire! Run out to the newsstands and pick me up a few thousand copies!"

Thought you'd be interested to see by this photo the esteem with which Fred regards Esquire.

Ted Kavanaugh
New York, N. Y.

aid and comfort

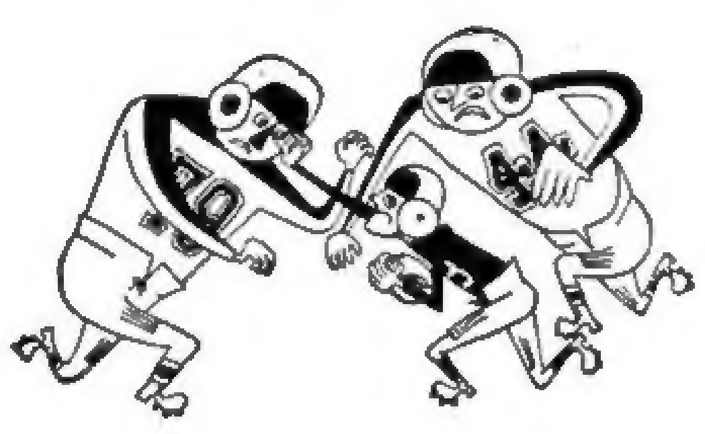
I am convalescing in Selskar-Fairview and expect to do so for some time. I am confined to bed most of the day and am very fond of reading. I wonder if any of your readers have some old books or magazines they could possibly send me to help pass away the hours? Anything received will be appreciated and will be read many times over.

Ann Fleming
Selskar-Fairview
Dublin, Ireland

subway Irish

Jimmy Cannon's article in the August issue caused me no little pain. Even if a guy never went to college, he has to have an alma mater. So why not pick the best?

J. T. Weber
New York, N. Y.



I wonder why Notre Dame plays North Carolina this year? I'm afraid they are sure to lose . . . .

W. R. Ireland
Melbourne, Fla.

Football season will never again be a real season until the Army whips up the initiative to put Notre Dame back on its schedule. Next thing they'll do is drop the Navy game and we're all through. I've a hunch that the demand for a reopening of hostilit es between the Grey and the Green will be so great and look so good financially that the promoters won't be able to resist.

N. C. Sanderoff
Washington, D. C.

rifle frolic, 1949

In common with other riflemen and pistolmen, I note well the article in the August Esquire on *Taming the Handgun* and that very fine print of *The Rifle Frolic* in the same issue. With real appreciation for your recognition of this colorful sport, we trust that

Continued on page 12

Streetcar worth waiting for

But why wait? If you're one of the many, many people who'd rather drink Four Roses, ask for it today. It gives you so much more in quality for so little more in price.

FINE BLENDED WHISKEY
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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

this may presage future articles devoted to the subject. I would call your attention to the fact that while the days of Wetzel and Boone are long since gone, the ancestors of these same men from Pennsylvania and New York have built a rifle sport every bit as colorful as that depicted in *The Rifle Frolic.* This sport is known as Bench Rest shooting and its devoteés are riflemen who have developed the art of accuracy at the target far beyond the possibilities of commercially manufactured arms. Hand-made rifles, firing cases of individual design and hand-made bullets that travel at velocities often above 4000 feet per second are used . . . .

SAMUEL CLARK, JR.
Waterville, Maine

I was very much interested in the statement, "If there was ever a symbol which embodied the unique characteristics that may be called American, it is the long rifle. . . . " Fortunately these very principles have been embodied in the Second Amendment to the Constitution. There are, however, some people today who desire the complete disarmament of every American citizen in an effort to "curb crimes." But there are many benefits and enjoyable moments that come from private possession of firearms. Disarmament by law will be no more effective than Prohibition; laws will never keep lawbreakers from getting hold of a gun; firearms *can* be handled safely; and if, as some people claim, putting a toy gun in a tot's hand suggests crime to him, then surely an infant's rattle has a sinister resemblance to a blackjack. Europe has been an example of firearms registration and confiscation: invaders have had only to walk in and take over . . . .

Constitution

ARNOLD HAYNE
Brooklyn, N. Y.

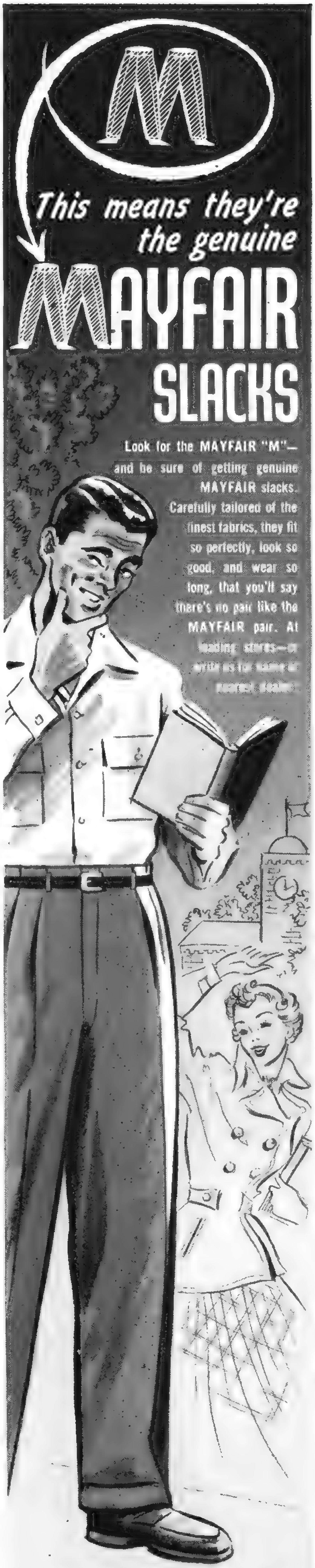
Kane korrection

Henry Kane (*Until You Are Dead,* August) might take a midnight drive to the shadows of the George Washington Bridge, but since when did he pay the toll on the New York side to go over to good old Jersey? (See page 69.) Prior to moving Upstate, I commuted over that bridge and the toll was always paid on the New Jersey side.

G. J. GROSS
Syracuse, N. Y.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Gross is perfectly right. However, when one is involved in creative work, tollgates somehow shift as you bear down on the more pertinent details. A writer generally depends upon the research department of the publication to straighten out these little*

Continued on page 15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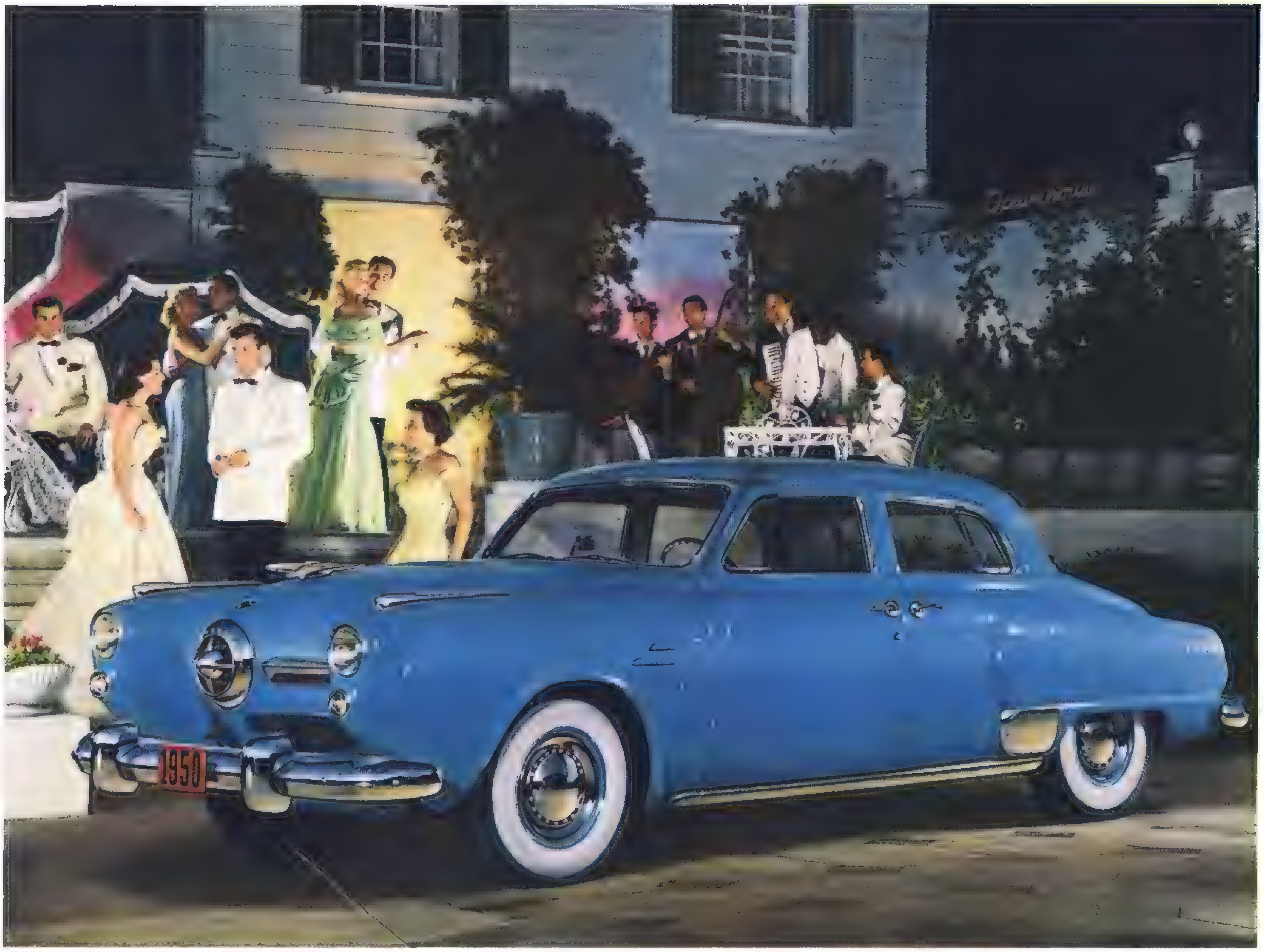

Studebaker Land Cruiser

All eyes are on this "next look" in cars!

AMERICA EXPECTS the unexpected from Studebaker—and here it is—the "next look" in cars!

This is a truly inspired 1950 Studebaker—dynamically new in form and substance—styled ahead and engineered ahead for years to come.

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Stop in and see these new 1950 Studebaker thrill cars first chance you have. See for yourself why Studebaker's really rolling! Studebaker leads again with the "next look" in cars!

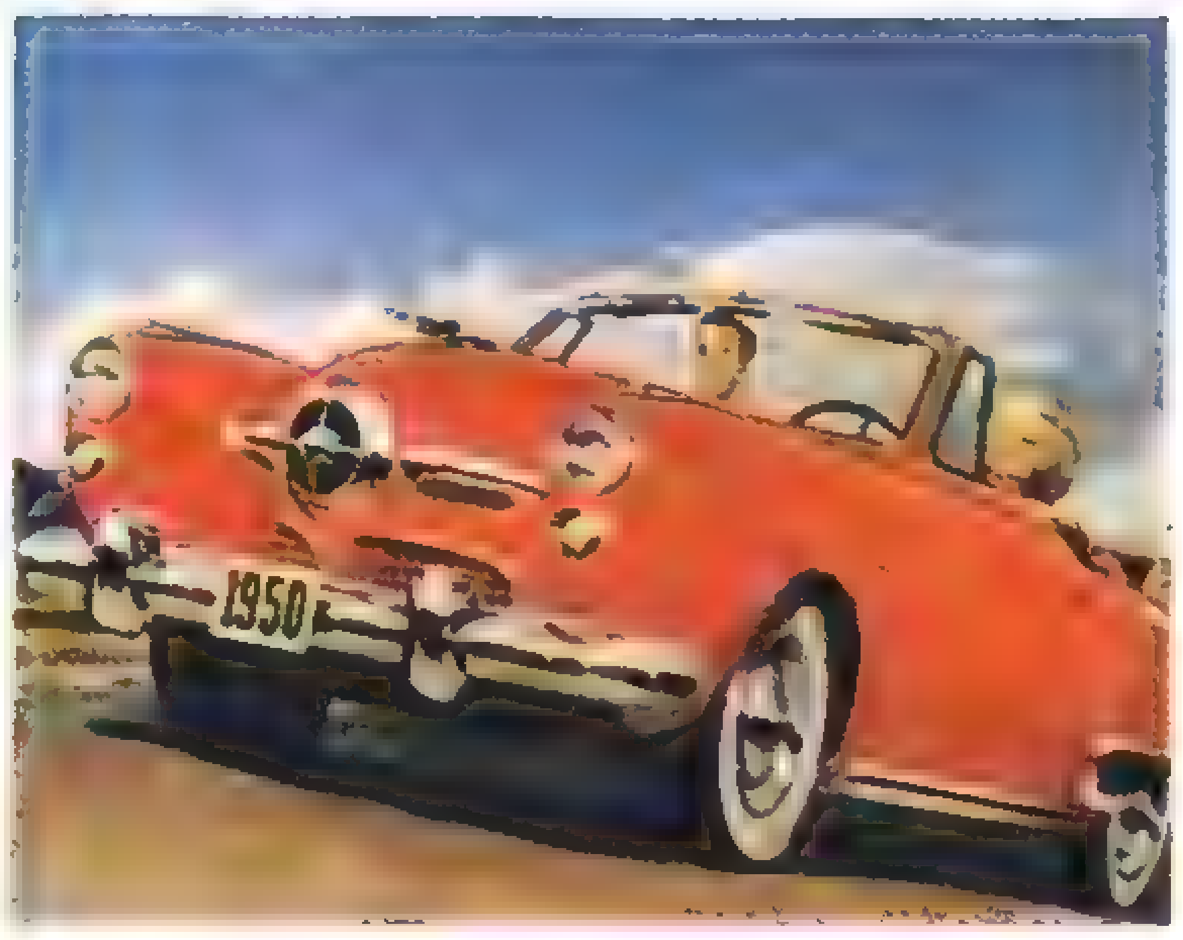
New 1950 Studebaker

Styled ahead for years to come!

White sidewall tires and wheel discs optional at extra cost

America likes this "next look" in interiors—Fabulously fine nylon cord upholstery, introduced into motoring by Studebaker, is standard in the 1950 Land Cruiser and regal de luxe Commander. Land Cruiser is shown.

America likes Studebaker gas economy—Studebaker's higher compression Champion and Commander engines of increased horsepower use gasoline very sparingly. Automatic overdrive is available at extra cost.



America likes Studebaker's new driving thrill—Every 1950 Studebaker handles with light-touch ease—rides so smoothly it almost completely abolishes travel fatigue. A new kind of coil spring front suspension.

America likes Studebaker craftsmanship—Men of conscience and competence, many of them father-and-son teams, build soundness into every 1950 Studebaker.

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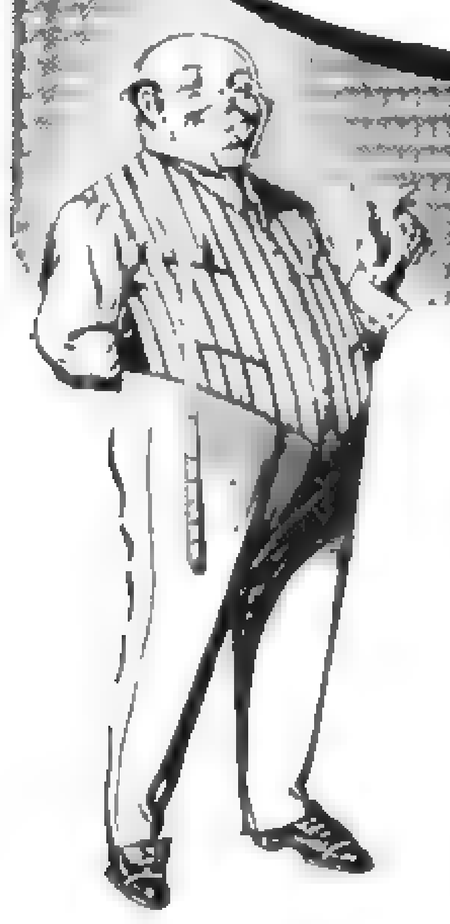

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 12

twists. Everyone strikes out once—even infallible Research—for which collective apologies to Mr. Gross, et al. HENRY KANE

Modesty is a rare virtue—more especially in a hunk of male with the varied talents of Pete Chambers. By his own admission, the blonde fluff, who turned out to be the naughty villainess of *Until You Are Dead,* failed to make with the usual response when he bared his plush-lined fangs. Was it because she was afraid of the wolf in private-eye's gabardine?

CHRISTINE SANDERS
Dallas, Texas

willing or unwilling?

I am confused. Who should I believe? May I refer you to an article in the May *Ladies Home Journal* in comparison with one published in the May Esquire. Your article, *The Unwilling Virgins,* advises of the very definite shortage of men in the United States and describes how one-half-million women will go through life unmarried. In the *Journal* article, *How to Catch a Husband,* on page 31, it says: "There is no shortage of marriageable men in the United States." What should I believe?

(MISS) GRACE K. MEYER
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The* Journal *is optimistic. Even if there were enough "marriageable" men, who can force them all to marry?*

movie migration

I can't for the life of me figure out why the Hollywood people have to go to Italy to make a good movie. It is a beautiful country, but the gold rush that you speak of in your August issue (*Hollywood All' Italiana*) seems to be an attempt by our movie people to get a bit of the praise that has been going to European moviemakers. They seem to think that if you shoot a movie in Europe, then it is automatically a good movie. What I want to know is how they are going to get the Italian touch, having been born and raised on this side of the Atlantic?

G. L. ROSSENING
Chicago, Ill.

Esquire, you are after my heart. Valentina Cortesa is like a cool Mediterranean breeze.

ROBERT M. MORRISON
St. Louis, Mo.

Max

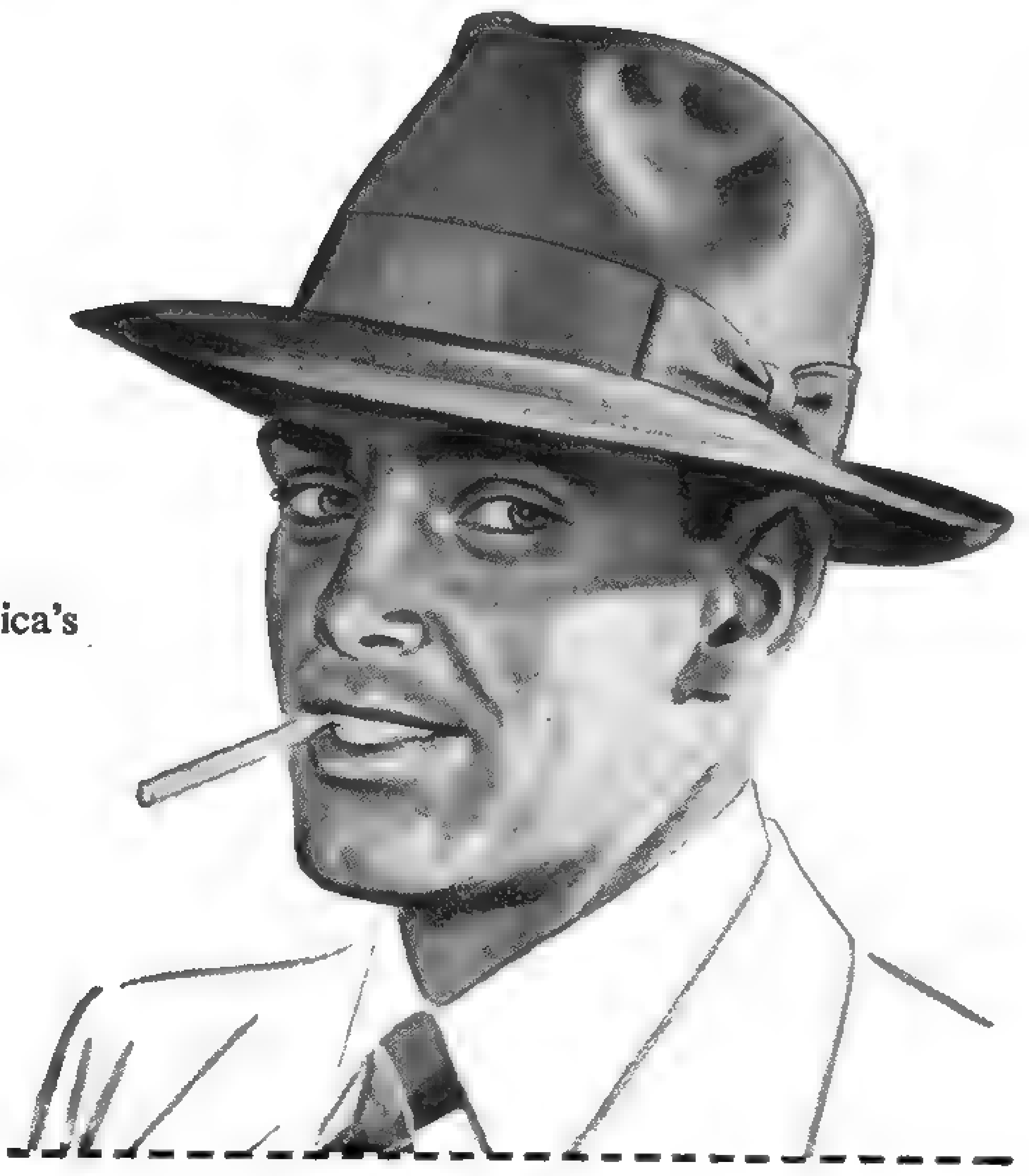
Nice to have Max Beerbohn in Esquire, but why choose *Going Out for a Walk?* It's hardly representative of the man's work.

ELLSWORTH MACMANUS
Galveston, Texas

Continued on page 16

Look at the fine-quality fur felt!

The STANFORD is America's favorite hat style, with its bold sweep of wide-bound snap brim. Superb workmanship, finest fur felt, yet only $7.50.



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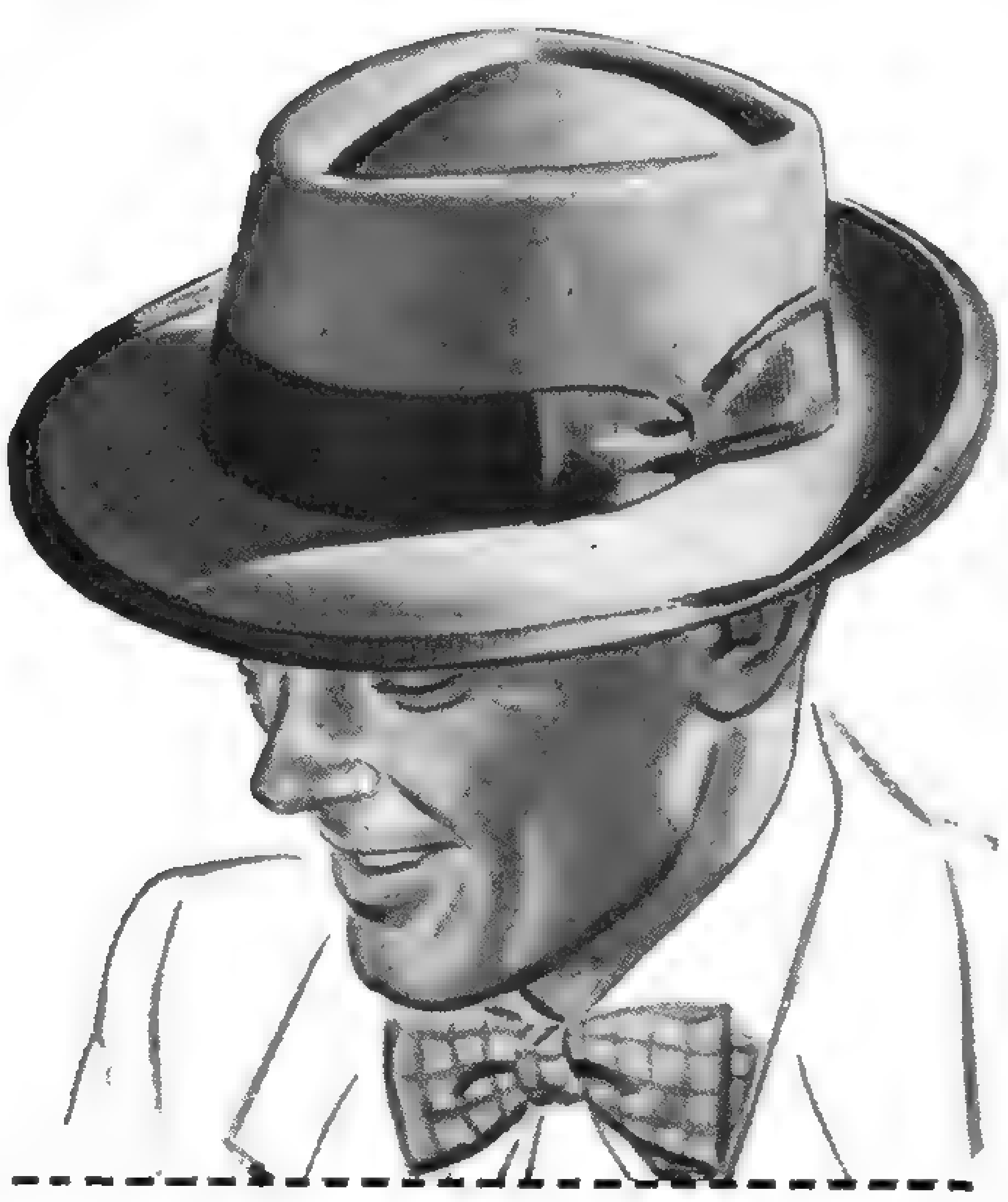

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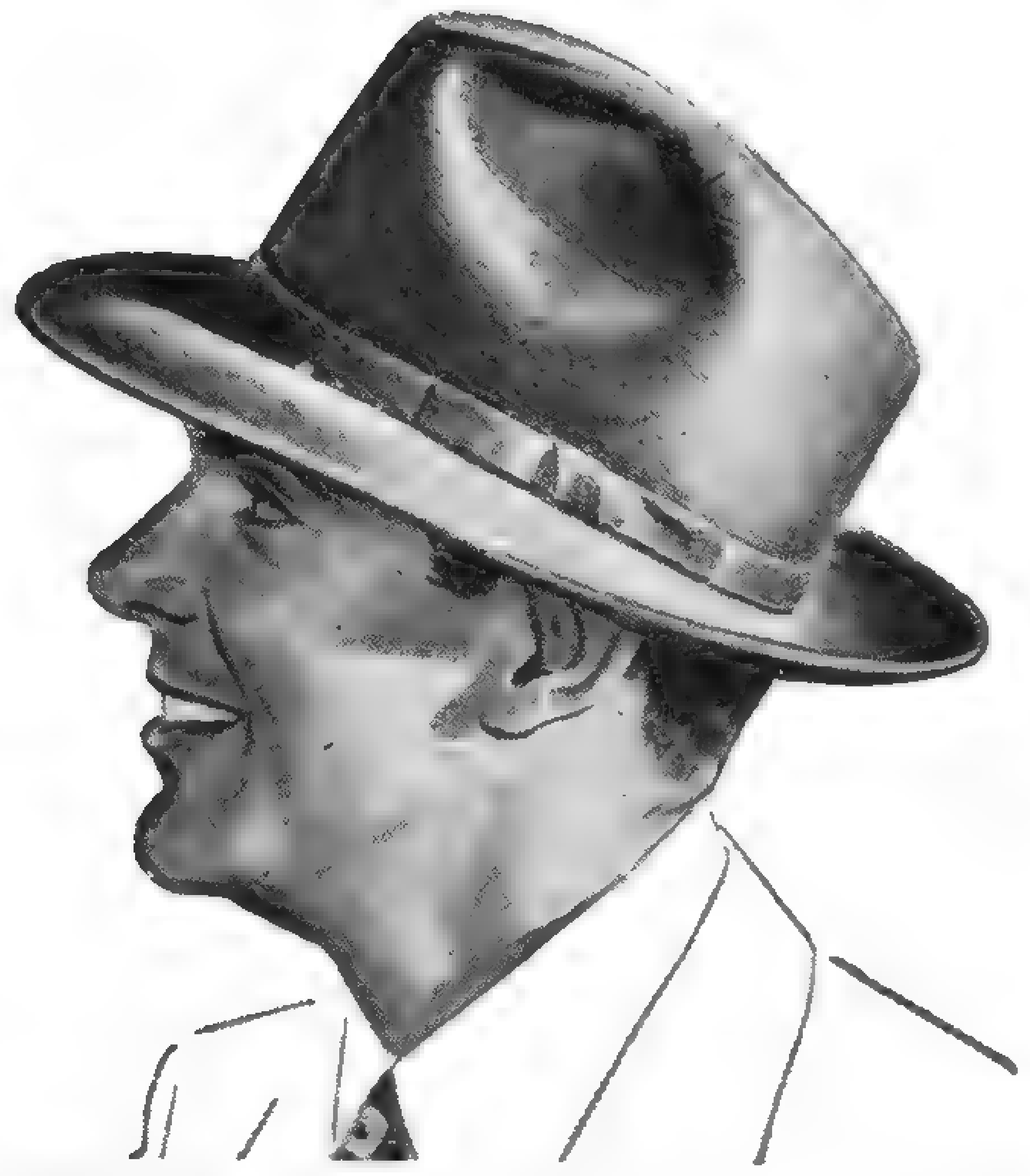

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Alligator Rainwear

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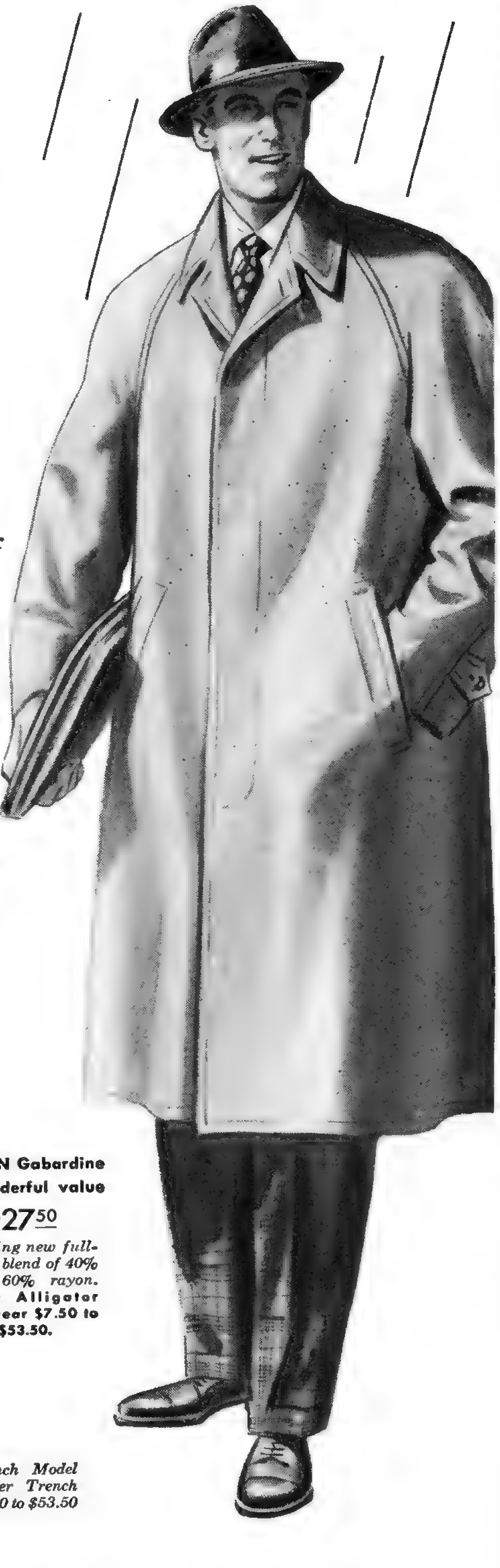

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BETTER DEALERS FEATURE:
ALLIGATOR
Rainwear
because... IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

The Sound and the Fury

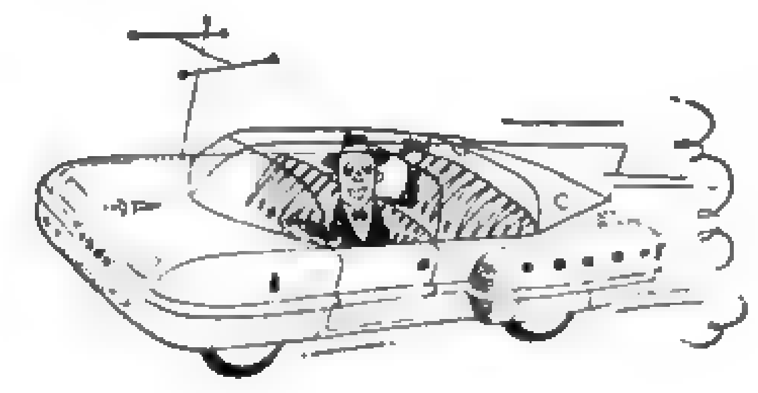
Continued from page 15

Jefferson on jalopies

Thomas Jefferson did not have Pierce Arrow's "Silver Arrow" in mind, but the creators of it might have saved time and money if they knew of Jefferson's observations and heeded them (*The Shape of Cars to Come*, August). I quote from Jefferson: ". . . when we reflect how difficult it is to move or inflect the great machine of society, how impossible to advance the notions of a whole people suddenly to ideal right, we see the wisdom of Solon's remark, that no more good must be attempted than the nation can bear."

MAURICE G. POSTLEY
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Bentley represents the auto manufacturers as altruists canvassing their potential customers to ascertain their views on the automobile of the future; whereas, actually, the last of these visionaries of the industry, who really tried to give the public something worth-while in transportation, succumbed or were swallowed up by the large automobile makers. The automobile of 1960, as foreseen by Mr. Bentley should have been on the market four years ago. Mercedes-Benz made an excellent rear engine car in 1937. Maserati built the light, high-compression engine of 1960 as far back as 1938. . . . Joe Public could have these today instead of the few new crumbs tossed to him from time to time. . . .



JOHN DU PUY
Eastman, Quebec, Can.

all shapes and sizes

Besides merely figuring on how to get more speed with less gas, Mr. Bentley (*The Shape of Cars to Come*, August) and the automobile manufacturers should devote some thinking to the problem of letting hopeless incompetents get behind the wheel. It won't make any difference how good the cars are in 1960 if those in the driver's seat don't learn how to handle what they've got. This seems to be a far more important issue than rear engines.

JESSE WILLIAMSON
Sacramento, Calif.

puzzle perfect

Mr. Ramsey's puzzle in the July issue is almost too simple. As usual with this type of thing, the puzzle is solved if basic mathematical laws are obeyed. In this case, one must remember that the square roots of both sides of the equation must be taken 25¢ = ¼ dollar, therefore $\sqrt{25\text{¢}} = \sqrt{\tfrac{1}{4}\text{ dollar}}$. Thus, $5\text{¢} = \tfrac{1}{2}\sqrt{\text{dollar}}$. Now, if you grant that a dollar equals 100¢, then the square root is 10¢. Finally, 5¢ = ½ 10c, or a nickel equals a nickel. Simple?

JOHN R. HORSEY
Chicago, Ill.

Continued on page 149

"SURE...
it's easy on your feet..."

BUT SO ARE WARD HILL SHOES. And a lot less conspicuous, too. As a matter of fact, 9 out of 10 men who switched to Ward Hill Shoes say they...

Fit better
Break in more easily
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than any brand they had previously worn.*

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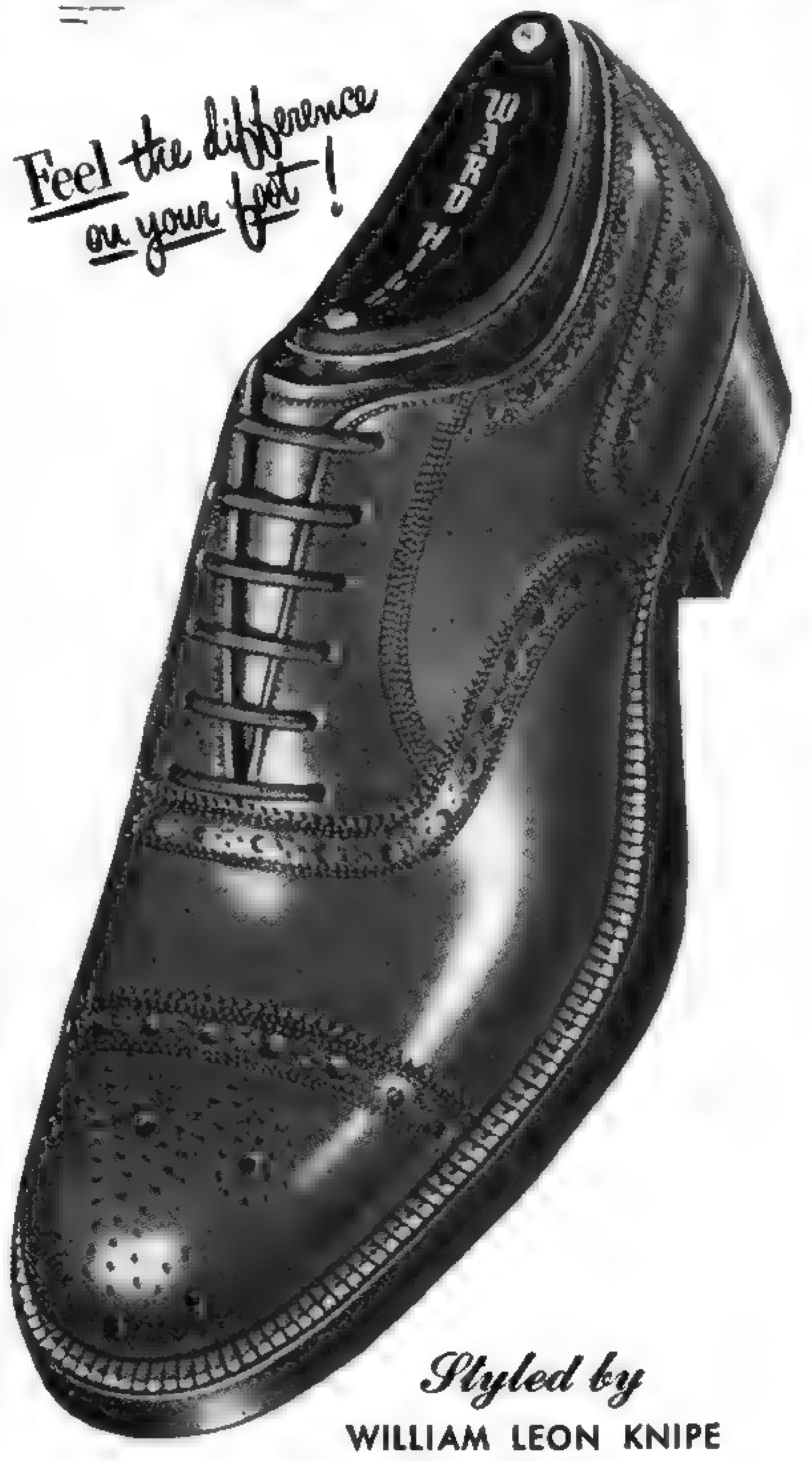
Shoes for Men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Styled by
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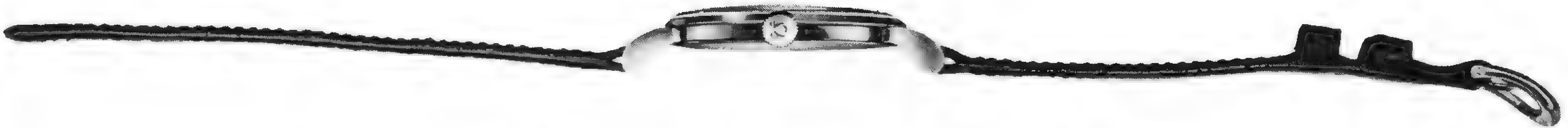
*Results of a 2-year survey conducted among Ward Hill purchasers

PROFILE OF

OMEGA



(*or How to Buy a Watch*✲)

In 1848 in Switzerland a small group of the world's finest watch makers set themselves the task of creating the most accurate watch human hands could make. They called the watch they made ***Omega,*** after the last letter of the Greek alphabet... a letter which had become the symbol of the ultimate in achievement.

- Today the Omega is recognized the world over as one of the most ***accurate*** instruments of time yet conceived by man. As highly valued in Buenos Aires as in Boston. As easy to buy in South Africa as in South Dakota.

- The world's finest jewelers recommend Omega. They, as experts, know it to be a marvel of timekeeping precision... of undeviating regularity throughout the years. A survey of their Shop Records proves that Omega requires ***less servicing*** than any watch in its class.

- Accuracy Honors are awarded to watch manufacturers as a result of Observatory Precision Contests. Regularly since 1933 Omega has won the ***official*** precision record recognized by the British National Observatory (Kew Teddington).

- ***"Accuracy on the wrist"***... the highest honor coveted by a watch manufacturer... is a special point of pride with Omega. To achieve this, every watch must meet exhaustive tests in Omega's own scientific laboratories before it may be released to the fine jeweler permitted to sell Omegas.

- The 17-jewel Swiss movement in every Omega watch is made entirely by Omega. It is not an assembly of mass-produced parts. Every bit of its intricate mechanism is designed, precision-made, and fitted at Omega's own plant in Bienne, Switzerland. As a result, the Omega is as fine a timepiece as man... and modern science can make.

- As watches have become more and more an important accessory of fashion, the makers of Omega have won esteem as leading watch stylists. Today, the face and case of Omega watches, designed for both men and women, are as ***beautiful*** as the Omega mechanism within. All Omega watches are specially made to permit individuality and elegance of cases. In designing each Omega style, the shape of the case and the construction of the mechanism are skilfully related, to make the watch not only handsome but highly accurate.

- Omega is the maker of two particularly ***distinguished*** watches ... the Omega Automatic, acknowledged as the world's thinnest highly precise self-winding watch... and the Omega Chronometer, a precision watch accompanied by a timing certificate testifying to its remarkable accuracy under varying conditions.

- Omega watches... obtainable at fine jewelers all over the world... are easily kept in perfect condition, because all Omega jewelers are equipped to take care of any servicing required.

- A legend persists that Omega watches are ***wonderful,*** of course, but very expensive. Actually they vary considerably in price... you can buy one for as little as $60.00, including Fed. Tax.

Illustrated is the superb new Ultra Thin Omega, 14K gold, with sweep second hand, $125. Also available in gold filled case, without sweep second hand, $67.50, F.T.I.

✲In planning the purchase of a fine watch, consider the important factors that will protect you in making a selection: Go to a fine jeweler. You pay no more for quality when you deal with a fine house. Buy by reputation . . . a name that has stood the test of time. Check on the dependability of a watch. Jewelers' Shop Records are proof of performance over long periods of time. There are many fine watches, few great ones. You may as well own the best at the price.

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DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH GORDON'S GIN

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BACKSTAGE
WITH ESQUIRE

Wm. Lindsay Gresham

At a women's club not too many years ago, a man with a black mustache gazed into a crystal ball and astounded the audience with his "telepathic" powers. "I get the impression," he said, "of a young lady who is worried about her mother." A girl's face in the back of the room registered "hit" and he said to her, "It has something to do with your mother's health." The girl vigorously nodded her head and the man with the mustache proceeded to whoop it up in great style: "You wrote nothing down! You mentioned this to no one! Is that right?" She nodded again, and the audience cheered him. That man was WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM, author of the startling novel, *Nightmare Alley*, and contributor this month of the article on page 59, *Fortune Tellers Never Starve*. Gresham learned how to give a "cold reading" when researching for the *Alley*, making a collection of the only inside literature on the subject. These mimeographed booklets for fortunetellers are so expensive that only a collector (like Gresham) or a professional would buy them. He devised a master formula for himself so that he was ready to be a mitt reader or a crystal-gazer whenever called upon by a club or charity group. Having made so many "hits," however, outside the chance limit, he now believes that telepathy (the real thing) is a much more common phenomenon than we realize. Fortunetelling, he told us, is a fascinating hobby and "if you have a genuine interest in people as well as a portion of worldly wisdom, you can give a lot of entertainment without any harm to anyone. As a fortuneteller, I can *read* Joe Doak's mind because we are all much alike, because Joe and I are brothers."

IRVING RAVETCH maintains that even though he saw considerable military service, he will write *no* novel, play, poem, or operetta about it. It seems that that isn't necessary, because his two-part western novel, *The Outriders*, page 94 (part two) is in the making screenwise (M-G-M) right now. Besides writing for the movies, Ravetch has done many "suspense" programs for the networks. Born in Newark, he went West as a very young man. After graduation from U. C. L. A. and six months in the shipbuilding profession, he made writing his career. Now twenty-eight, he recently returned from a trip to Europe with his wife. She, too, is a pro writer. According to his mother-in-law, who sent us all this material, the marriage will endure in spite of this.

The preface to one of FRED C. KELLY's books was composed by the late Booth Tarkington. Penrod's creator wrote, "As students brood upon a book, so Kelly broods upon a dog, or upon a hat he has seen thrown away on an ash heap; for he is a great hand to wander up and down the land with a dog, and without a hat, and brood upon things that most of us don't notice . . . the living world is his library." Best known as a biographer, particularly of the Wright brothers, Fred Kelly has been writing for Esquire off and on for fifteen years. In that time, he's moved from a mile-square tree farm in Ohio to a new base in Maryland. Substantiating Tarkington's high praise, he contributes *Man's Triumph Over the Prostate*, this month's lead article.

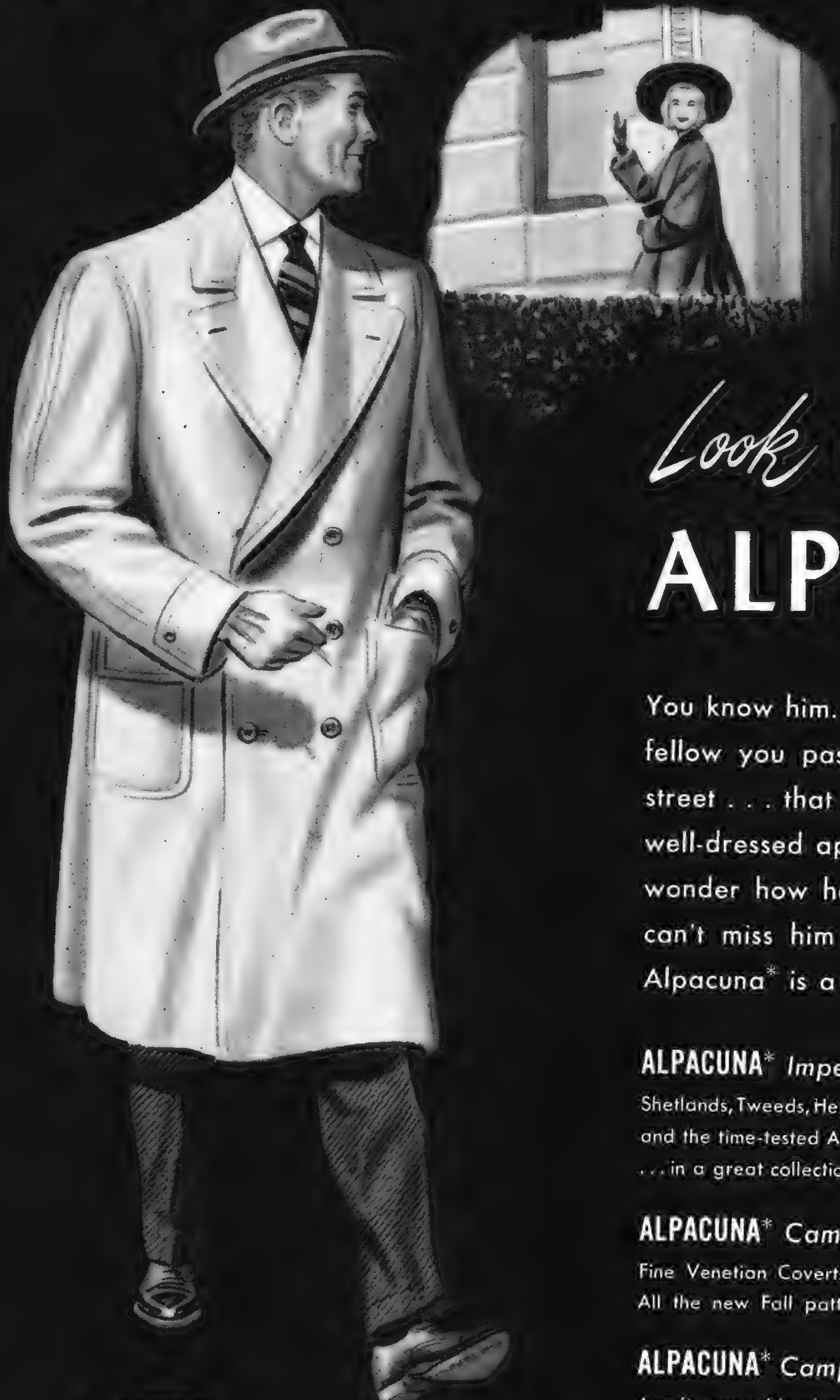
Fred C. Kelly

An autobiographical piece written to shed bright light on a perplexing problem, the author also hopes to pay another installment on his hospital bill with the proceeds.

We think you'll be unusually pleased with the illustrations for *The Deerslayer* because the artist-

Continued on page 20

America's Most Famous Coat



Look for the Man in the ALPACUNA*

You know him. He's that *very* well-dressed fellow you pass so frequently on the street . . . that close friend whose well-dressed appearance makes you wonder how he does it on his salary. You can't miss him . . . the man in an Alpacuna* is a standout in any crowd!

ALPACUNA* *Imperial* **TOPCOAT...$50**

Shetlands, Tweeds, Herringbones, Cheviots, Saxonys and the time-tested Alpaca-wool-and-mohair blend . . . in a great collection of patterns and colors.

ALPACUNA* *Campaigner* **TOPCOAT...$55**

Fine Venetian Coverts, Glen Plaids and Tweeds. All the new Fall patterns and colors.

ALPACUNA* *Campaigner* **OVERCOAT...$55**

A soft, warm blend of Alpaca, mohair and virgin wool, expertly loomed on a long staple cotton back.

ALPACUNA
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..make a perfect pair rain or fair

You'll salute the weather—wet or dry—in your military Rain Topcoat by Rainfair. What's more, you'll be dressed to please the eye ten months a year! Picture yourself in the Rainfair *Colonel,* authentically tailored of wool-and-rayon gabardine, $32.50. Same smart styling in the *Brigadier,* of all-virgin worsted gabardine by Pacific Mills, $46.50. Also examine the *Captain,* of supple, mercerized gabardine, $18.75. See these and other Rain Topcoats—at new low prices—at better men's stores. Write for free style booklet.

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Topcoat Smartness — Raincoat Protection

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Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 18

cartoonist who drew them is a man with no little experience behind a taut bowstring. But, like our author, Stephen Cole, ROBERT OSBORN has yet to kill anything with an arrow. He confided in us that when he really wants deer for supper, he takes out his Austrian 6.5 Mannlicher and usually brings home the venison. Using this rifle, he swears he once shot the wings off a dragonfly at thirty feet. Osborn lives up in Salisbury, Connecticut, where he has come to roost after Yale, the British Academy, Paris, Rome, and six years as a teacher and football coach at Hotchkiss school. He painted in Salisbury for the six years preceding the war, enlisted and served in the Navy for three more. At forty-five, he is a free-lance artist, father of two small boys, and is at work on a book about contemporary society.

Robert Osborn

Writing and archery are the two favorite avocations of a North Carolina minister who writes for us under the pen name of STEPHEN COLE. Although he has been fiddling with a bow and arrow for ten years, Cole just misses being in a class with William Tell. President of the Asheville Archers, he wagers that he has won more *second-place* awards than anyone in existence. He once shot with the Essex Archers of Newark in the National Championships and has a considerable collection of ribbons, cups, and

Stephen Cole

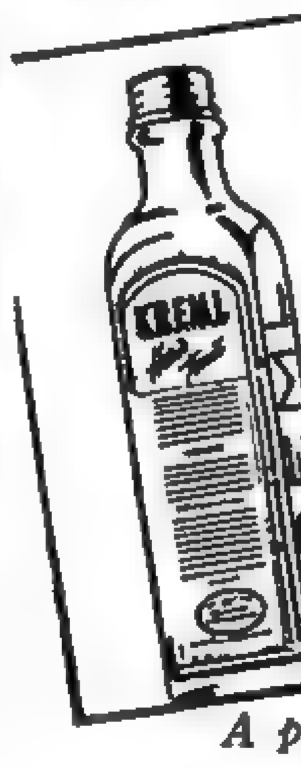
Continued on page 22

YOU MUST AVOID GREASY GOO IF YOU WANT A CLEAN SCALP—HANDSOME-LOOKING HAIR

Remember Water Is No Hair Tonic

On the other hand, don't plaster your hair down with greasy, sticky products which cover hair and scalp with a dirt-catching scum. Healthy-looking hair *must* have a cleaner scalp. So use Kreml! It's never been duplicated to keep hair *perfectly in place;* it makes hair look naturally well-groomed. It *never* looks or feels greasy. And you'll like to feel Kreml working on your scalp to give it a 'wake-up' tingle. It always keeps hair and scalp feeling SO CLEAN. Also excellent to lubricate a dry scalp—to remove dandruff flakes.

Have the 'clean-cut' Kreml-type hair that attracts



KREML Hair Tonic
SAVE MONEY—buy the new large 16-oz. money-saving size Kreml and save nearly 50%.

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

IMPORTANT:
Don't fail to try the new Kreml Shampoo with its *natural oil base.* It will never dry your hair as so many cream and liquid shampoos which contain drying detergents do.

ARE YOU *dog tired* AT DAY'S END?

Amazing Shoe Discovery Ends Foot Fatigue Puts *Pep* In Your *Step*

Guaranteed

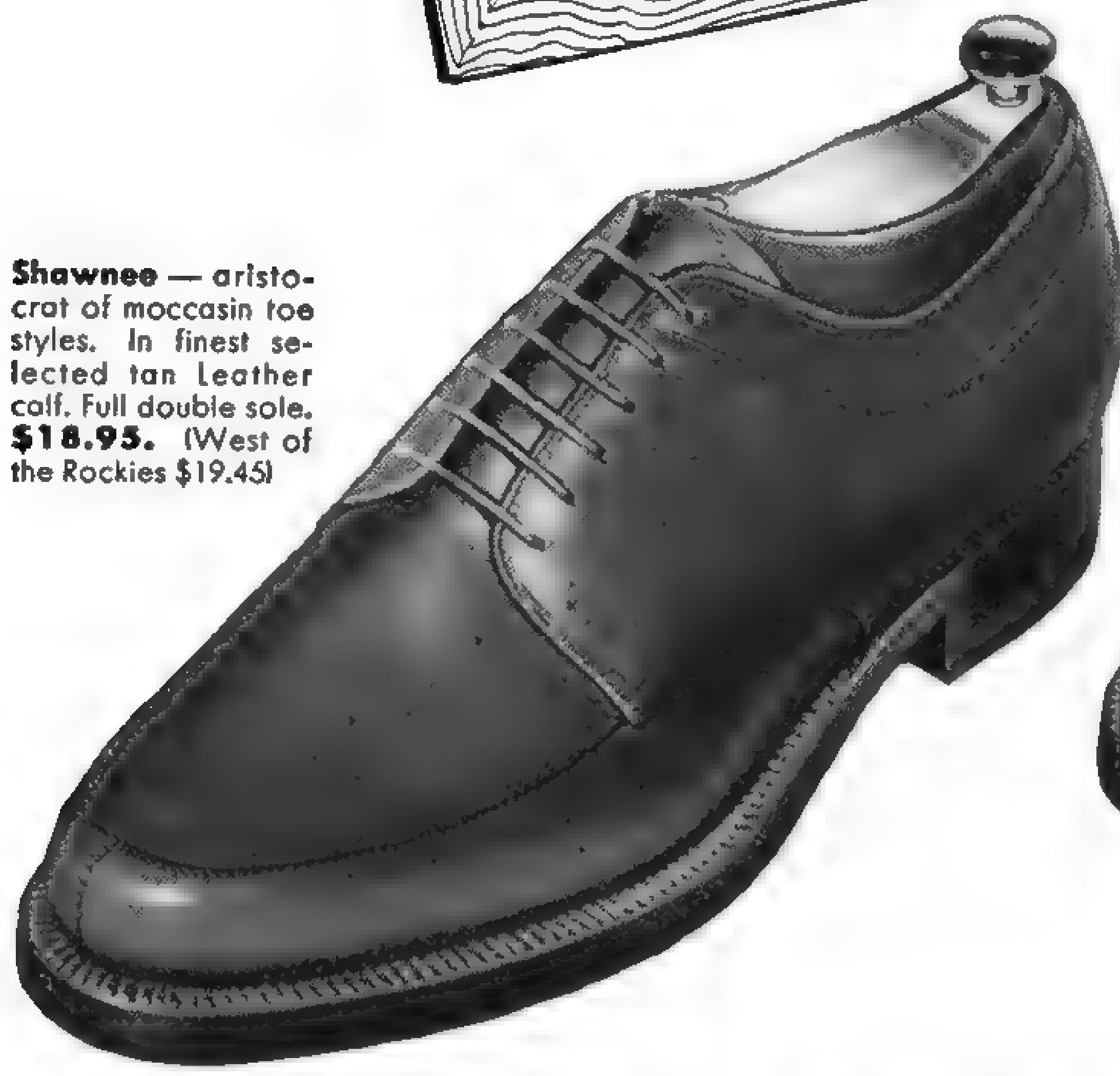
MOST COMFORTABLE SHOES YOU EVER WORE

... or your money will be cheerfully refunded upon return of shoes within 2 weeks after purchase. These are *not* corrective shoes. Guarantee does not apply when special shoes are required.

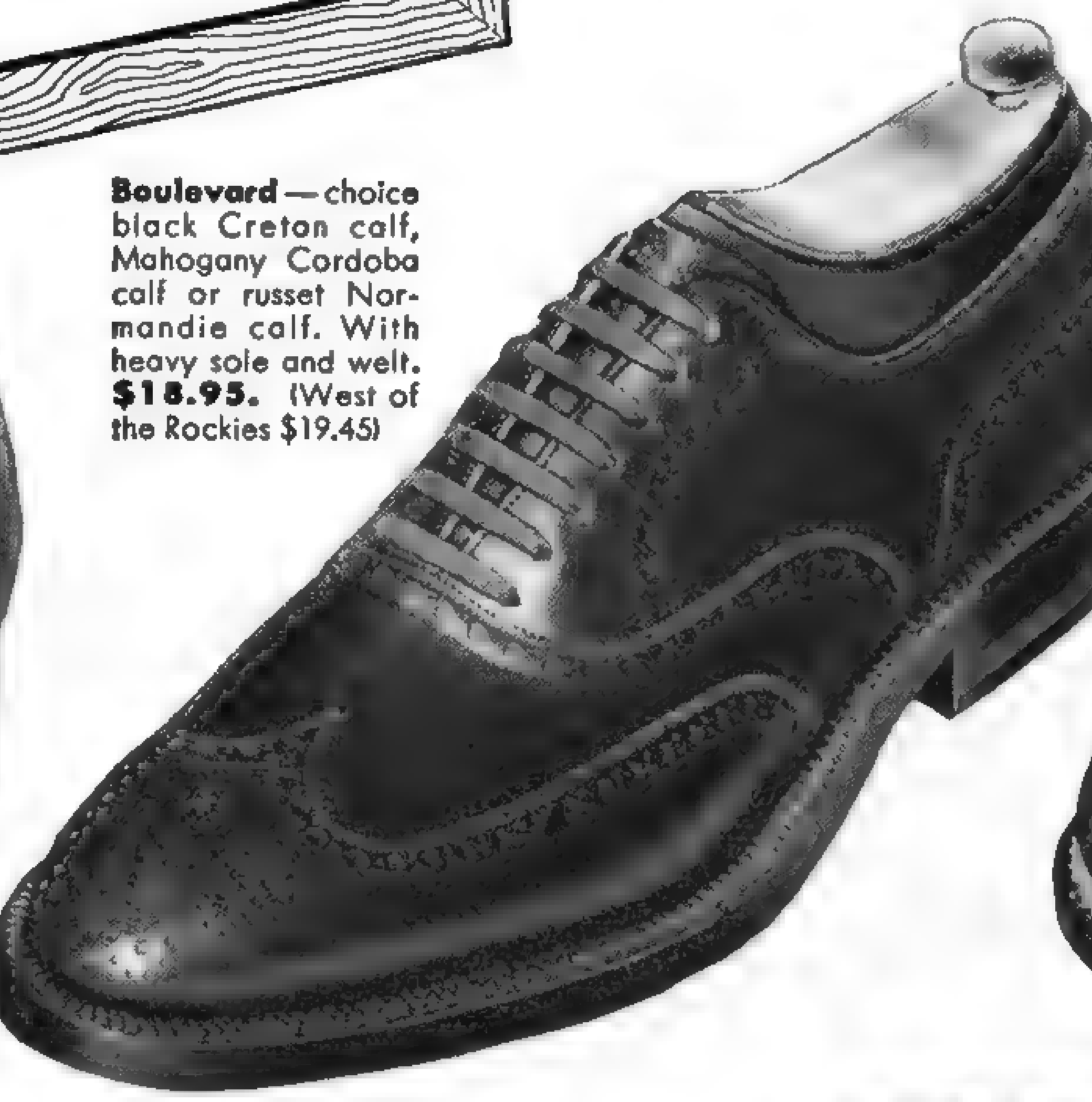
Now you can walk all day in good looking, smartly styled shoes without "5 o'clock exhaustion", or that "wish-I-could-take-my-shoes-off" feeling. Here's the answer:

The Shoe That Needs No Breaking-In

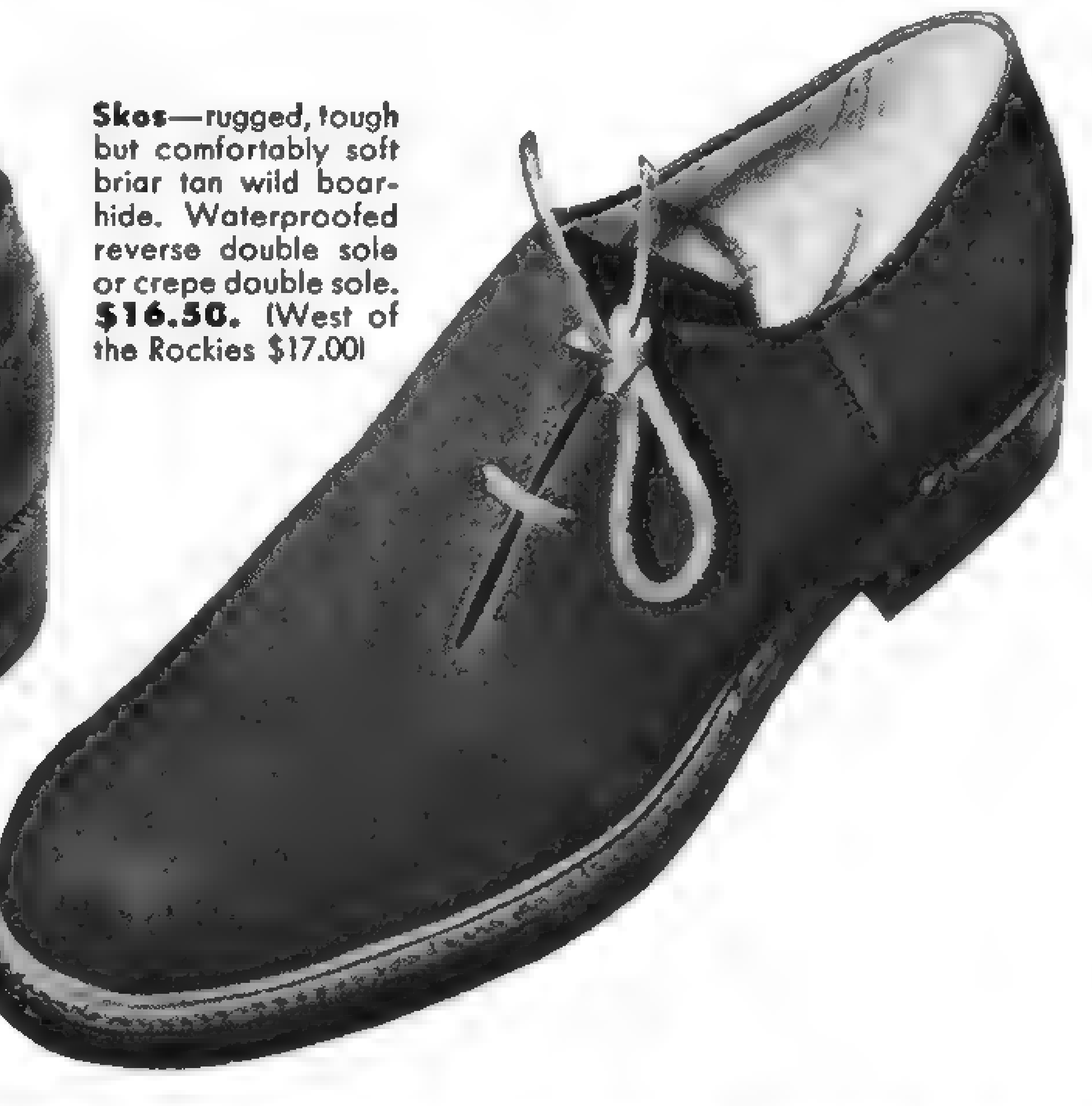
... with comfort ... so remarkable ... it's guaranteed! That's right ... the patented nailess construction gives you new Barefoot Freedom ... makes it possible for us to guarantee walking comfort. These shoes bend and flex with your feet—hug them gently, giving natural, *comfortable* support. See for yourself—put on a pair—they need no breaking-in.



Shawnee — aristocrat of moccasin toe styles. In finest selected tan Leather calf. Full double sole. **$18.95.** (West of the Rockies $19.45)



Boulevard — choice black Creton calf, Mahogany Cordoba calf or russet Normandie calf. With heavy sole and welt. **$18.95.** (West of the Rockies $19.45)



Skos—rugged, tough but comfortably soft briar tan wild boarhide. Waterproofed reverse double sole or crepe double sole. **$16.50.** (West of the Rockies $17.00)

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Des Moines, Iowa	Frankel Clothing Co.
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Duluth, Minnesota	Clarke's
El Paso, Texas	Al's Shop for Men
Evanston, Illinois	M. L. Rothschild
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Fargo, N. D.	Strauss
Fort Collins, Colo.	Maxwell Shoe Co.
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.	Shoe Fair
Grand Rapids, Michigan	Wm. Klein
Green Bay, Wisconsin	C. A. Gross
Greenville, S. C.	Stewart Merritt Co.
Hammond, Indiana	Edw. C. Minas Co.
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Kenosha, Wisconsin	Clough's Shoe Store
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Lansing, Michigan	Schaberg-Dietrich
Lexington, Ky.	Phillips Shoe Store
Little Rock, Ark.	Gus Blass Co.
Longview, Tex.	Moritzky's Clothiers
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Meridian, Mississippi	Marks-Rothenberg Co.
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Michigan City, Indiana	Cush & Ginther
Milwaukee, Wis.	Jos. Schumacher
Milwaukee, Wis.	Van's
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Mobridge, South Dakota	Stutenroth
Montgomery, Ala.	Montgomery Fair
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New Orleans, Louisiana	Rubenstein Bros.
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Oklahoma City, Okla.	Rothschild's B. & M.
Omaha, Nebr.	Browning, King & Co.
Pendleton, Oregon	King's
Philadelphia, Penn.	Jacob Reeds' Sons
Pocatello, Idaho	Hudson's
Portland, Oregon	Meir & Frank
Quincy, Illinois	Heintz, Inc.
Reading, Pennsylvania	London Shop
Richmond, Va.	Miller & Rhoads
Rockford, Illinois	E & W Clothing Co.
Sacramento, Calif.	Devlin Shoe Dens, Ltd.
St. Louis, Missouri	Famous-Barr Co.
St. Paul, Minn.	M. L. Rothschild
St. Petersburg, Florida	Maas Brothers
Salina, Kansas	Stevenson
San Antonio, Tex.	Nobling's Shoe Store
San Antonio, Tex.	Penner's
San Francisco, Calif.	Sommer & Kaufman
San Jose, Calif.	Devlin Shoe Dens, Ltd.
Santa Barbara, Calif.	Rodenbeck's
Savannah, Georgia	Max Lehwald & Co.
Seattle, Wash.	Drew-English Co.
Seattle, Wash.	Bernhards
Sheboygan, Wisconsin	Koutnik & Schwartz
Shreveport, La.	M. Levy Co.
Sioux City, Iowa	T. S. Martin Co.
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Spokane, Wash.	Les Critzer Shoe Den
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Trenton, N. J.	Fischer's
Tucson, Ariz.	A. Steinfeld's
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Twin Falls, Idaho	Hudson's
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A PARAMOUNT PICTURE STAR

Designed especially for Alan Ladd, famous Paramount Picture Star, this handsome jacket embodies every feature you have always wanted in a Suede Jacket. Luxuriously tailored of finest quality imported suede by the world's greatest leather craftsmen. True California styling with streamlined pleats . . . original with CALIFORNIAN. Easy lounge tie-belt, roomy patch pockets. Faultlessly hand-detailed, richly lined. Colors: Pumice, Yucca, Flagstone and Grey. Sizes 34 to 46 in "Regulars" and "Longs."

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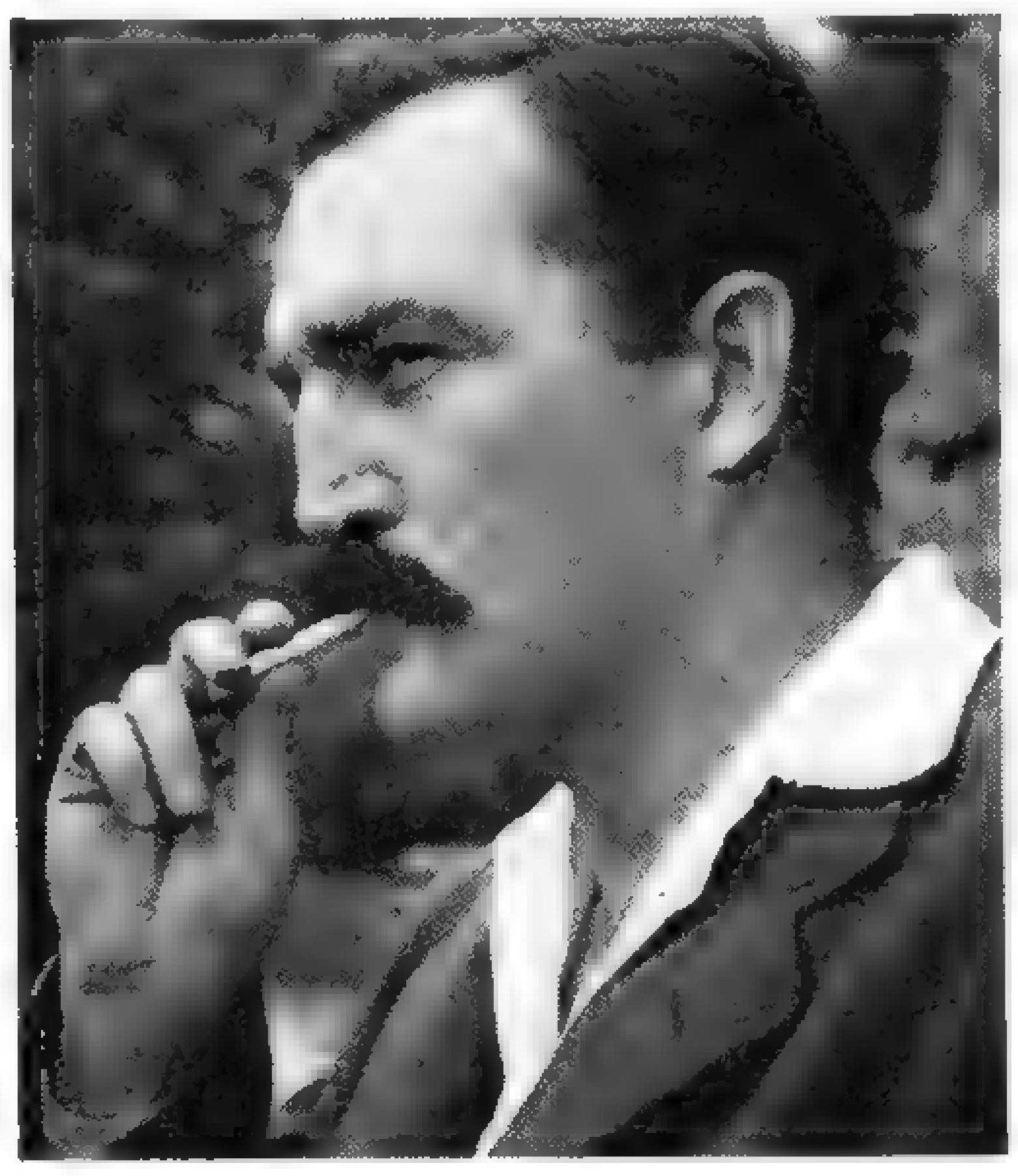
Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 20

medals picked up in tournament play. Lately, Cole's grey hairs have been catching up with him; so nowadays he spends his free time meditating on former prowess and hunting with bow and a quiver full of arrows. His achievements in the latter pastime are faithfully recorded in *The Deerslayer*, page 62. Up to this writing the only blood Cole has drawn with a bow and arrow has been his own, but he believes that somewhere there is a deer with his name on it. Those who scoff at dreams say that the animal will have to wander up and impale itself on his broadhead. We're betting on the Deerslayer.



Fletcher Martin

A host of art authorities and sportswriters think that FLETCHER MARTIN is just about the best fight artist of this decade. He was our logical choice to do the gatefold painting illustrating *There Was a Man: James Bowie.* His feeling for a fight comes from his early days when, as an enlisted man in the Navy, he boxed as a middleweight and light-heavy with some success. Son of a country newspaperman, he learned the printing trade by the time he was sixteen (1920), working at it off and on until he began to have some breaks with his painting. Martin's first one-man show was in San Diego in 1934, and he has risen steadily to a highly respected position among American artists. Executing frescos and post-office murals for WPA and the U. S. Section of Fine Arts, he gained fame and commissions to do covers and illustrations like the one on page 67 from various magazines. His bold lines and rugged colors, reminiscent of another great fight artist, George Bellows, won him the $1200 Altman Prize this year, awarded by the National Academy of Design in New York.

Fifteen years ago, when SYD HOFF was a rosy-cheeked lad of twenty-one, he appeared in Esquire and Backstage for the first time. Even then he had been cartooning and selling to *The New Yorker* and the Hearst newspapers for two years. He vowed to

Continued on page 24

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GABARDINE AND
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cool or cold . .

. . whatever the weather, you'll be comfortable in the Dunbrook Zipperu. For when it's cold, the 100% pure wool lining makes it a warm overcoat. And when it's only cool, you zip out the lining and presto—it's a California-weight topcoat! And all for the price of an ordinary coat. Handsome too, in a *MANLY* way—with set-in shoulders, Li-Flat fly front, and deep cut, roomy armholes for driving comfort. Made of luxurious Gabardines, Tweeds, Velours, Shetlands, Cheviots, and Coverts—in distinctive *new* patterns and colors. Choice of beautiful Scotch plaid or solid color linings.

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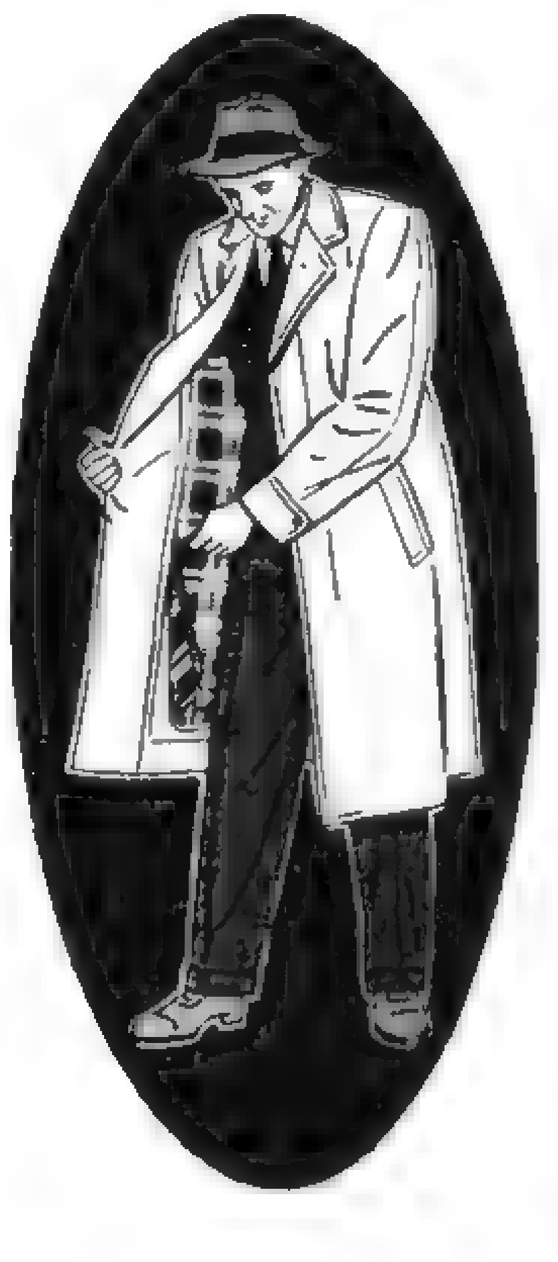

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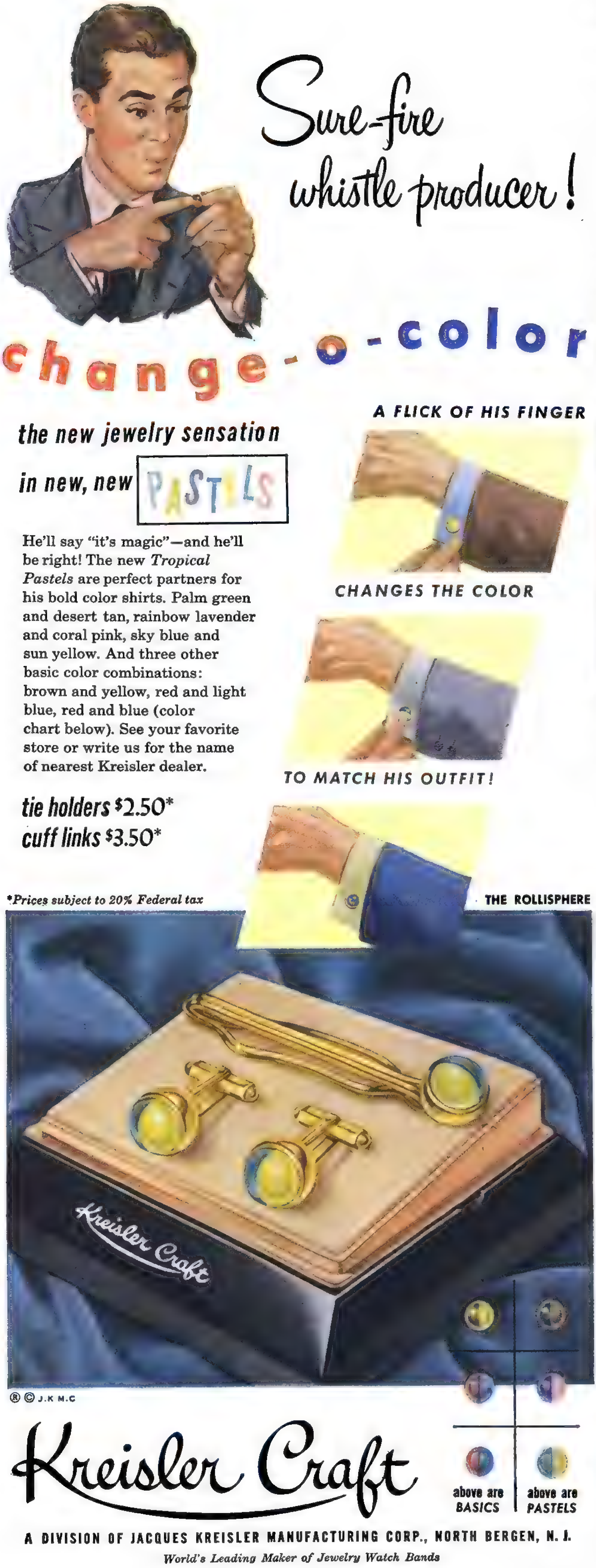
CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD—86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, N. Y.



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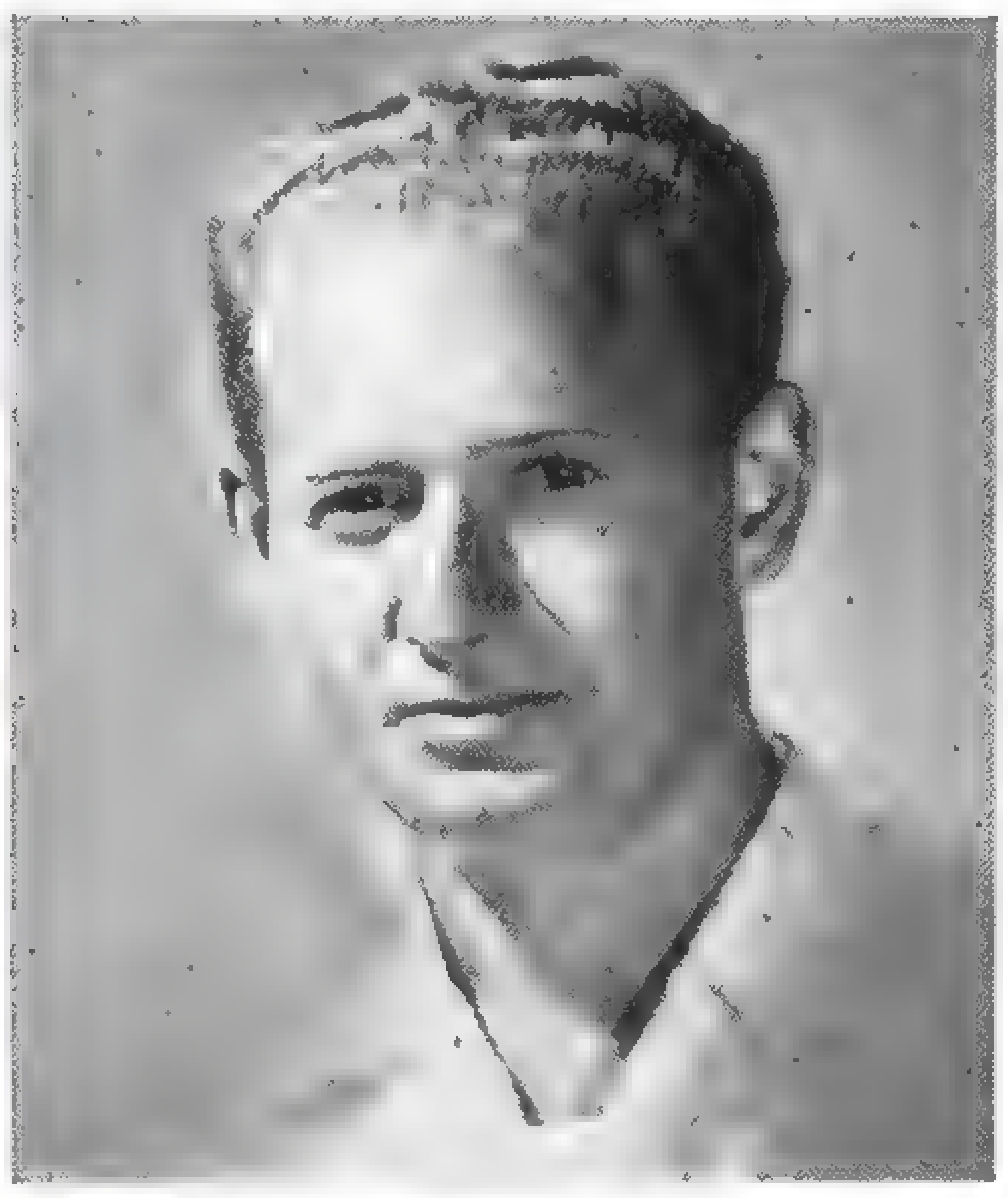
World's Leading Maker of Jewelry Watch Bands

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 22

keep it up until he made a fortune or developed writer's cramp. On page 98 is another Hoff masterpiece: at least he hasn't developed the cramp. Things have changed for him somewhat. He has acquired a wife, two children, a home at Belle Harbor, Long Island, and national syndication with King Features for his comic strip, *Tuffy*. Hoff's young daughter tells the neighbors, "My daddy never works." But more than likely, you will find him "settin' in the sun, a drawing board on (his) lap, turning out . . . stuff."



Syd Hoff

He told us that he would give up Art altogether and go live on a handball court except for his family's one weakness: "We must eat." The wife claims he lives on the one-wall handball court most of the time, anyhow.

Prolific STANLEY FRANK, author of *Wide-Awake Dreamer*, page 73, has sold over 400 articles and stories to the nation's magazines. Starting at the New York *Post* in 1927, he wrote a sports column for a number of years, and wound up in the ETO as a war correspondent. After V-J Day, he became a full-time, freelance writer, spurred on by his wife and three urgent incentives, all girls.

Curtiss Field, Long Island, was haunted back in the early thirties, by a lad whose voice was just changing. He would bum rides and listen to the big boys fly hangar missions. In '33 he bought himself a pair of goggles. Since then, BURT SLOANE has been a flyer. To him, flying is an act of love, involving not only the hands and feet, but the heart as well. When he was in the Air Corps, Sloane noticed that the young pilots had no feeling for a plane, only a knowledge of mechanical parts. To them it was only a job. On a recent family excursion to LaGuardia field, his daughter watched the big planes shuttling in and out and said, "Daddy, I can't see the pilots." It was an appropriate metaphor for his feelings about the vanishing "old-style" pilots. That night, he wrote *Birdmen, Farewell!* ⧺

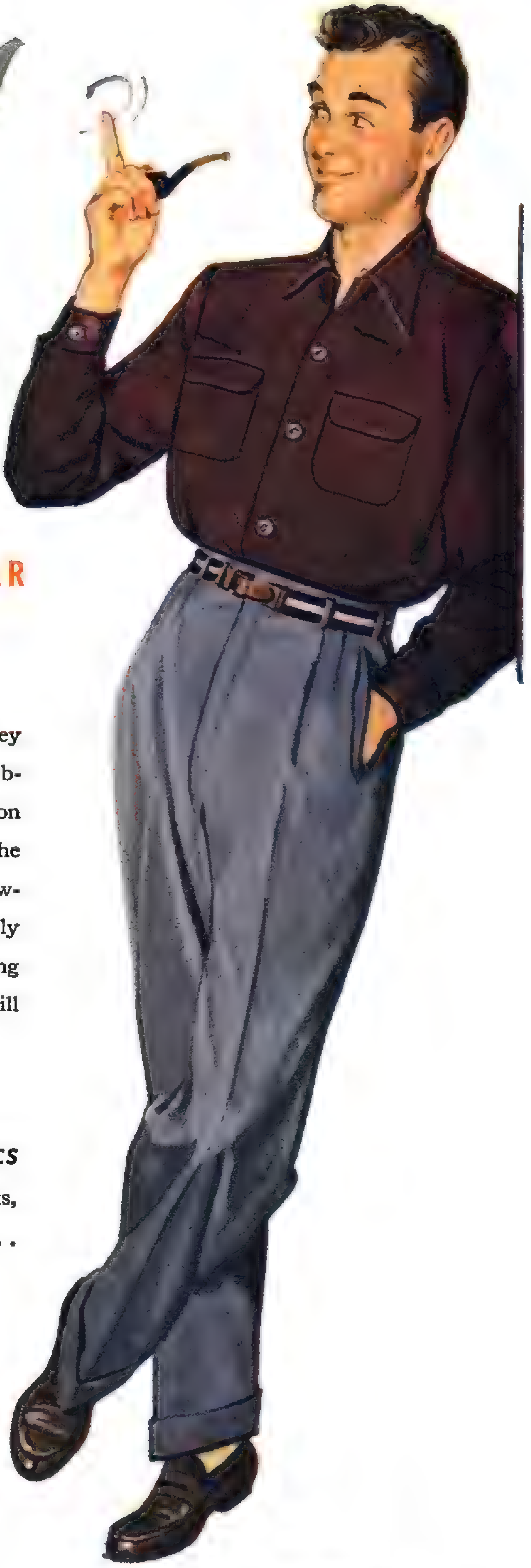
New? Yep!
Seven Seas

. . dress slacks made of Pacifixed* pure wool worsteds may be soap-n-water washed —or dry cleaned. Absolutely shrinkfast and colorfast! Beautifully tailored by Seven Seas with new Li-Flat pleats, trim, continuous waistband, with (or without) saddle stitching. Leisure jacket sketched, comes in corduroy, rich tweeds, soft Shetlands . . also moderately priced.

*See opposite page

Moyer MFG. CO.
YOUNGSTOWN

GOOD SLACKS SINCE 1894



they just stay new-looking...

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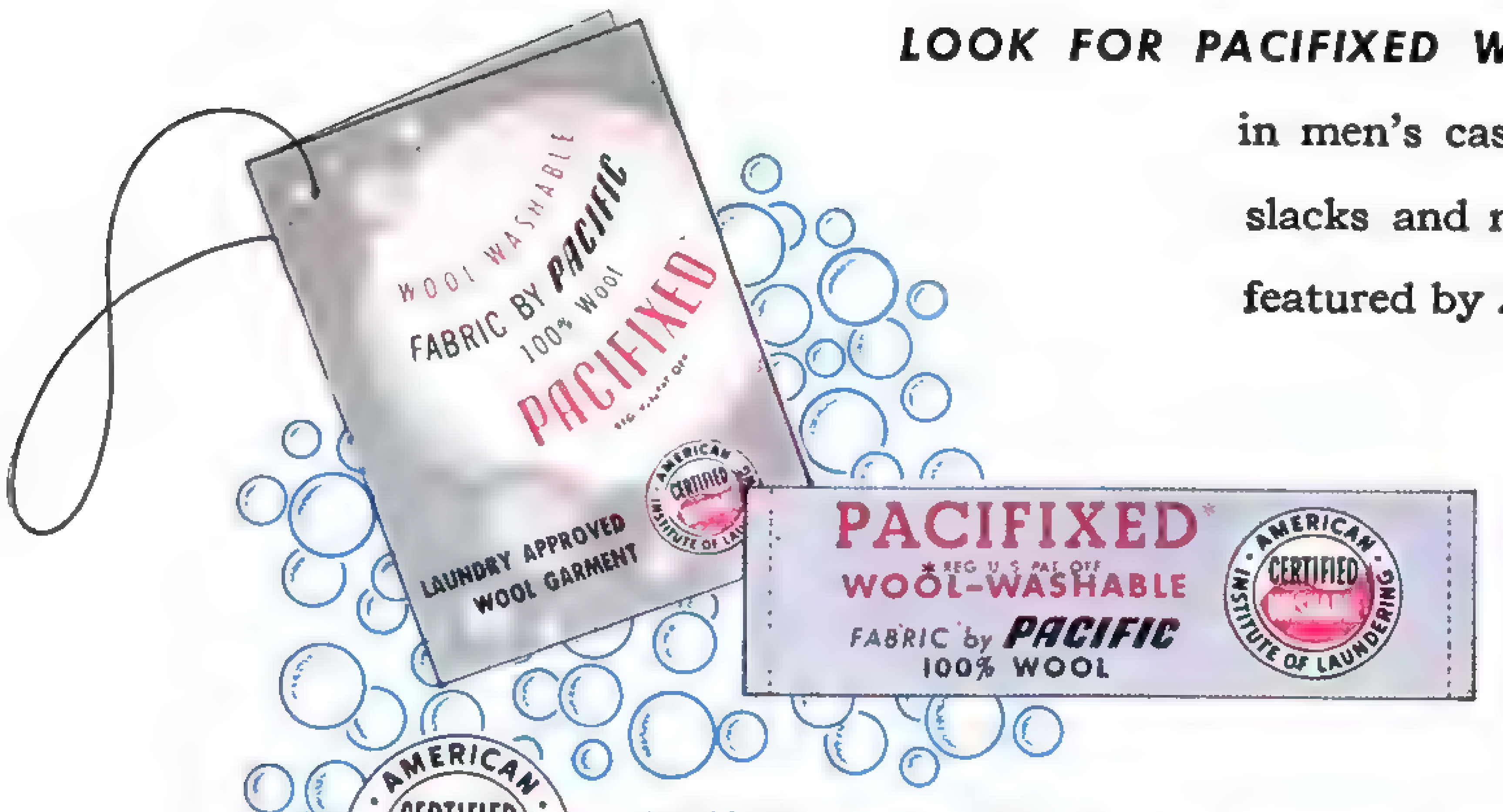
WOOL-WASHABLE SPORTSWEAR

(and they won't shrink out of size)

Pacifixed has become a buy-word with thousands of wise men. They know that smart sportswear made of Pacifixed wool-washable fabrics retains 98% of the labeled size when washed. They count on Pacifixed, an exclusive Pacific Mills process, to fix the size of the garment for life . . . to hold colors fast, keep them bright and new-looking, regardless of the number of washings. They know that only soap and water cleansing completely dispels unpleasant clinging odors, retains freshness in wool apparel. One try and you too, will always buy Pacifixed wool-washable sportswear.

LOOK FOR PACIFIXED WOOL-WASHABLE FABRICS

in men's casual and western sport shirts, slacks and military shirts and slacks . . . featured by America's leading stores.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100% Wool
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LOOK TO THE *fabric* FIRST

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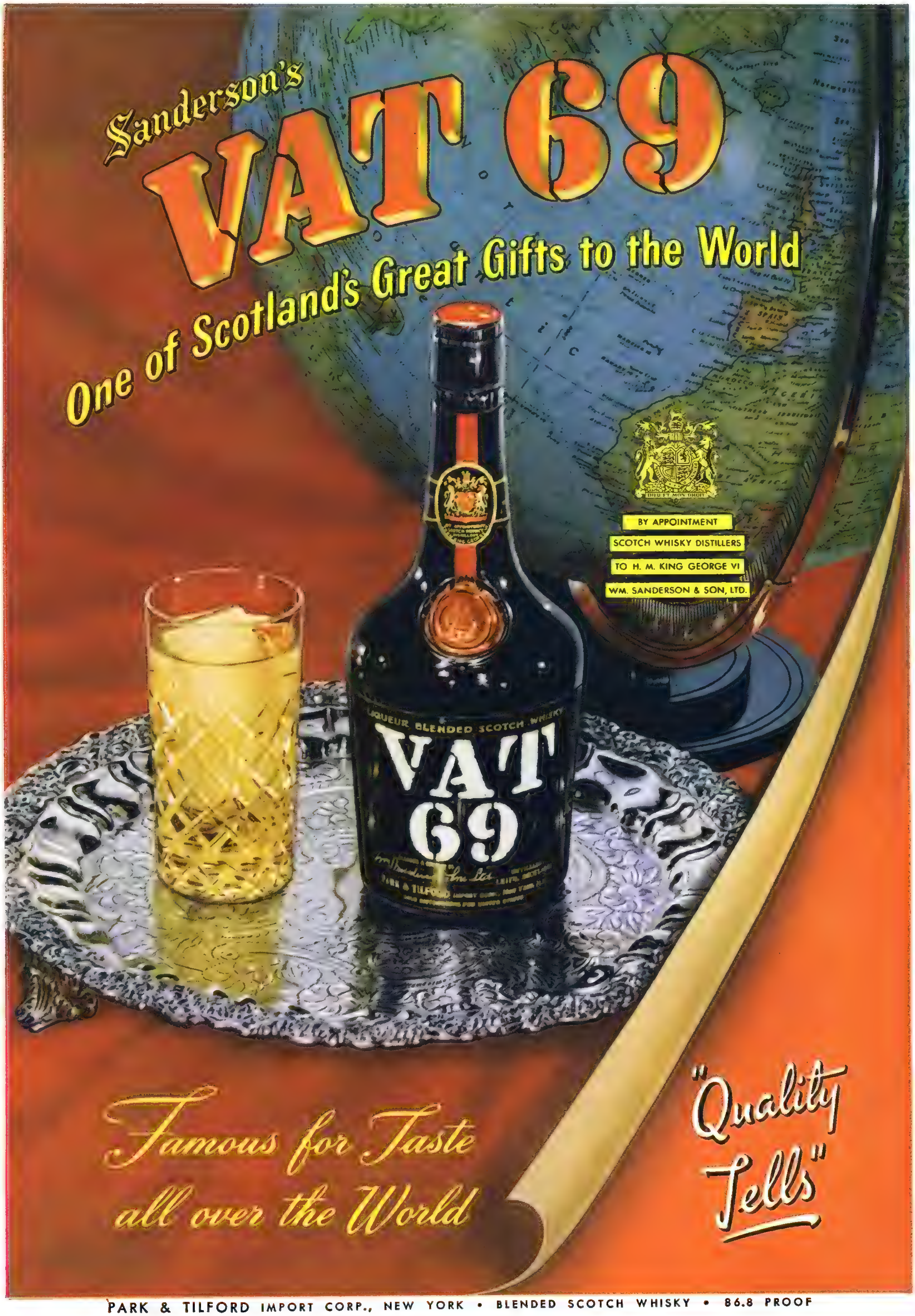
Send for free booklet on Pacifixed fabrics. Pacific Mills, Worsted Division, Dept. D11, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16.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One of Scotland's Great Gifts to the World
BY APPOINTMENT
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
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LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
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Famous for Taste all over the World
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Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

There's a lot of vacationing left in the old year; here's where to get it

One Quick Look Around

Shots are cracking all through the crisp, cool air these sunny fall afternoons, what with hunters' rifles rattling loose leaves down from trees in the woods, and timekeepers' pistols banging out the end of second halves on a thousand football fields. This is the month to bag you your moose or caribou in Newfoundland, Canada's newest province, or knock off a grizzly up in Alaska.

Meanwhile it's spring weather in Hawaii, where it's always spring; and it's spring, too, in Chile, Argentina and Uruguay—where their spring, like ours, follows winter.

It's warm and sunny in Bermuda and Nassau, and you can swim in the Atlantic off the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida—which is getting itself ready for the annual mass migration from the north. Good swimming weather, also, all along the Gulf Coast of Florida, Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi. You still can enjoy a November dip in the Pacific off southern California, and desert resorts in the Arizona and New Mexico lowlands are cooling off to the comfortable mark on the thermometer.

While eastern snow fans are confining their activities to resurfacing their favorite skis and flexing new bindings, their western colleagues are enjoying the first snows of the season in the Canadian Rockies and our own mountains of the West.

First Drop Down the Mountain

JASPER NATIONAL PARK—In the Canadian Rockies. Year round glacier ski running at Maligne Lake, Tonquin Valley and Columbia Icefield. You'll find a good covering of powder snow, too—most years—in November at higher points. Good runs for expert, intermediate and novice.

WASHINGTON—Stevens Pass, at summit of Cascades. Usually excellent snow in November. Hundreds of slopes of assorted steepness and difficulty. Good November snow, too, at the Martin Winter Sports Area on U. S. 10, nine miles northwest of Easton; at Paradise Valley on Mt. Rainier, and late in the month at Snoqualmie Pass and Mt. Spokane, 30 miles from Spokane. All-year skiing on the highest sections of Mt. Baker. Early-season skiing at Chinook Pass, generally beginning in mid-October and ending late in November, when the roads close up.

OREGON—Some of America's best skiing, plus one of the longest ski seasons at Timberline Lodge on Mt. Hood, just 63 miles from Portland. Skiing usually begins early in November and lasts into July. Chair lift is a mile long. November skiing generally good also at Crater Lake National Park, accessible from Klamath Falls, Medford and Bend.

COLORADO—Ski season usually begins at Berthoud Pass, Hoosier Pass, Jones Pass and Loveland Basin in the Arapahoe National Forest, in mid-November. Berthoud only 25 miles from Denver. Skiing from Nov. 15 also at Grand Junction in the Grand Mesa National Forest, and Rabbit Ears Pass in the Routt National Forest. Elevation of 9500 to 11,600 feet at Wolf Creek Pass, in the Rio Grande National Forest, catches the first snows, so good skiing begins about Nov. 1.

Hit the Deck

CARIBBEAN:

Alcoa Steamship Co.—*Alcoa Cavalier*, *Alcoa Clipper* and *Alcoa Corsair*, luxury cruise ships, from New Orleans to West Indies and Venezuela. 17-day cruise, one class, $495 minimum.

Alcoa freighters with excellent accommodations for 12 passengers, leaving every two weeks from New Orleans or Mobile, stopping at ports of Venezuela and Netherlands Dutch West Indies, and returning to a U. S. port. 30 to 37 days, $520.

Bull Insular Line—*Puerto Rico*, completely reconditioned and redecorated, accommodations for 150 passengers, leaving New York every other Thursday for Puerto Rico and Dominican Republic, 11-day cruise, $297 minimum.

Grace Line—*Santa Rosa* and *Santa Paula*, from New York every Friday. 12-day voyage, among most popular with carefree cruisers, minimum fare $435.

Santa Monica, *Santa Clara* and *Santa Sofia*, 52-passenger cargo ships, from New York. 18-day "casual cruises" (schedules somewhat dependent on freight demands) $435 to $460.

Panama Line—*Ancon*, *Cristobal* and *Panama*, 10,000-ton sisterships, each accommodating about 215 passengers, New York to Cristobal. 14-day cruise, minimum $288, with four days at your own expense in Panama.

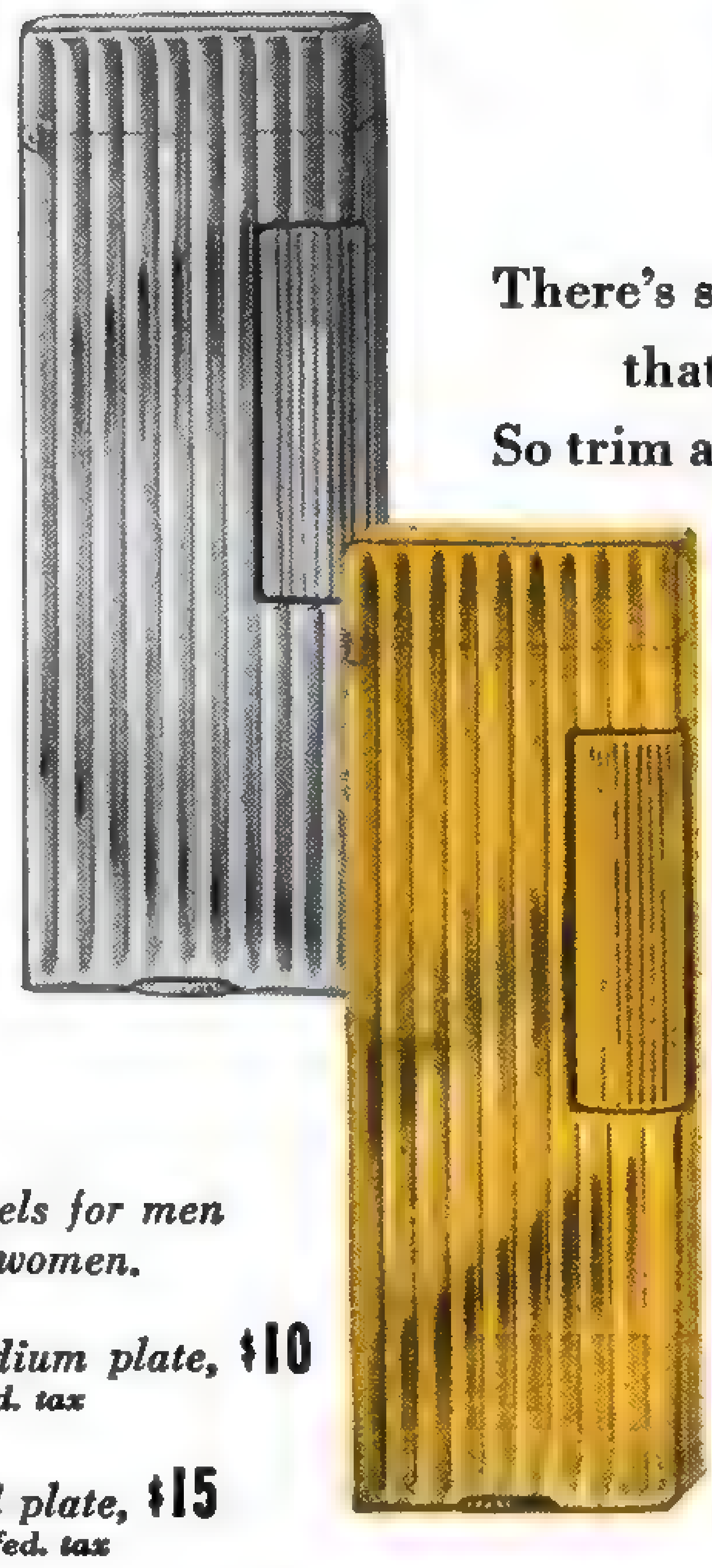
Standard Fruit and Steamship Co.—*Contessa* and *Cefalu*, single-class cruise ships accommodating 62 passengers, New Orleans to Havana and Honduras. 10-day cruises, $200 up.

Freighters with limited passenger accommodations sail every two weeks from New York to Haiti, Cuba, and Jamaica. 23-day voyage, $365 minimum, round-trip.

United Fruit Company—*Jamaica*, *Talamanca* and *Veragua*, each ac-

(*Continued on page 28*)

someone
you
know
is hoping
for a
dunhill



There's something about a Dunhill that makes eyes light up, too! So trim and slim and uncluttered in design . . . So sure and smooth and effortless in action. A marvelous mechanism in a beautiful case . . . the perfect lighter for lifetime service. Give Rollalites to the favorite smokers on your list . . . At fine stores everywhere.

Alfred Dunhill,
660 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

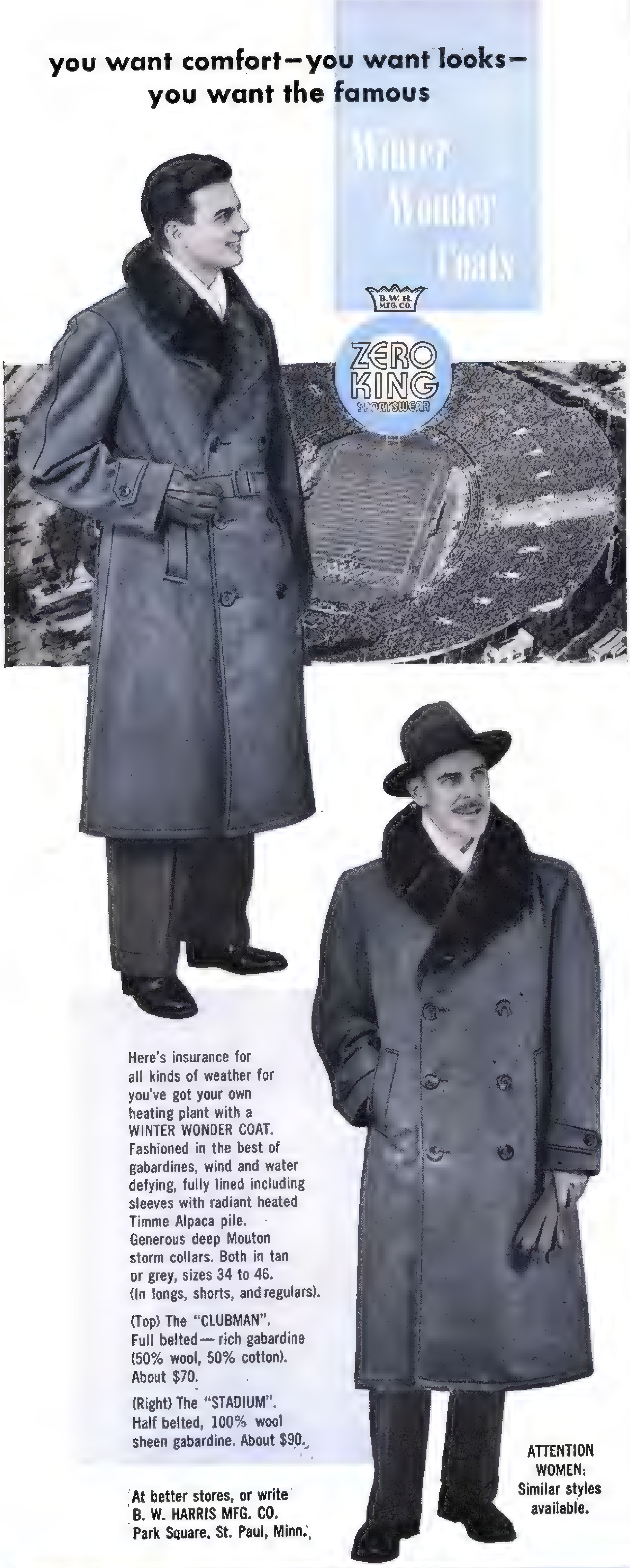
Models for men and women.

Rhodium plate, $10
no fed. tax

Gold plate, $15
plus fed. tax

For perfect service use Rollalite flints and Dunhill Benzique.

you want comfort—you want looks—
you want the famous



Here's insurance for all kinds of weather for you've got your own heating plant with a WINTER WONDER COAT. Fashioned in the best of gabardines, wind and water defying, fully lined including sleeves with radiant heated Timme Alpaca pile. Generous deep Mouton storm collars. Both in tan or grey, sizes 34 to 46. (In longs, shorts, and regulars).

(Top) The "CLUBMAN". Full belted—rich gabardine (50% wool, 50% cotton). About $70.

(Right) The "STADIUM". Half belted, 100% wool sheen gabardine. About $90.

At better stores, or write
B. W. HARRIS MFG. CO.
Park Square. St. Paul, Minn.

ATTENTION WOMEN: Similar styles available.

Write Dept. [illegible] for Free Booklet of Zero King sportswear for men, women and boys

Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

Continued from page 27

commodating 99 passengers, from New York to Havana and Puerto Barrios. 17-day cruise. $375 minimum, 24 days (including Guatemala tour) $520 minimum.

Quirigua, *Chiriquí*, modern one-class ships accommodating 99 passengers, from New Orleans to Havana and Puerto Barrios, 11-day cruise, $220 minimum. *Antigua*, sister-ship, sails from New Orleans to Canal Zone and Puerto Barrios, same rates.

Waterman Steamship Corp.—Freighters with accommodations for 12 passengers. New Orleans, Puerto Rico, Mobile. Round-trip of about three weeks, $180.

SOUTH AMERICA:

American Republics Line (Moore McCormack)—*Argentine*, *Brazil* and *Uruguay*, famous sister-ships from New York to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires and Trinidad. 38-day cruises, $1165 minimum, first-class, including shore trips.

Delta Line—*Del Sud*, *Del Norte* and *Del Mar*, luxurious new cruise ships, from New Orleans to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. 47-day cruise, $940 to $1741.

Grace Line—*Santa Barbara*, *Santa Cecilia*, *Santa Margarita*, *Santa Maria*, *Santa Luisa*, *Santa Isabel*, 52-passenger cargo ships. 36-38 day round-trip from New York to Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Chile, minimum $972.

Westfal-Larsen Co.—Cargo ships with accommodations for 8 to 12 passengers sail monthly from San Francisco and Los Angeles to South and Central America. Round-trip takes about 90 days with layover at Buenos Aires at your own expense, fare $800.

BERMUDA:

Furness Bermuda Line—*Queen of Bermuda* from New York every Saturday. Two days to Bermuda, two-day stopover in Bermuda, and two days back, $125 to $400. Ship will run on three cruises from New York to Bermuda and Nassau, Nov. 17, Dec. 1 and Dec. 15, seven-day cruise $160 minimum.

AROUND THE WORLD:

American President Lines—*President Polk* and *President Monroe* from New York or San Francisco. 112-day cruise, single class, from $2716 to $3201.

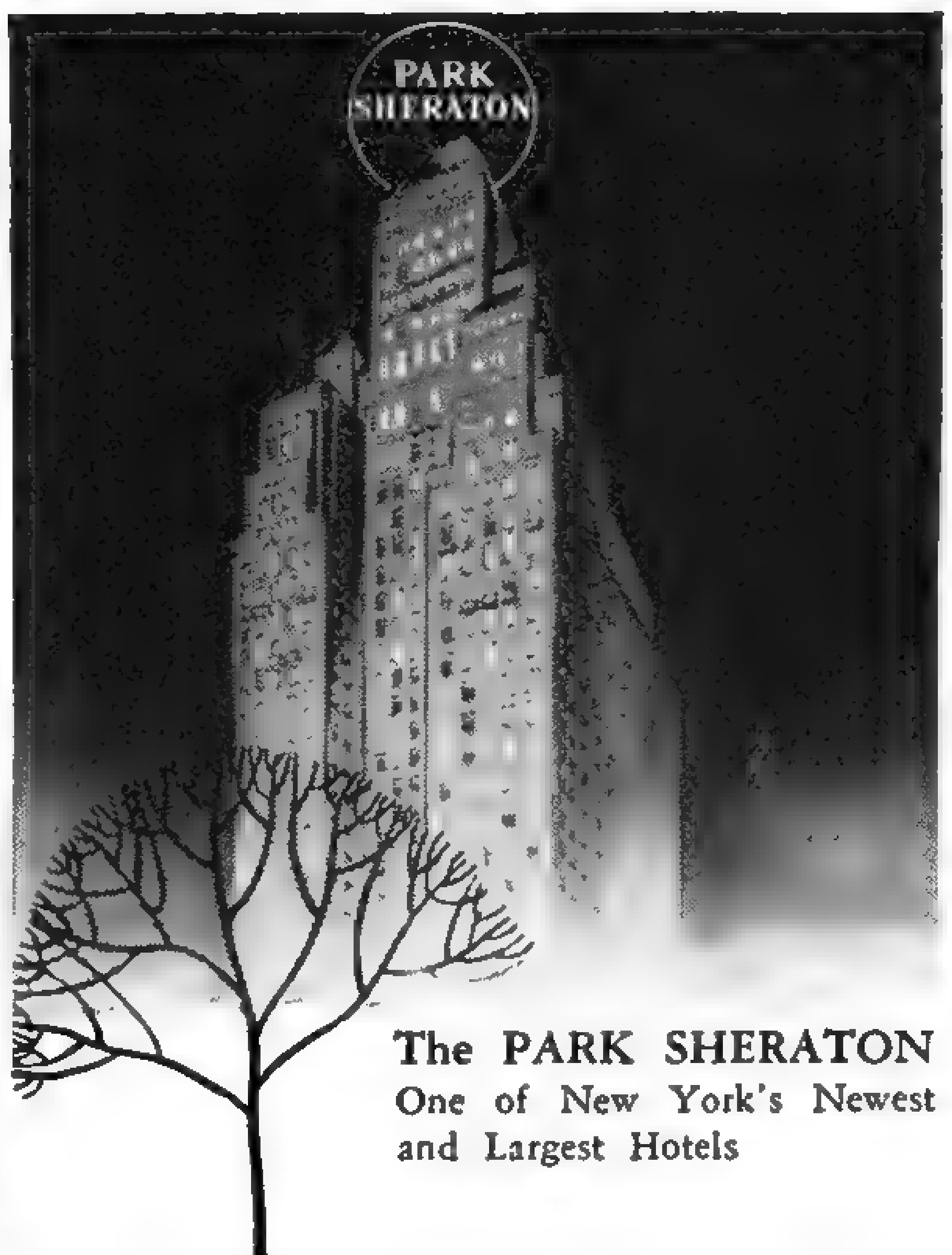
ORIENT:

American President Lines—*President Cleveland* and *President Wilson* from San Francisco. 43-day and 47-day cruises, two classes, rates $1415 to $1985.

MEDITERRANEAN AND MIDDLE EAST:

American Export Lines—*Excalibur*, *Exochorda*, *Exeter* and *Ex-*

Continued on page 30



The PARK SHERATON
One of New York's Newest and Largest Hotels

For *Distinctive* Hotel Living

try SHERATON first

On your next visit to New York, you can indulge your taste for luxury at a cost that's eminently practical. The Park Sheraton, overlooking mid-Manhattan and smartly redecorated, offers you the ultimate in distinctive hotel living. Its 1600 spacious outside rooms give new meaning to hospitality in New York.

and distinctive ENTERTAINMENT

The OVAL ROOM

in Boston's Famous Copley Plaza

Other Sheraton hotels, in the cities listed, likewise offer hospitality with extra values . . . all made possible by Sheraton's modern operating methods, unified controls, and central purchasing economies. For reservations in 25 cities, contact your nearest Sheraton. Prompt confirmation by Teletype.

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ST. LOUIS
PITTSBURGH
NEW BRITAIN, Ct.
DAYTONA BEACH, Fla.
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Now in Canada

THE LAURENTIEN HOTEL	Montreal
THE LORD ELGIN HOTEL	Ottawa
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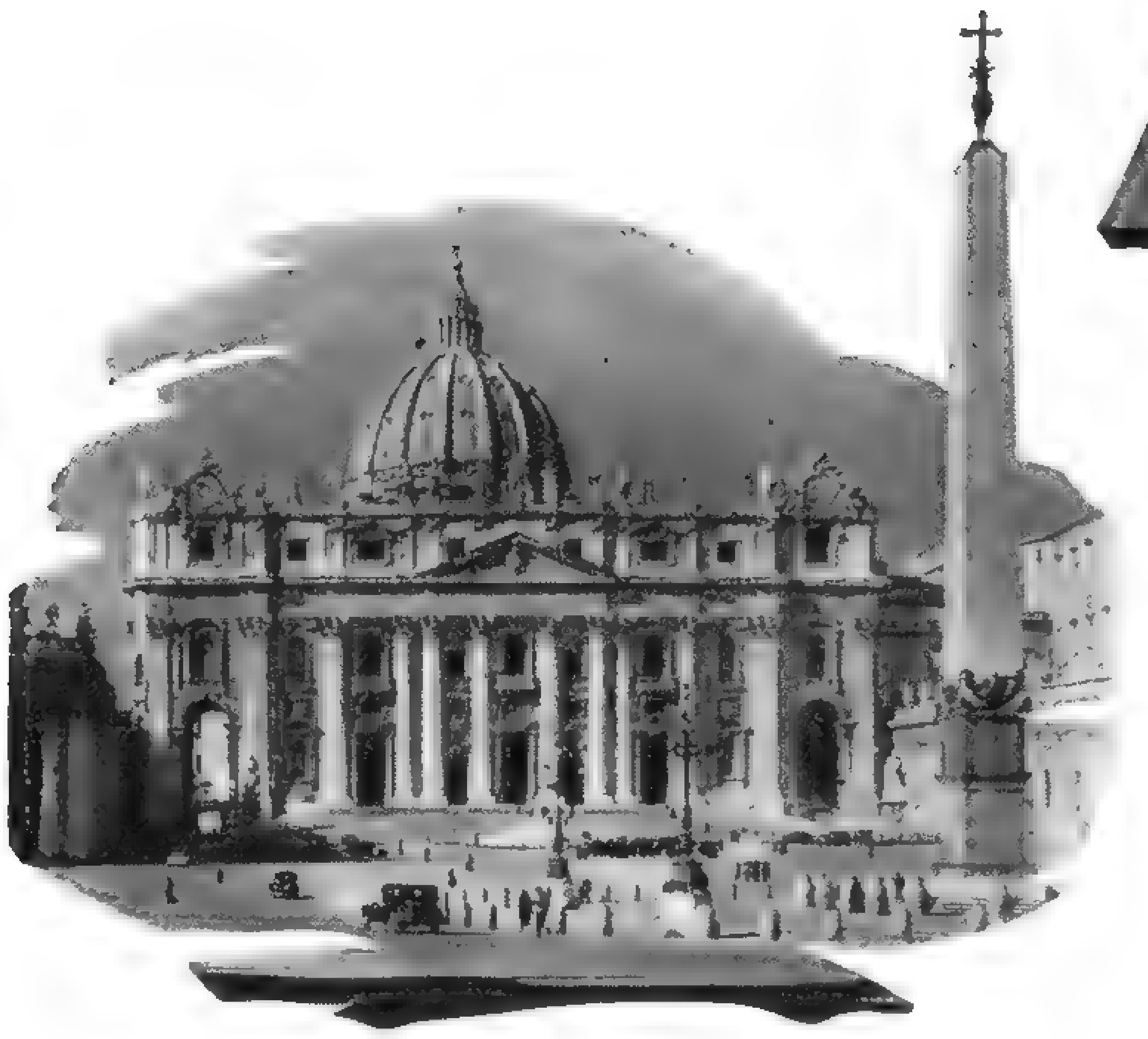
28 SHERATON HOTELS

AGAIN . . . TRAVELERS ARE CHOOSING

SUNNY ITALY



ST. PETER'S, ROME—renowned landmark of the Eternal City, a destination for travelers from every continent.

YES, ITALY is saying *"Benvenuto"*. . . *Welcome* . . . to those who come for leisure . . . pleasure . . . business.

Make this *your* year for enjoying this glorious adventure . . . brilliant sunshine along the Riviera . . . rare sport on famous ski slopes . . . exciting old-world shopping . . . quaint sightseeing everywhere.

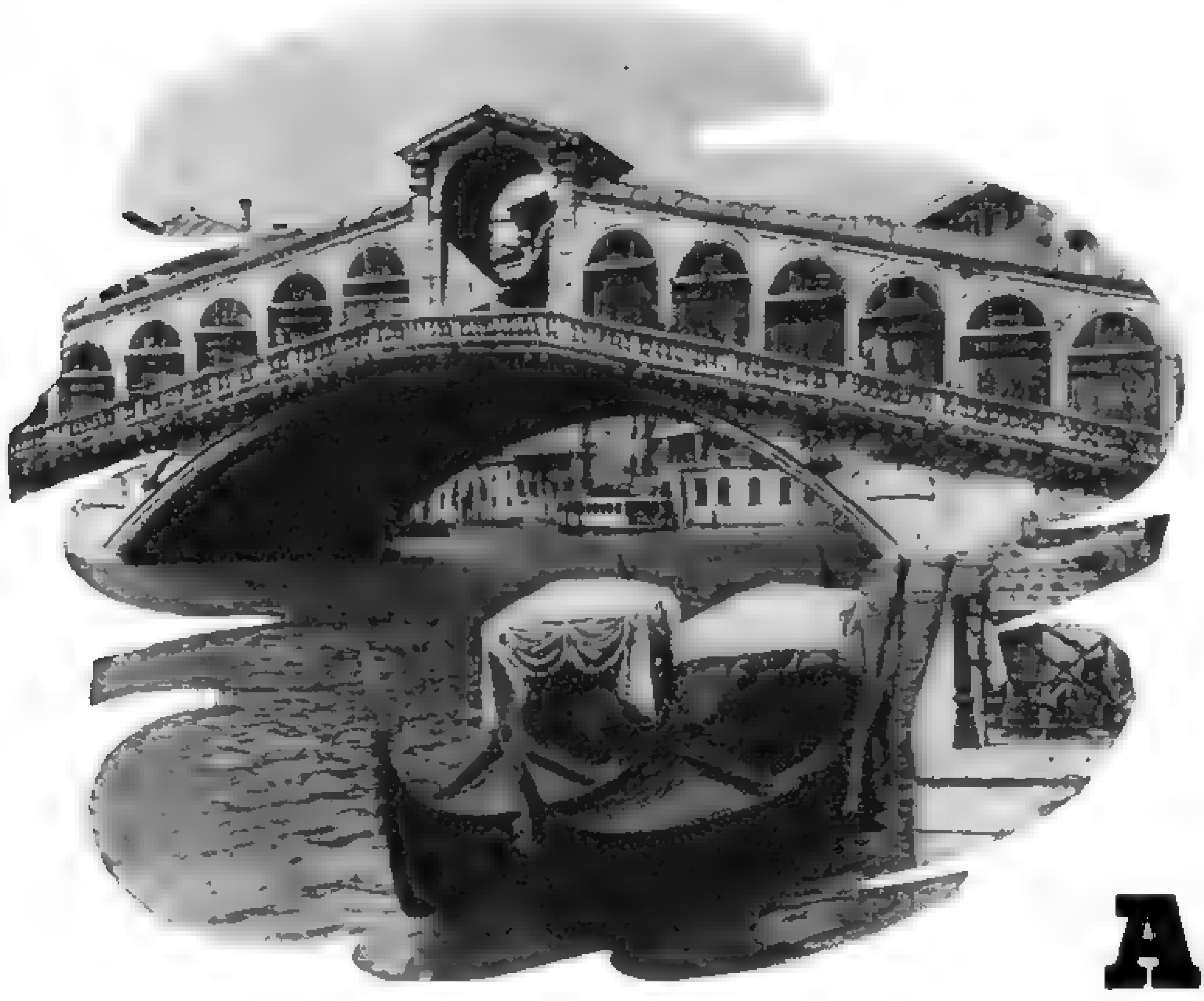
There is so much to see and do . . . visit famous cathedrals, museums, shrines, concerts, casinos, operas—truly, it's the *Grand Tour.*

Hotel rates are moderate and food is good. And best of all, your money goes further and prices are low, compared with U. S. dollars. A new law enables you to bring back $400 worth of purchases duty free.

In all the world, no other land has so many fascinating places within such convenient distance of each other. Your travel agent can help you plan your trip—see him without delay.

No visas required by U. S. citizens for visits of 4 months and under.

DELECTABLE DISHES, served in the Continental manner, are world-famous—at reasonable prices.

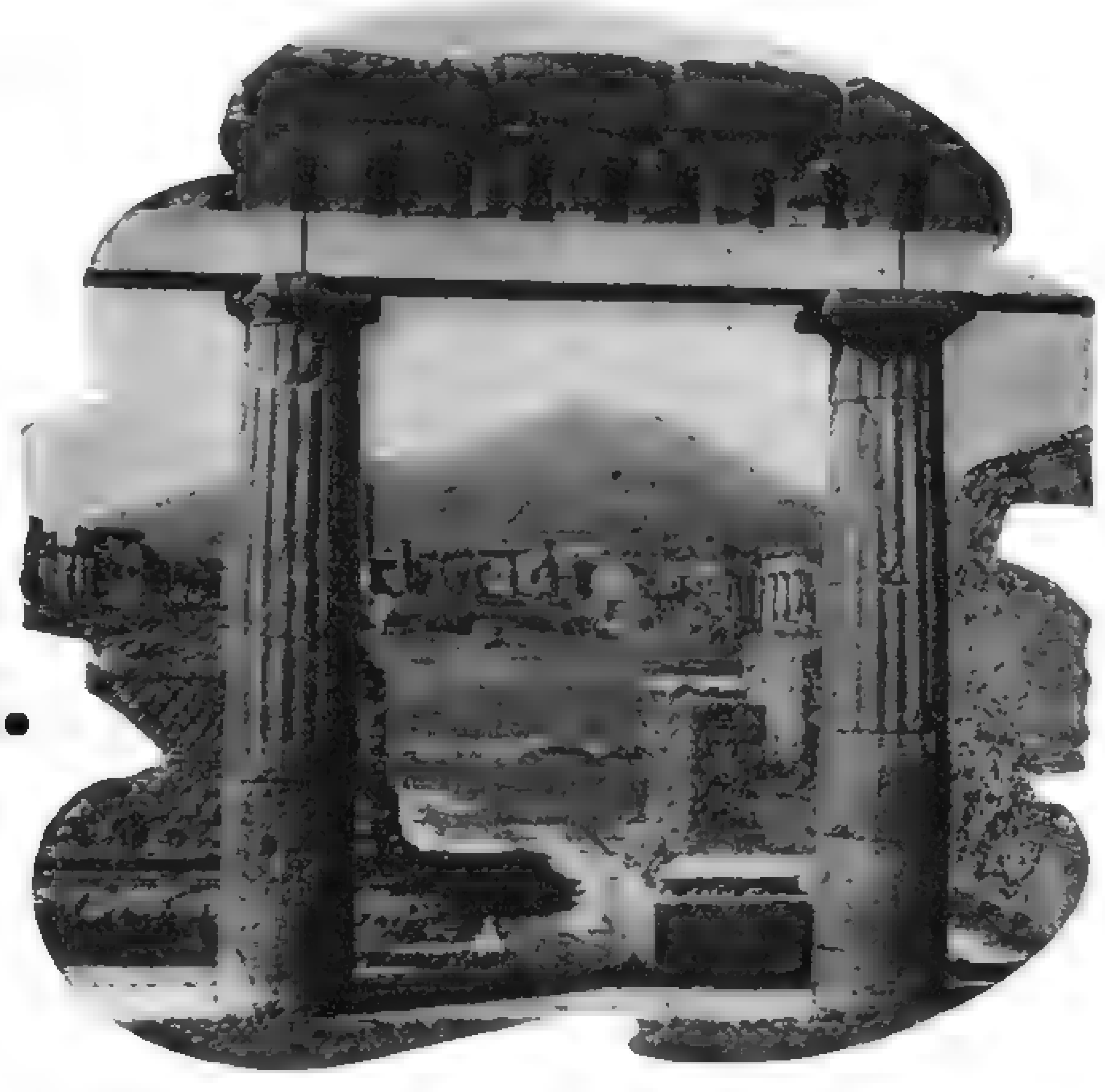


CITIES OF ENCHANTMENT and romance, like Venice, offer unique enjoyment. Gondolas link points of interest—Grand Canal, Doge's Palace.

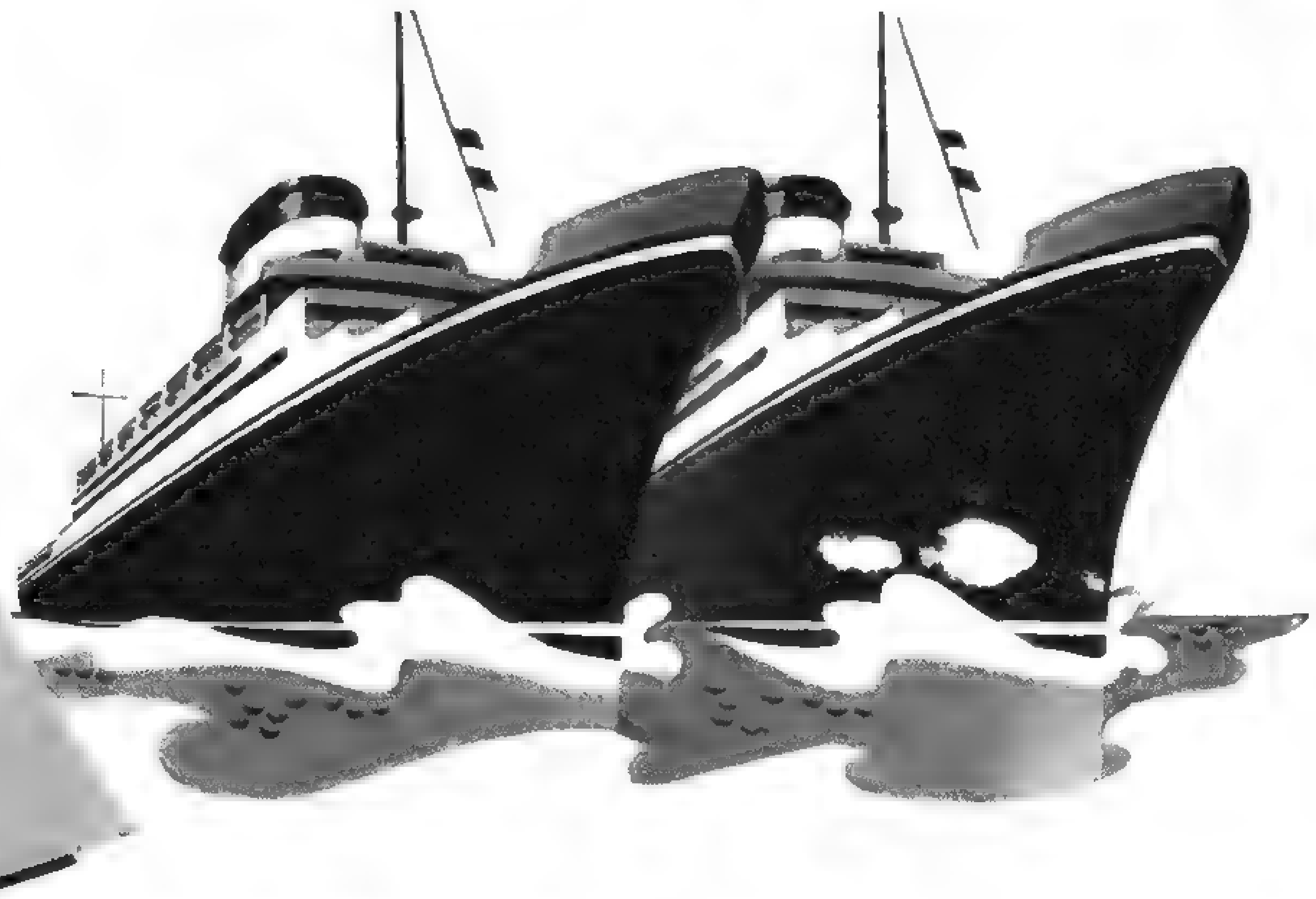
ITALIAN LINE

AMERICAN EXPORT LINES, INC.

General Agents • 39 Broadway, New York 6, N.Y.



POMPEII, with towering Mt. Vesuvius in the background, affords a glimpse of the grandeur of the mighty Roman Empire.



VULCANIA and SATURNIA—each 24,500 tons—nucleus of a splendid new Italian Line fleet, offer the sunny, southern route to Naples and Genoa—thence by convenient connections to all Europe.

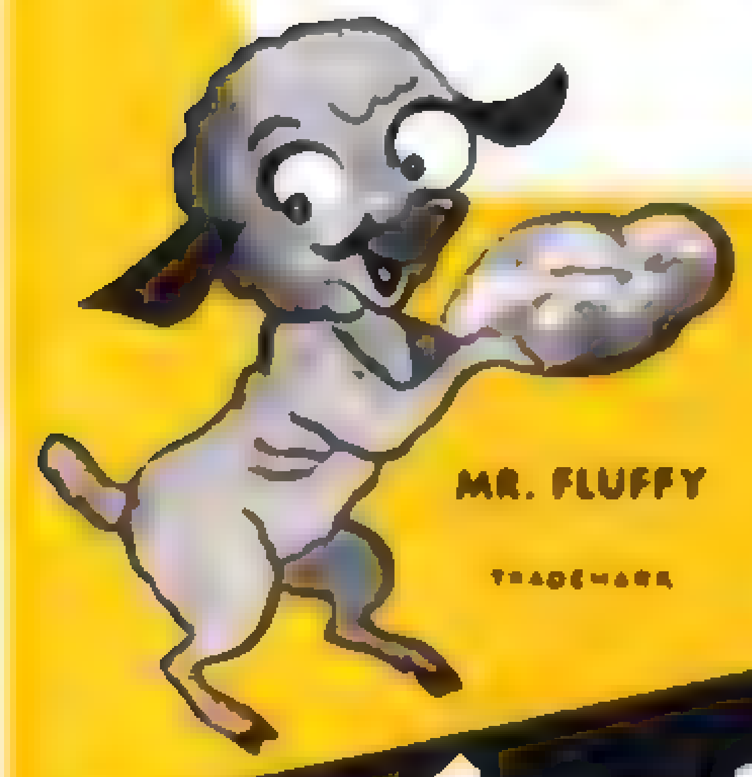
Two trans-Atlantic favorites...

VULCANIA · SATURNIA

THE SUNNY SOUTHERN ROUTE TO ALL EUROPE

The original — the one and only

"INSULATION SENSATION"



★ Stratojac REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

INTERLINED WITH "MR. FLUFFY'S"
100% PURE WHITE VIRGIN **WOOL**

GOLD quilted
"bold look"

TAILORED SURCOAT Two-way saddle pockets with hand warmers, raglan shoulders, concealed wristlets, tailored collar, about $27 50 mouton collar, $32 50.

BOYS' Stratojac "Gold" just like Dad's Bold Look, with mouton collar Sizes 10 to 20, about $25 Junior Sizes 4 to 12, $22 50

OFTEN IMITATED, NEVER DUPLICATED, Stratojac is America's finest all-weather coat—a national "Insulation Sensation," with a score of *exclusive quality features.* The favorite because of its modern warmth-without-weight—its thermostatic "built-in heater" really protects you against wind, rain, snow from 45° above down to 20° below. And for the *new* Bold Look at its best, see Stratojac's long-wearing giant-square quilted satin lining in *Gold* set off by Brown gabardine shell . . . or the *Silver* lining with Navy Blue, the *Flame Red* with Grey. Dry cleans beautifully

Secret of its "Built-in Heater"

Stratojac's interlining of 100% pure white *fluffy* virgin wool makes it light in weight, without sacrificing warmth. No heavy bulky garments to make you perspire, catch cold. Windproof, water repellent outer shells *of Reeves combed gabardine are guaranteed fast colors and Sanforized.*

At leading stores everywhere, or write

WiNER Manufacturing Co., Hammond, Indiana

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Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

Continued from page 28

cambion, from New York. 45-day de luxe Yankee Cruises, minimum $850.

Rifles, Shotguns and Shaggy Dogs

NEW ENGLAND—Big game isn't as big as in the great wildlife sections of the West, but thousands of hunters go up to Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire every fall for deer, bear, fox, squirrel, hare, lynx, pheasant, raccoon, ruffed grouse, wildcat and migratory birds.

PENNSYLVANIA—Some of the best deer-hunting in the East in the wilder sections of the Alleghenies. There's plenty of small game, too.

NEW YORK—The hunter taking his rifle or shotgun up to the Adirondacks in November will see lots of interesting specimens crossing his sights. Fine bear, deer and bird-shooting.

IDAHO—Up in the Hell's Canyon country of the Snake River—one of the wildest sections of the United States—is where you'll find some of the finest hunting in the Northwest. Lots of grouse, pheasant, partridges, ducks and geese.

MONTANA—Big-game hunters visiting Montana can stop at some of the state's famous dude ranches which stay open for the fall hunting season. For the real outdoorsman, there's nothing like a pack trip into the back country—riding your horse through the pinewoods and seeking your game among lakes, streams and mountains so remote that they still haven't been named.

WYOMING—Wonderful hunting in the Jackson Hole and Grand Teton areas, just before the first snows transform them into ski centers. Good bird-shooting, and there's elk, deer, moose, bear and mountain sheep to lure the big-game hunter.

COLORADO—Census-takers of the Rocky Mountain state's deer populations report that 50,000 deer nervously await the hunter each fall, more than in any other state in the West. To say nothing about the elk, mountain lion, waterfowl and pheasant.

NEW MEXICO—More diversified game here than just about any other place you'll find, with an abundance of black bear, three varieties of deer, wild turkey, squirrel, elk, antelope, mountain lion, wildcat and coyote.

OREGON—Here's the state for the man who bears a grievance against mountain lions. Corner a cougar on a ledge in the Oregon uplands and you'll have the blessing of every farmer whose livestock has been menaced by this biggest of all American cats—provided, of course, that your aim is good.

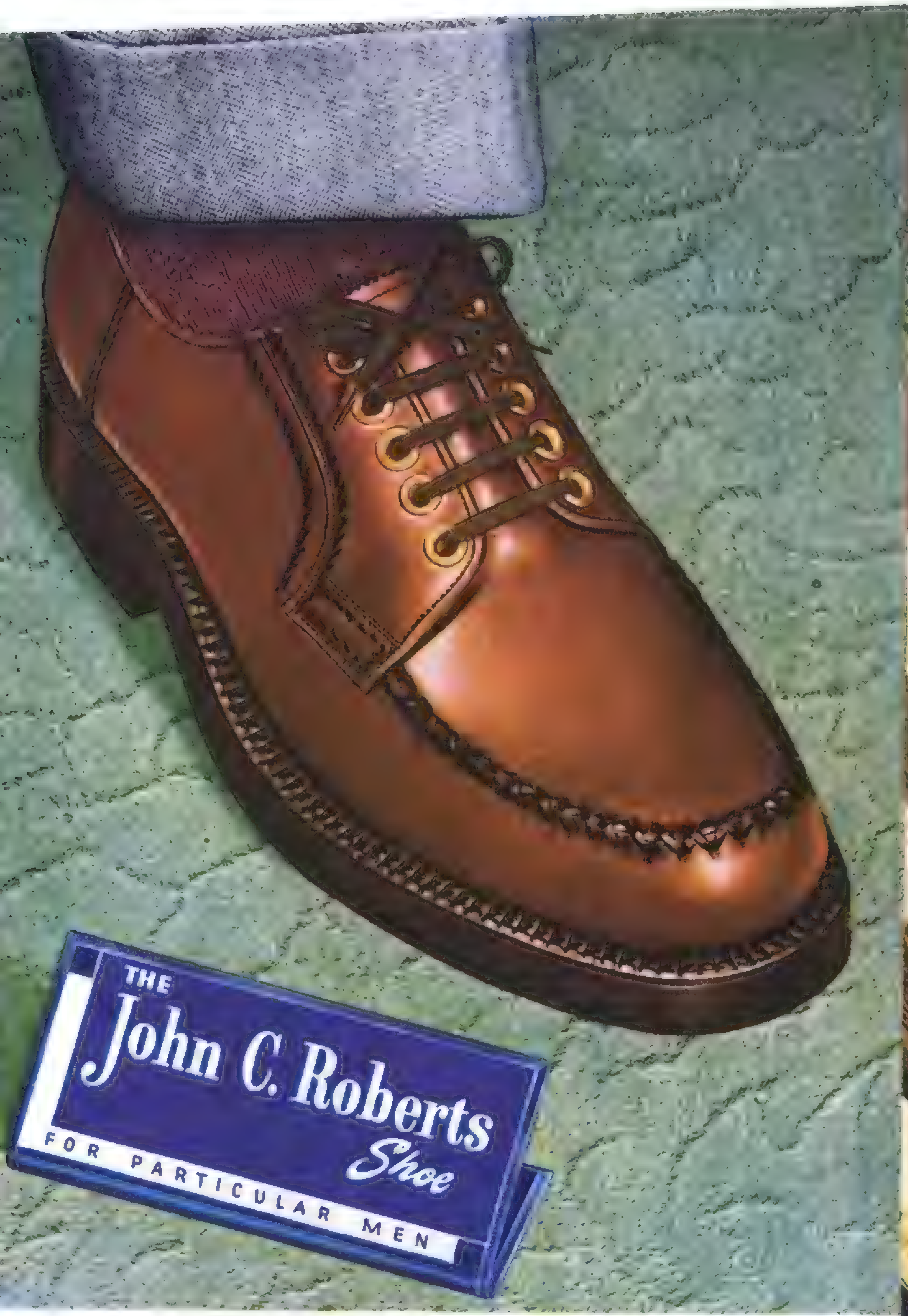
BRITISH COLUMBIA—Moose, caribou, elk, mule and blacktail deer, mountain sheep and goats; grizzly, brown and black bear, ducks, geese, grouse, quail, partridge—

Continued on page 32

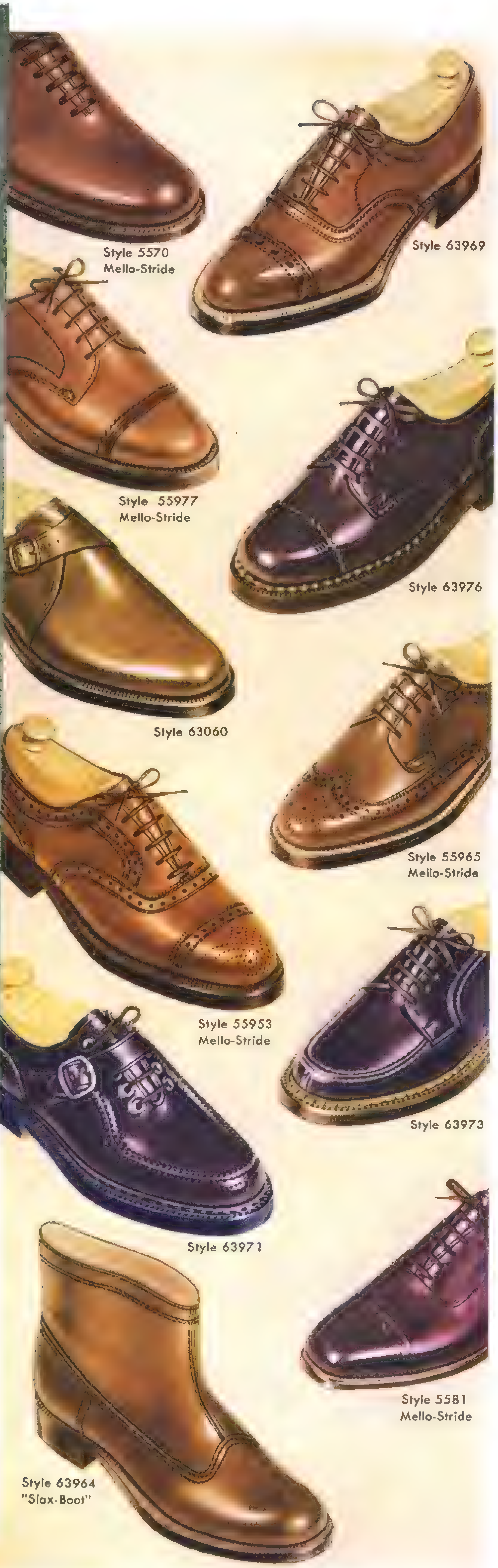
COGNAC
Bisquit
Bisquit Dubouché & Co
COGNAC
★★★
PRODUCT OF FRANCE
SOLE UNITED STATES AGENTS
MUNSON G. SHAW Co. NEW YORK
"Ah, le Cognac
BISQUIT
c'est la perfection!"
★
One of the Finest
Products of France
84 PROOF

"La Perfection" . . . for a
delicious Brandy and Soda
or a delightful after-dinner Cordial

SOLE U. S. AGENTS
MUNSON G. SHAW CO. INC.
NEW YORK 17 N. Y.


THE
John C. Roberts
Shoe
FOR PARTICULAR MEN

Style 63970


Style 5570
Mello-Stride
Style 63969
Style 55977
Mello-Stride
Style 63976
Style 63060
Style 55965
Mello-Stride
Style 55953
Mello-Stride
Style 63973
Style 63971
Style 5581
Mello-Stride
Style 63964
"Slax-Boot"

. . . an immediate hit, an immediate *fit* . . .

. . . that's the John C. Roberts Shoe! What's more, John C. Roberts *hold* their fit, *hold* their looks, because they're made by master craftsmen with truly top-quality leathers. That's why John C. Roberts are your best shoe investment—in the long run, they *save* you money! They give your feet relaxing comfort and plenty of firm support. Many styles contain the exclusive John C. Roberts Mello-Stride feature. Try on a pair, soon—find your nearest John C. Roberts dealer in your Classified Phone Book, or write for his address. BOYS! Don't miss those keen John C. Roberts Junior Shoes!

John C. Roberts Shoes $9.95 to $12.95; with Mello-Stride Feature, $13.95 to $15.95. A few patterns slightly higher. Also Robertson Shoes at lower prices.

JOHN C. ROBERTS SHOES • *Friedman-Shelby* DIVISION
International Shoe Company • St. Louis 3, Missouri
World's Largest Shoemakers

See John C. Roberts Mello-Stride Shoes—they need no breaking in!

CANADA'S FINEST
IMPORTED
Harwood's
Blended Canadian Whisky
Blended and Bottled by
Duncan Harwood & Co. Ltd.
Vancouver British Columbia
Canada

ONE OF A DISTINGUISHED SERIES PAINTED BY RAY JOHNSON

After thirteen months of rugged travel, the "Mounties" established an overland route to the Yukon in 1898.

CANADA'S FINEST

No challenge is ever too great—no task too difficult for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. When there's a job to be done, the "Mounties" do it at all costs.

HARWOOD'S CANADIAN successfully meets the greatest challenge—your own good taste. For lightness, smoothness and finest flavor, HARWOOD'S CANADIAN has no equal.

Harwood's Canadian ®

GOING TO CANADA?—Harwood's Can Be Purchased at all Provincial Stores in the Dominion.

This advertisement is in no way an endorsement by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY • 90.4 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

Continued from page 30

name your game and you can probably shoot it here in the Canadian west.

EASTERN CANADA—Ontario and Quebec have game that compares with anything you'll be able to bag out West. If you can see the light of the sun and have strength enough to squeeze a trigger you're likely to get your limit in moose and white-tail deer, caribou, bear, ducks, geese, woodcock, grouse, ptarmigan and partridge.

Indo-American Special

You'd have to travel halfway around the world to find anything as "different" and colorful as some of the more remote Indian mountain villages in Guatemala. And in November our nearest Central American neighbor is enjoying some of the best weather of the year as it comes out of its rainy season.

GUATEMALA CITY—The "*Muy Noble y Muy Leal Ciudad de Santiago de los Caballeros de Goathemala*"—Guatemala City to you—is a clean, shining, modern city, rebuilt after having been almost completely destroyed by an earthquake 31 years ago. Its markets are a good place to start your indoctrination in the Indian life of the country.

CHICHICASTENANGO—Well worth a visit, if only to learn how to pronounce it. Guatemala's most famous Indian village. Wonderful sight-seeing, and chances are you'll shoot every roll of color film in your bag. Mayan Inn, staffed by Quiche Indians, an outstanding resort with fishing, boating, swimming, dancing and riding.

ANTIGUA—Old colonial capital of the country. Some handsome buildings and much of the old Spanish atmosphere have survived the earthquakes and the centuries.

LAKE ATITLÁN—A magnificent mountain lake more than 6000 feet above sea level, flanked by three great volcanoes. Three different languages spoken in the various Indian villages dotting its 70-mile circumference. Spectacular scenery.

LAKE AMATITLÁN—Smaller version of the above, only sixteen miles from Guatemala City by fine highway. The capital's favorite resort. Excellent fishing, swimming and boating.

QUEZALTENANGO—Guatemala's second largest city. Best bet for the shopper, since its market products are the most varied in the country. Its 7500-foot elevation gives it a cool, springlike climate the year round. ⧺

(If you wish further details or other information relating to travel, your inquiries will be welcome. Just send queries and stamped, self-addressed envelope to Travel Editor, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.)

340 Billfold

Patent Applied For

The Unique MEEKER

Trim and Neat.. No Matter How Much It's Carrying!

A Beauty of a Billfold!

No other billfold has the unique construction of the MEEKER 340. That's why it has a place for everything, yet is thin, smart, streamlined. Two compartments for currency, checks, etc., plus a secret pocket. Removable pass case holds 8 cards, licenses, etc. Smartly fashioned in many rich, fine leathers. Various Prices.

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MEEKER MADE
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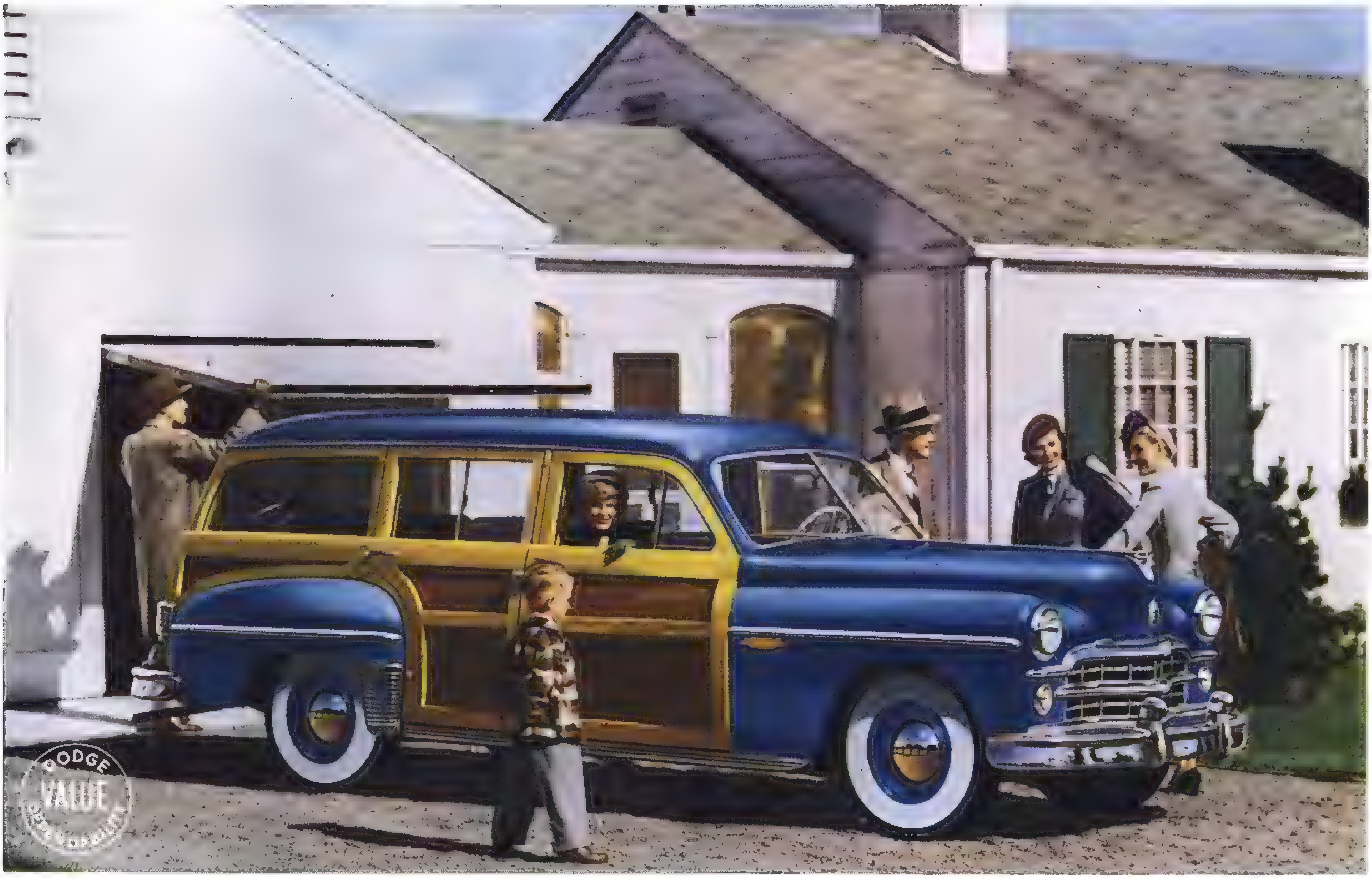
AN AMERICAN BEAUTY THAT LOVES HARD WORK!



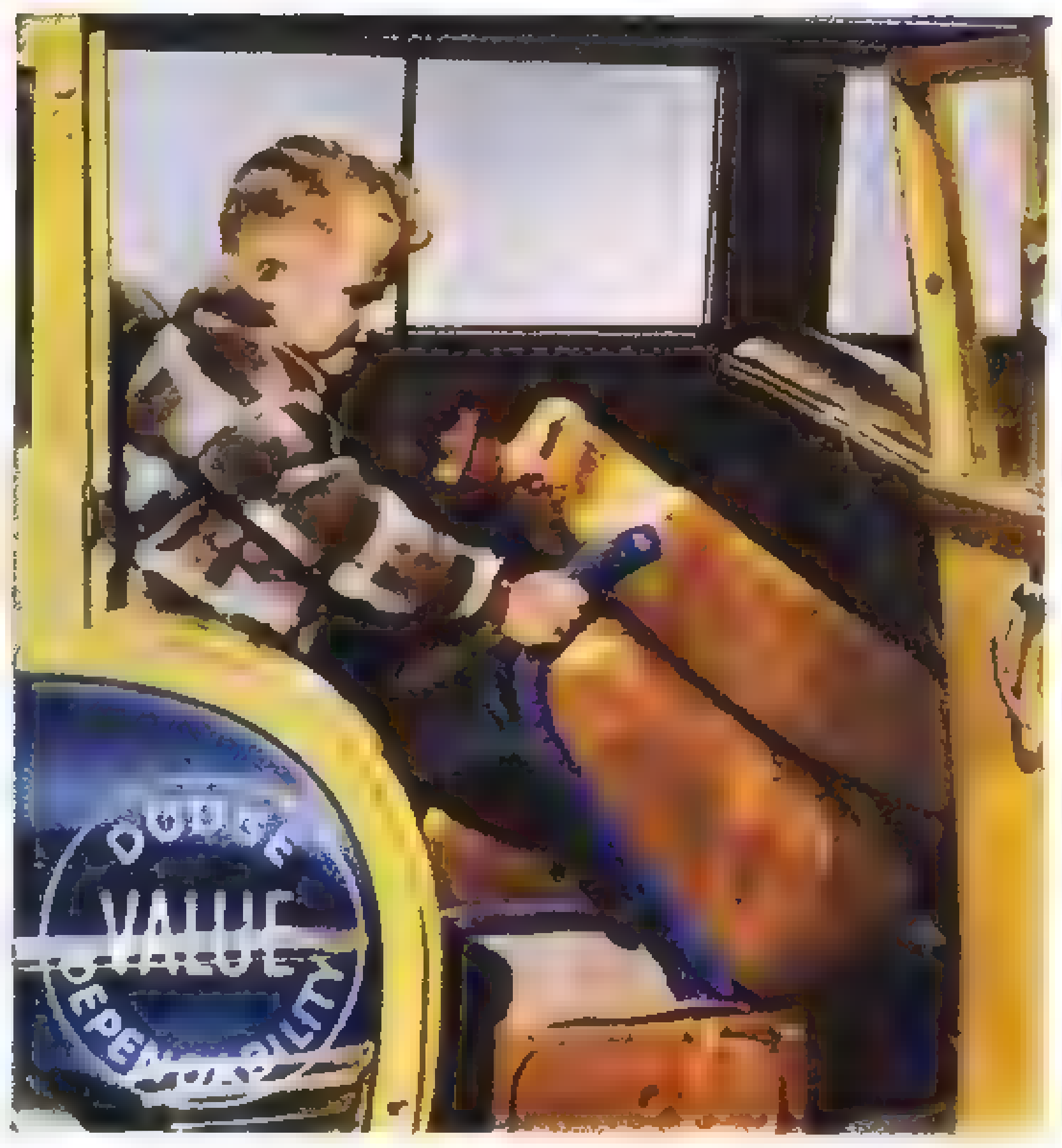
Turns heads on the Boulevard ...takes its turn at hard work, too!

HERE'S the car that's perfectly at home with silks or jeans. A beauty for looks, a delight to drive and a willing work horse for the whole family.

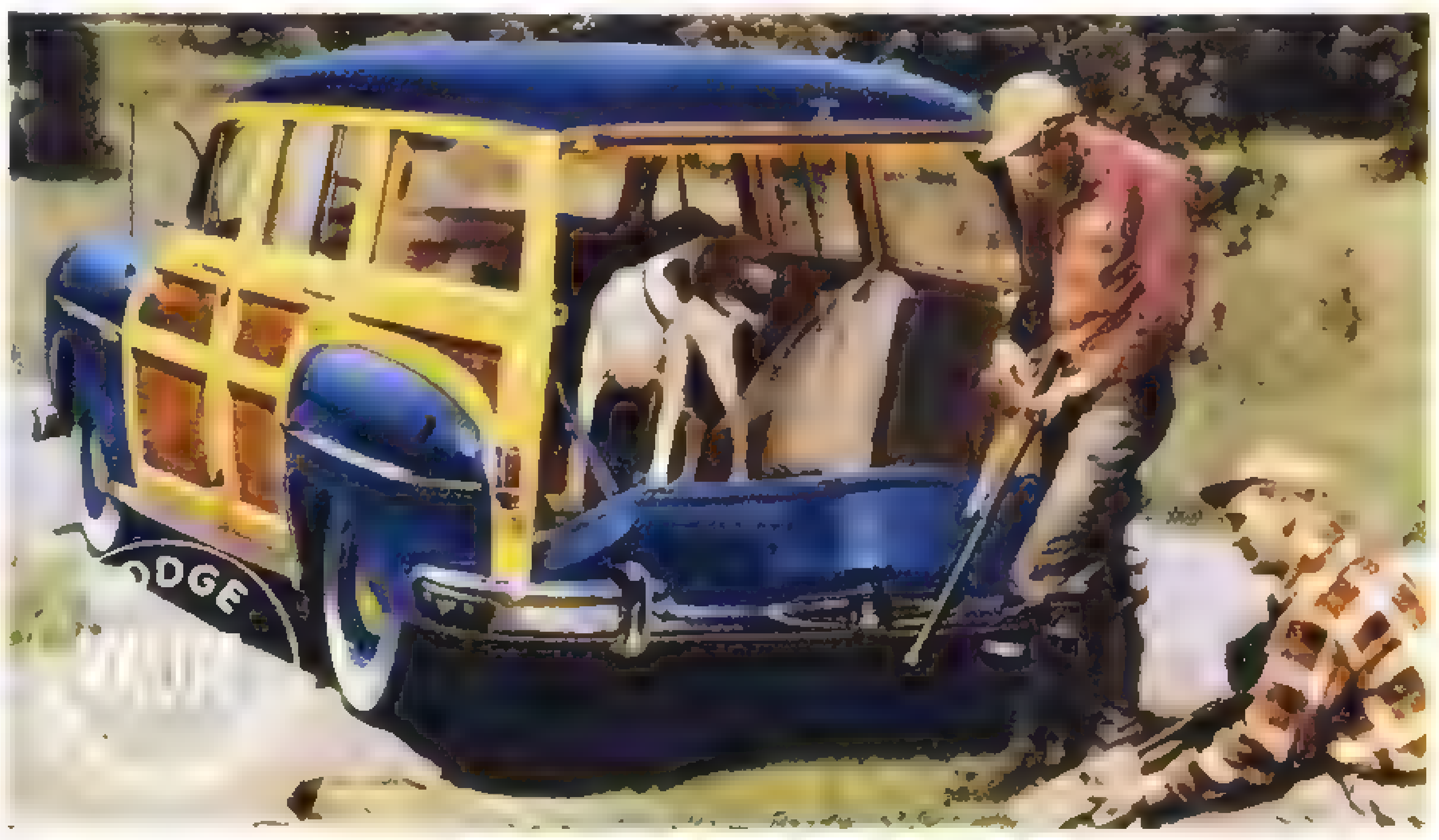
Its three full-width seats carry nine people in roomy comfort, as well as spine-tingling pride. Its four wide doors spell "easy-in, easy-out" without twisting and squirming. But to really appreciate this new Dodge Station Wagon, watch it swallow the biggest, bulkiest loads you have.

The stepped-up power of its "Get-Away" engine will thrill you with flashing acceleration . . . or the brute force of its load-lugging ability. There's the proved smoothness of gyrol Fluid Drive and, at moderate extra cost, Gyromatic to completely free you from bothersome gear shifting.

Yes, you'll find your dollars bought a far bigger value in this American Beauty that loves hard work!



Right-hand section of middle seat folds forward for easy entrance and exit to rear seat . . . no need to twist or squirm getting in or out.



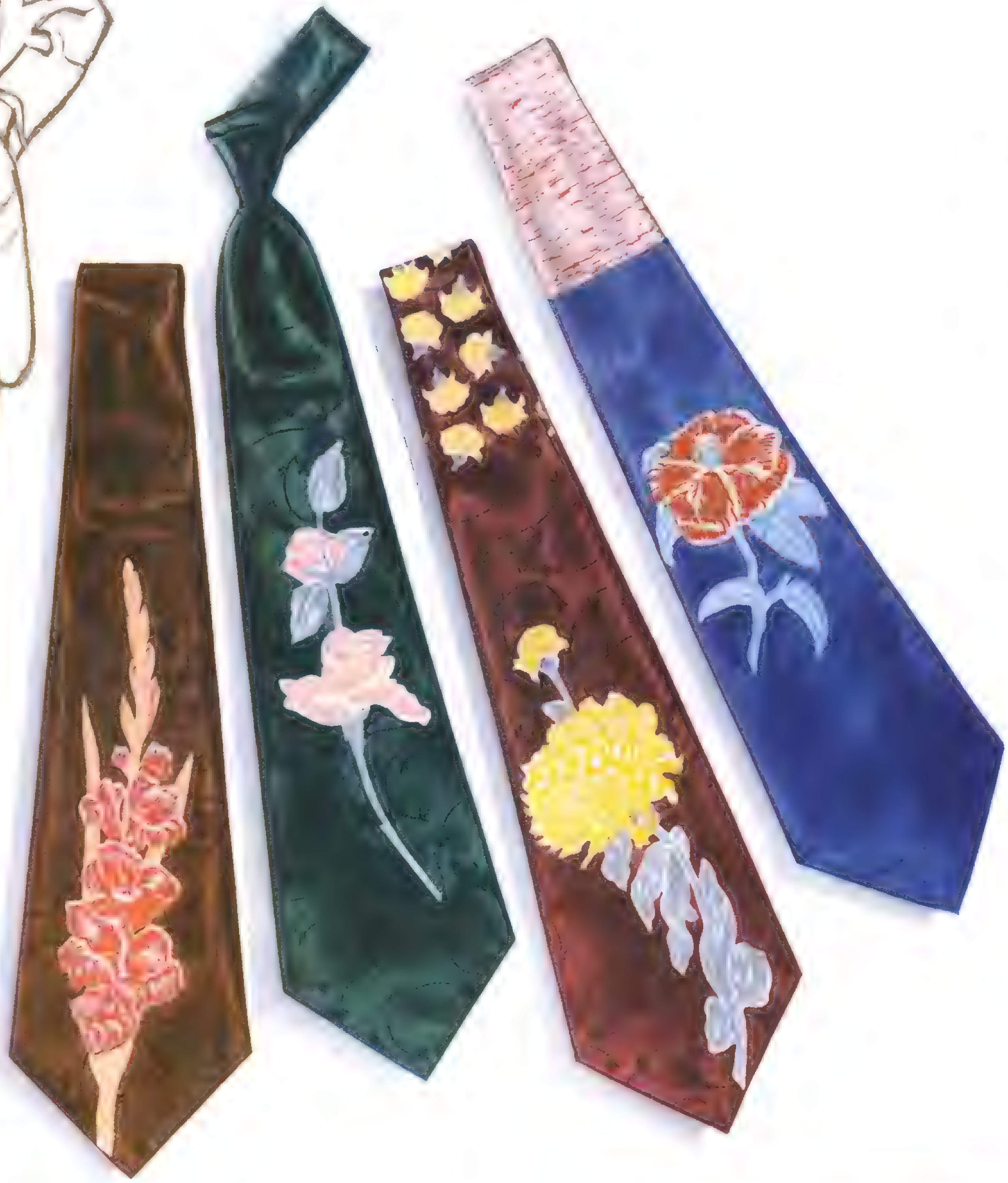
Ready for action! Window swings up . . . tail gate drops for easy loading. Storage space available behind rear seat and two rear seats are removable for maximum carrying capacity. The spare tire is protected in a locked metal cover on the tail gate.

New Coronet
DODGE
STATION WAGON

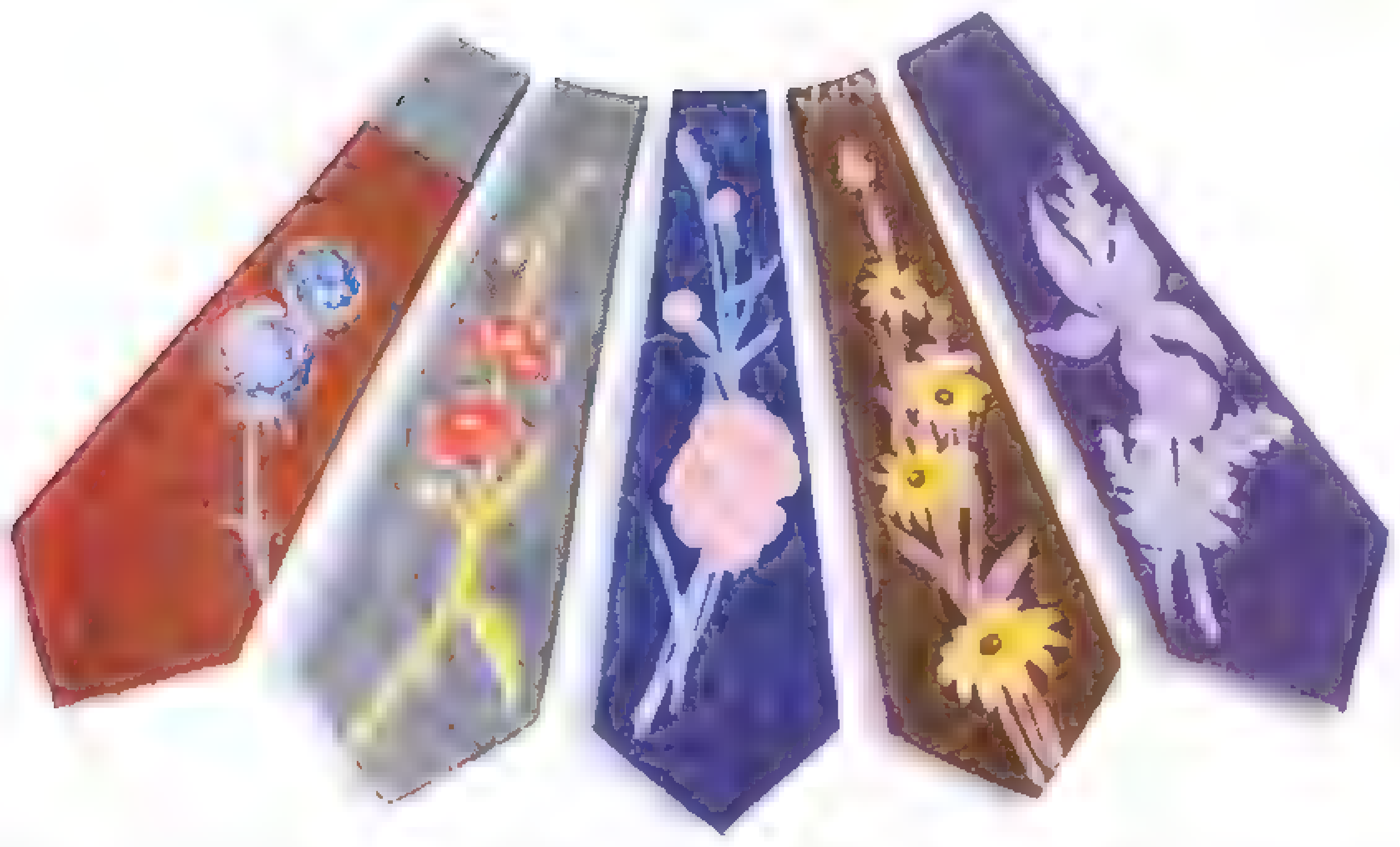
Wembley

PRESENTS

Nature Colors-New Beauty in Panel Ties



Top-knot
gift
for men
of fashion
$2



A NEW NOTE OF LUXURY . . . for your Christmas giving. For the man who appreciates true beauty, select an assortment of 5 Wembley Flower Panels—created to mirror Nature's richest colors. Styled to wear with metal-tone or white shirts—and to blend with newest dark and light suit-tones. Your gift will be accepted happily and admired constantly. Set of 5 of your choice . . . $10

Wembley

A SMART NAME TO REMEMBER

Wembley Ties are available at better stores everywhere. If you do not see these patterns, write to Wembley, Inc., New Orleans 5, La. We will have your order filled by a retailer near you.

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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Top off your shave with Seaforth Lotion and enjoy the bracing air of the Scottish Highlands—the cool crispness of heather and fern! Seaforth Lotion soothes and cools. It smells good . . . fresh, not fragrant. Men like it . . . and women like it on men. Buy it, try it . . . you'll like it too!

Seaforth! SHAVING LOTION

In handmade stoneware jug, only $1.00

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FOR MEN
SHAVING LOTION
Seaforth!
FOR MEN

SPECIAL OFFER! For a 23-day supply of Seaforth Lotion, send name, address and 10c to Seaforth, 711 Fifth Av., Dept. 11, New York 22, N.Y.

norma MULTIKOLOR PENCIL

4 Colors in One Pencil

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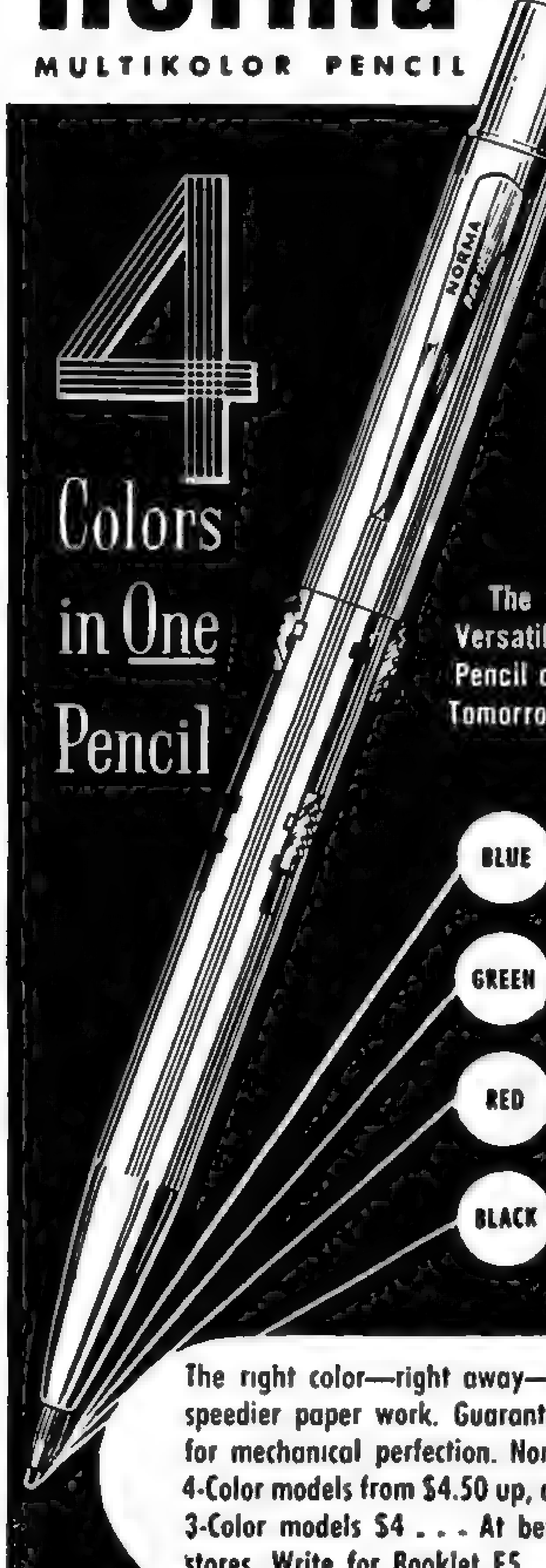


The right color—right away—for speedier paper work. Guaranteed for mechanical perfection. Norma 4-Color models from $4.50 up, also 3-Color models $4 . . . At better stores. Write for Booklet E5

Norma Pencil Corp., 137 W. 14 St., N. Y. 11

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

ONE SURE WAY to endear yourself to a current favorite is to give her white ermine. The sweetly-styled set—small hat, neck piece and muff—is luxurious on a modest scale and less expensive than it sounds. One or two pieces are available separately. Made also in black or grey lamb, it is simple, pretty and very feminine.

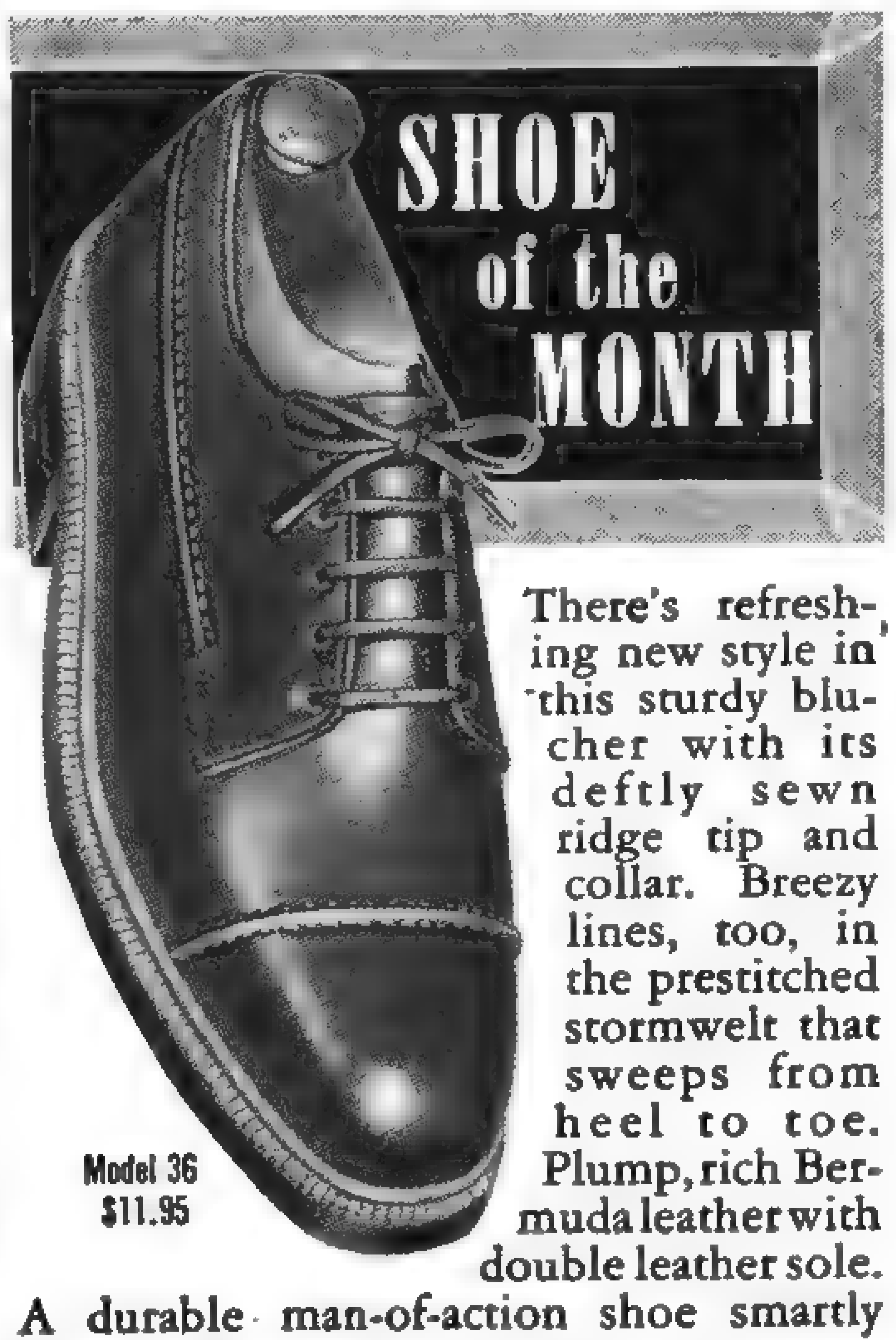
VELVET OF NYLON makes a tailored lounging set to delight her heart. The slacks are black and slenderizing; the vest is bright red and gay. Nylon velvet—apart from its soft rich texture—has the unusual advantage of being washable and very hardy. Both waistcoat and slacks are available separately and in other color combinations.

A NEWCOMER to the ranks of better perfumes is a scent called Beau Belle. Its creators may have had in mind the dictionary meaning: beau—a man of fashion, an escort, suitor, a lover; belle—a fair lady, a reigning beauty. Perhaps they intended to bring the two together with a fragrance not too sweet, not too heavy but very effective.

THE LADY ABOUT TOWN who is prepared for all eventualities may as well include a miniature "silent butler" in her handbag. At places where dropping ashes and cigarette butts on the floor is out of order and no ash tray is in sight, this 24K gold-plated gadget will conveniently hold all until she can empty it. No fear of it spilling: the clasp is firm.

For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City 17, New York

Ranger

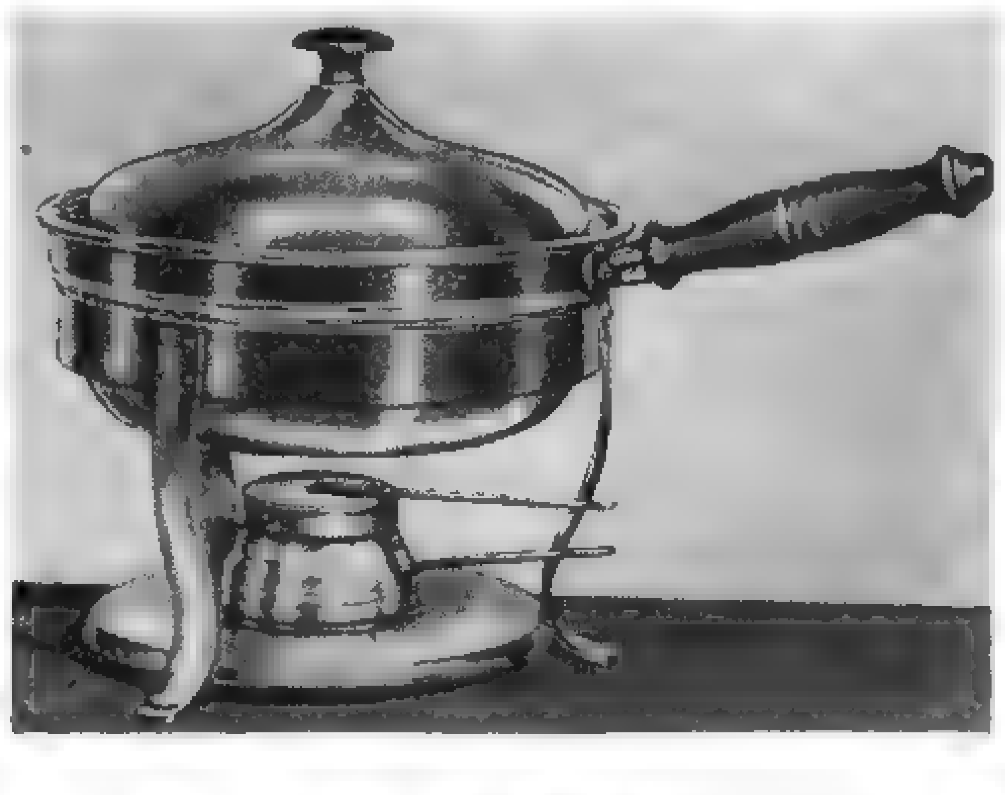


There's refreshing new style in this sturdy blucher with its deftly sewn ridge tip and collar. Breezy lines, too, in the prestitched stormwelt that sweeps from heel to toe. Plump, rich Bermuda leather with double leather sole. A durable man-of-action shoe smartly right for business or casual wear.

ORDER BY MAIL—*Immediate Delivery*
Quality insured by 46 years of fine shoemaking. Order Model E-36 TODAY. State exact shoe size and width. Available *now* in sizes 6 to 12, A to E. **$11.95.** Add 25¢ for mailing.

Satisfaction or your money back.

CONCORD SHOES, Inc., Milwaukee 1, Wis.



COPPER CHAFING DISH

So many of the stronger set are enthusiastic and accomplished cooks these days, you can't go wrong on gifts that are in the culinary angle. The Chafing Dish, above, would make the Christmas of most anyone a sizzling success. Copper Chafing Dish lined with pure block tin, solid copper and brass legs, alcohol lamp, capacity 3 pints.

Price $28.00 prepaid

No C.O.D.s, please
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For the loaf of your life . . . 10 ounces of soft comfort that fits better, looks better, gives you more freedom than a basque shirt, T-shirt or any shirt! 2-ply ribbed collar, cuffs and waistband that stays down under your belt . . . can be worn over or under slacks or shorts. Handsomely tailored in lustrous, suede-finish Interlock cotton that washes like a handkerchief. What a nice thing to be Gifted with!

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Lime . . . ☐
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Address____________
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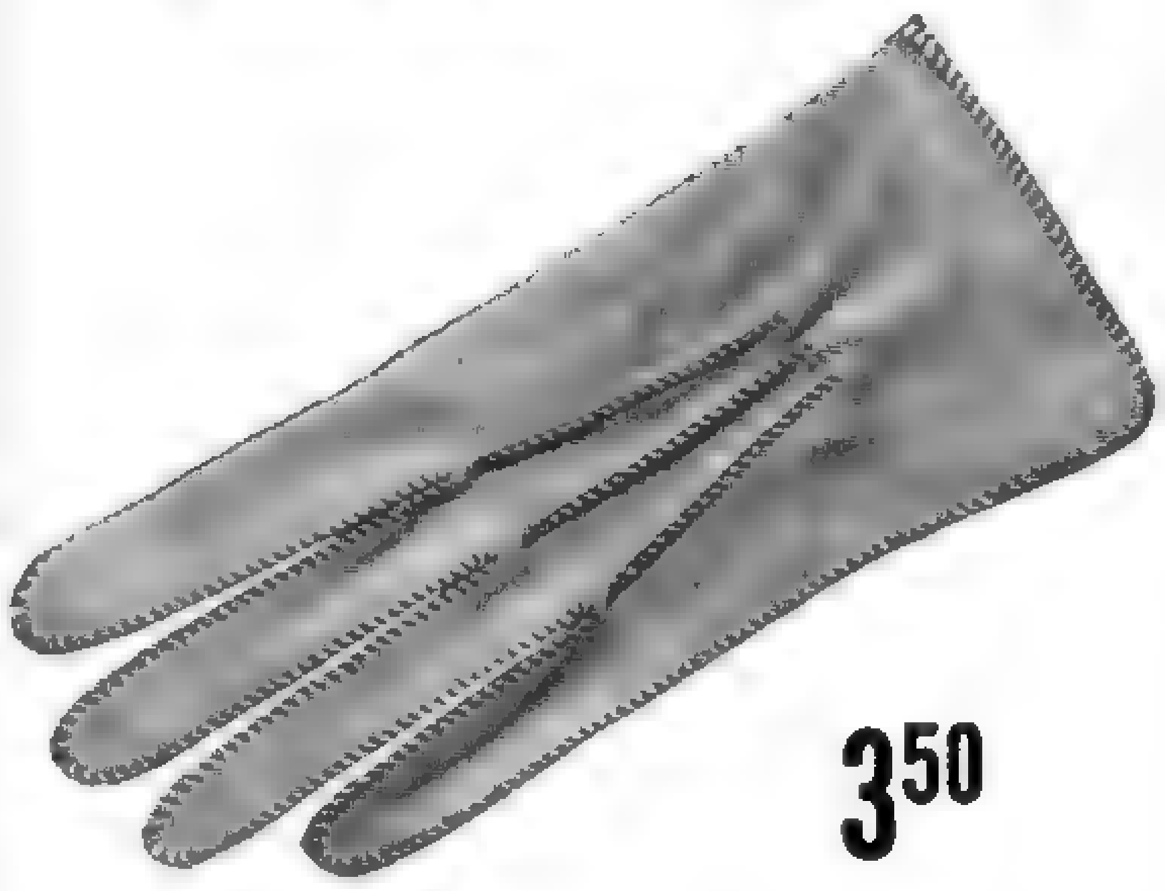
nylon gloves that wash, give extra wear, look like fine mocha too!



Here is the newest in nylon . . . very handsome gloves designed by Wallachs-Fifth Avenue and made expressly for Wallachs by Meyers Make, one of the Country's fine glove makers since 1864. Wear-defying, double-woven 100% nylon with a soft suede-like finish. Whipped-stitched throughout with durable nylon thread. Three rich shades for your wardrobe—

Pearl Gray, Chamois, Tobacco Brown
Sizes: 7½ to 10

wallachs

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Mail Shopping Service, Phone MU 6-3400
Nylon Gloves, 3.50

Quan.	Size	Color

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City......................Zone....State.......
Add 10c postage outside New York City delivery zone.

For Dad

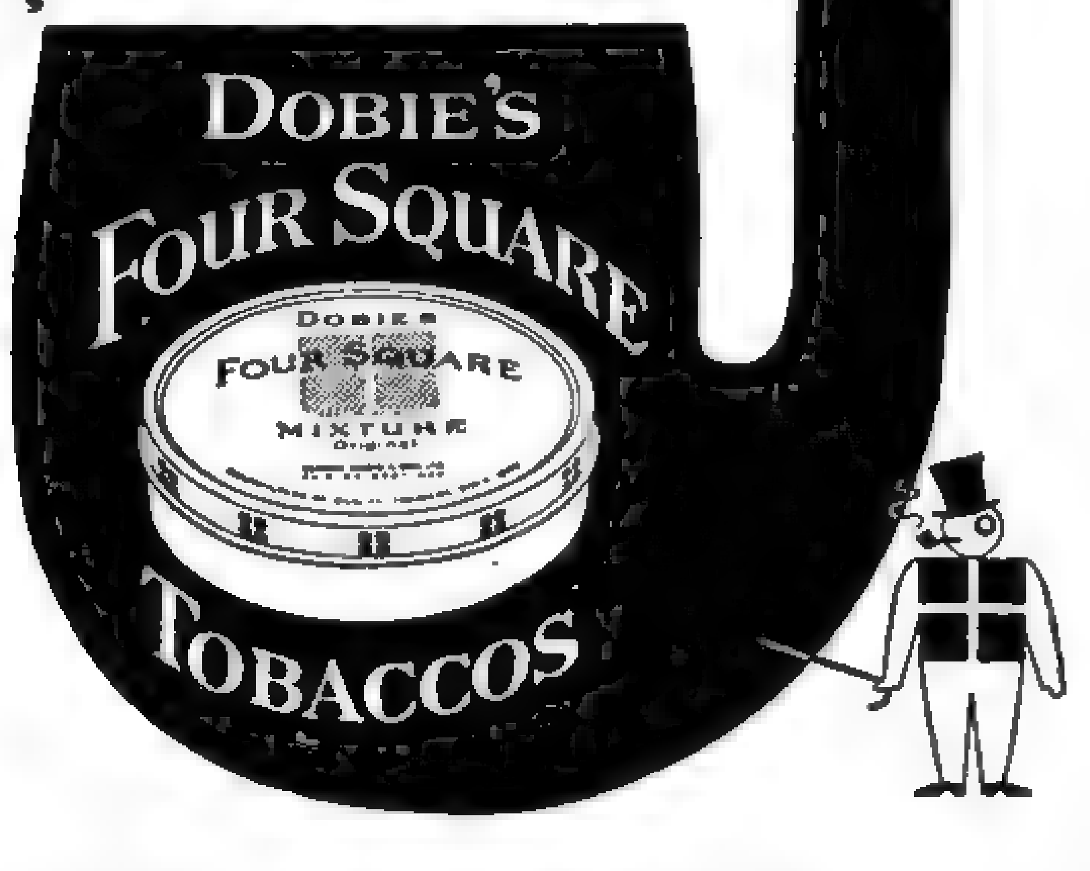
A RARE, IMPORTED XMAS GIFT!

This Christmas, give something unusual—something Dad will truly appreciate! A superb collection of choice, imported, Dobie's FOUR SQUARE pipe tobaccos! He'll get *four* vacuum packed tins, each containing a rare blend that will give him a *new experience* in smoking pleasure. Yes, a *full pound* of the very tobaccos that are Great Britain's leading fine blends! Aged for three long years, they are free from bite, have a superb taste—tobaccos such as Dad never had before. Quantities limited—*order now!* Gift wrapped!

SPECIAL XMAS OFFER—ONLY $5 POSTPAID!

If your dealer can't supply you, write *today* for as many 1 lb. packages as you need, for Dad, Brother, or Boy Friend! We'll ship immediately, C.O.D. Or send bills, check or money order with letter. ($6 west of the Mississippi.)

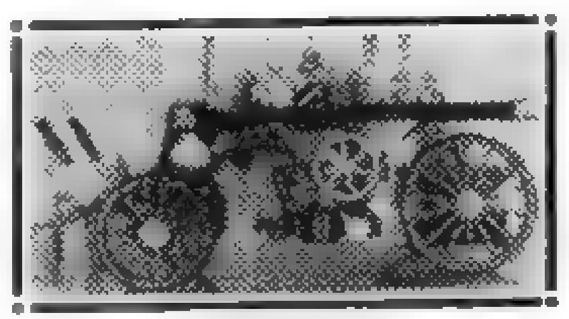
James B. Russell, Inc.
Dept. 13, 23 W. 57th Street
New York 19, N. Y.



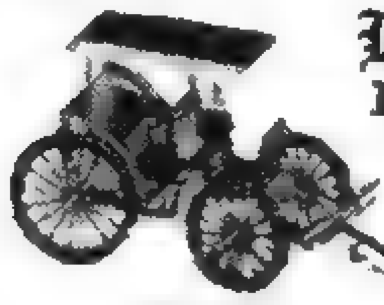
COLLECTORS MINIATURES Superbly decorative, colorful and exquisitely detailed. For home, den, office, school, study or museum. Easy to assemble, prefabricated kits include all ready shaped parts, cast wheels, lights, horns, radiators, etc. Simple plans and instructions.

Old Fire Engines

Everyone who thrills at a wailing siren will love these ½" scale "engines." Combination Hose Wagon—3.75 p.p., Light City Service Ladder—4.25 p.p., Service Hose Reel—2.25 p.p., Comb. Chemical Wagon—3.75 p.p., Hose Wagon 2.75 p.p., Steamer—6.50 p.p.

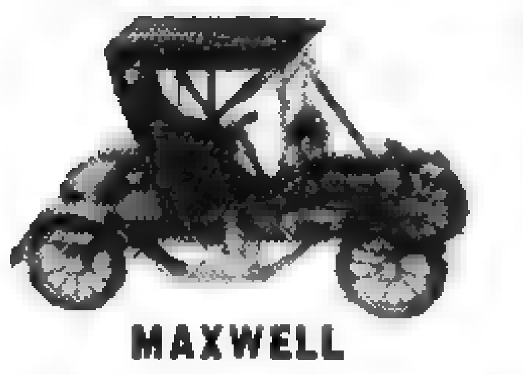

STEAMER

Horse Drawn Vehicle

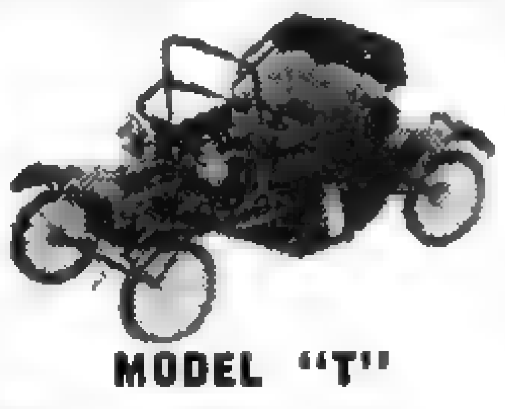

SURRY

Fascination Models of a charming era. Surrey with Fringe on Top—2.00 p.p., Victoria—2.50 p.p, Brougham (new) 2.20 p.p.

Oldtime Autos

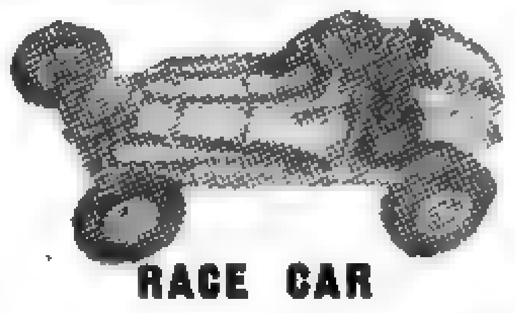

MAXWELL

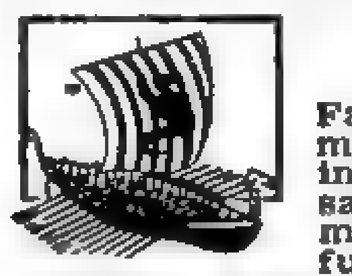
Historical forerunners of today's transportation on wheels. Horseless Carriage—1.75 p.p., 1903 Model A Ford—2.75 p.p., 1904 Oldsmobile—2.00 p.p. 1909 Model T Ford—3.10 p.p., 1909 Stanley Steamer—3:20 p.p., 1910 Model T Ford—2.75 p.p., 1911 Maxwell—2.60 p.p., Rambler—2.60 p.p., Reo—2.60 p.p.


MODEL "T"

40 M.P.H. Midget Racer

Die cast, colorful 9⅝" long racer. Powered with ignitionless engine. Ready to run with bridle, tether, center post, starter, fuel, etc. Factory tested. Runs on any 25 ft. dia. flat surface—$23.50.


RACE CAR

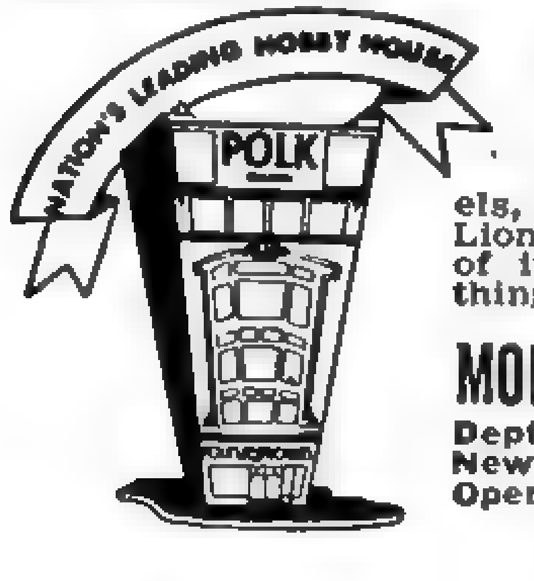

VIKING SHIP

Viking Ship Model

Fascinating, Decorative. Shaped hull mast. Finished oars, bow-stern carvings. 14" long with colorful fabric sail. Sure to be admired on desk or mantel. Built in less than 5 pleasureful hours. Kit $8.95.

Hobby Catalogs

120 page ship models & fittings—35c. U-control gas model planes 10c. TRIX H.O. TWIN TRAINS 15c. Coming in a few months. Hobby Model Book and Plan Catalog 10c.



HOBBIES TOYS FOR MEN

Visit Polk's, the hobby department store. Ship models, planes, crafts, scale trains, Lionel headquarters—hundreds of interesting projects. Everything for hobbyists.

MODEL CRAFT HOBBIES

Dept. E-119, 314 Fifth Ave., New York 1 (cor. 32nd St.). Open 9:30-6:30 P.M. (Thurs. till 9 P.M.)

COCKTAIL EYEFUL!

Have you seen those little telescopes which reveal the beautiful nude models? These lucite cocktail glasses are a subtle adaptation. As your cocktail is tipped to the light, and your eye looks down the stem—a color transparency of a girl in her birthday suit comes into focus. The glasses are 3 oz. capacity, and stand 5 ins. high. $4.80 a set of 6 (all different) Postpaid, if your remittance accompanies your order.

Send for Free Catalog of Smart Bar Accessories

the GAME ROOM
1538 Connecticut Ave., Washington 6, D. C.

*

YOU'LL NEVER HAVE BUT ONE HEAD OF HAIR

***Will You Give 3 Minutes a Day To Take Care of It?**

Take advantage of this opportunity to learn more about the new electric-automatic Vitabrush that turns 20 minutes of tedious, tiresome hand brushing into just 3 minutes of restful, stimulating fun. Handy as an electric razor, Vitabrushing does these three things well:

- Gets your scalp really clean, removing itching dandruff scales, accumulations, dust.
- Stimulates the circulation of the blood supply in your scalp.
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Don't delay. Send for full information on how Vitabrush can help you in caring for your scalp and hair. Just say, "Tell me about Vitabrush."

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SAFELY

PATENT APPLIED FOR

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Don't punch holes in your Broadcloth and Adam's Apple! These invisible, self-adhering Stays are applied under the Collar with simple thumb and finger pressure. Presto! Give you the Bold Look for a day of business—plus a night of hell raising. Save laundry, save shirts—let you reverse collars! PRES-STAYS fit any shape and type of Collar. *Re-usable. Guaranteed.* 25c a package of 4 pairs at your men's shop. Or use coupon below. We pay postage.

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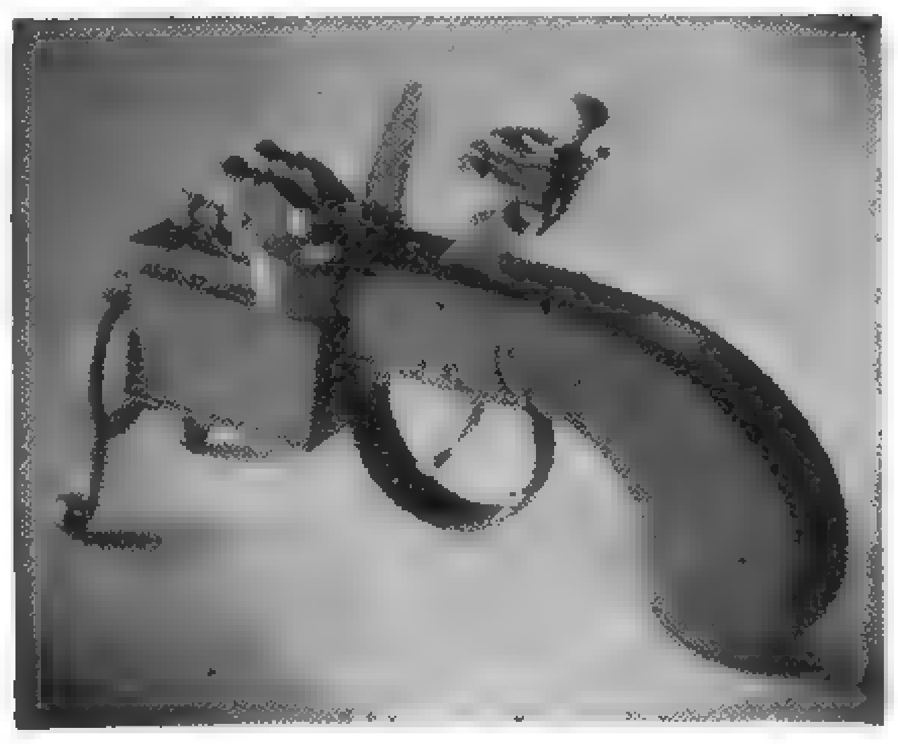
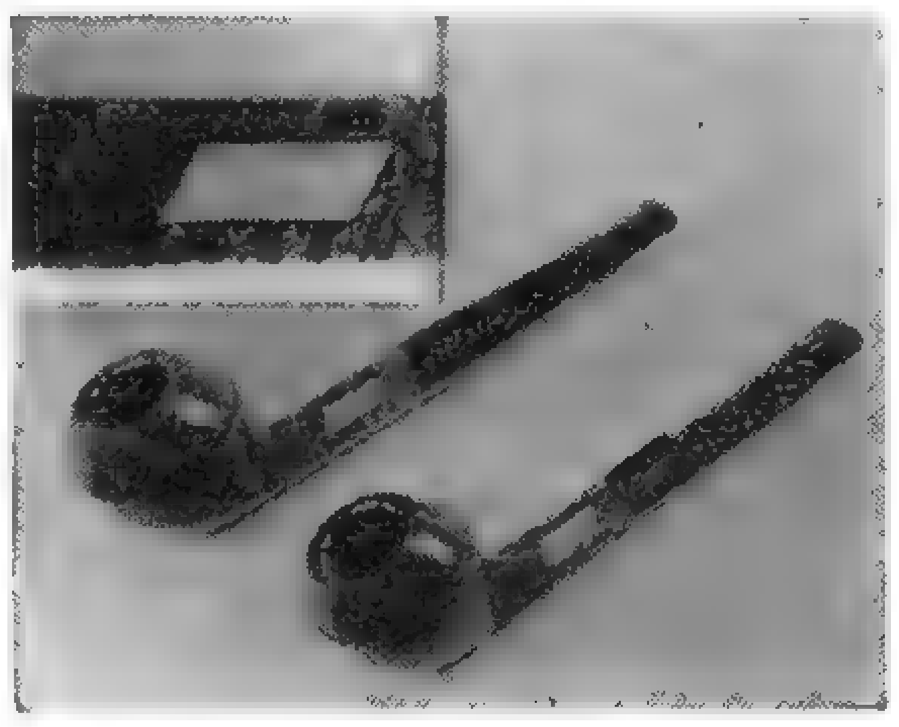
Send us the name and address of your favorite Men's Shop

TALKING SHOP

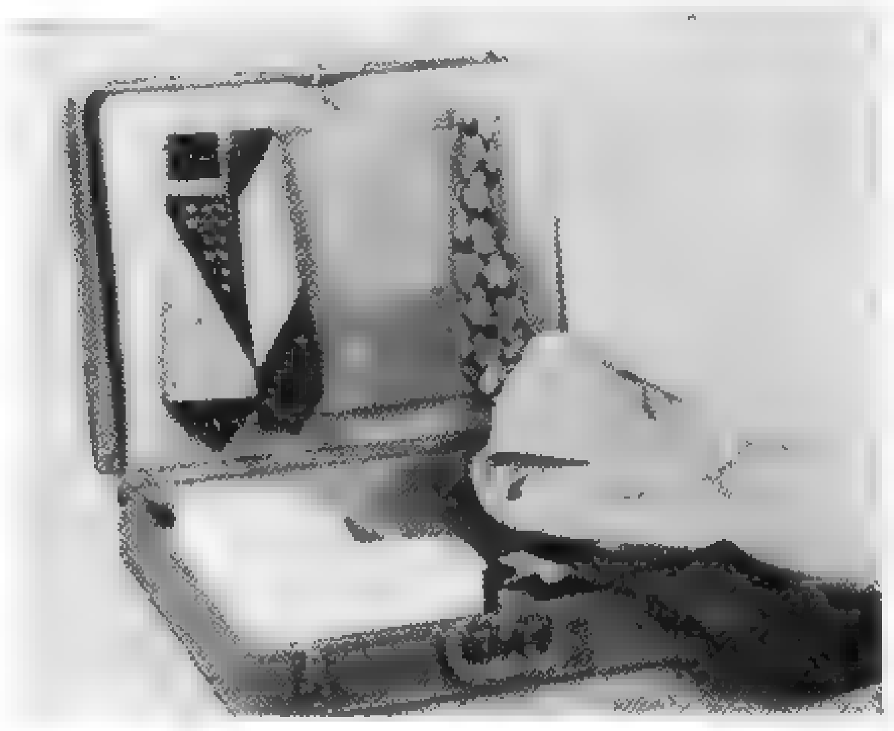
NOT FOR DUELING, this authentic eighteenth century tinder pistol only fires a cigarette. An efficient automatic table lighter it has an antique brass finish with a wooden handle. Just pull the trigger and it lights. It is filled easily from the underside and the flint replacement is in front. A graceful design, interesting and decorative.



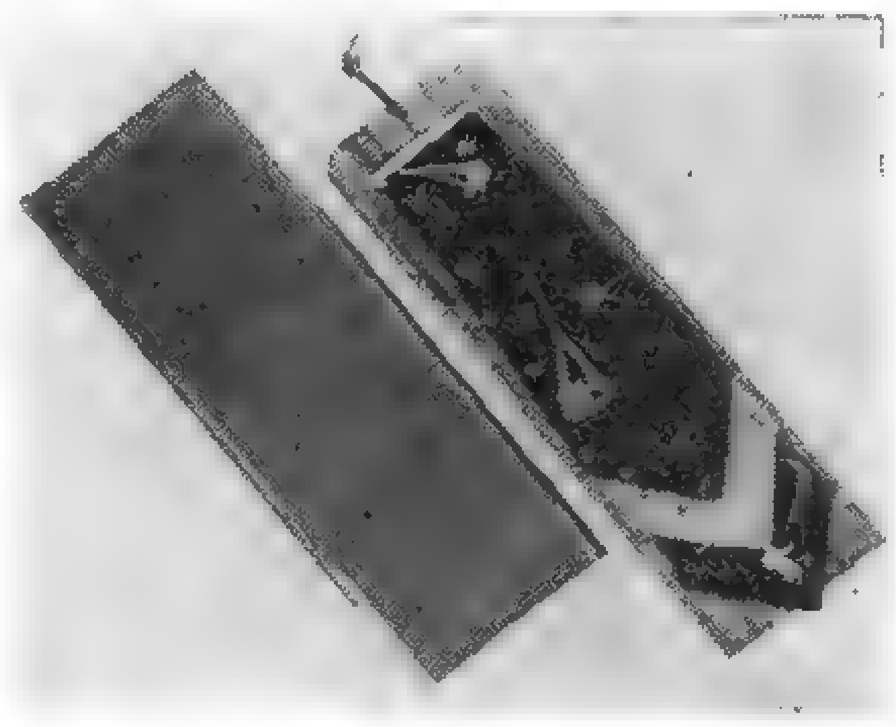
PERSONALIZE THE PIPE you give him. This bench-made Mediterranean briar is a welcome addition to a collector's assemblage. Vulcanized, the pipe has a hard-rubber bit, permanent aluminum filter, and comes gift-boxed and gloved with two or three initials engraved on a sterling silver inset. Aged and seasoned for serious smokers.



A SOFT-SIDER, 24" case is exceptionally efficient and light in weight. It holds 2 or 3 suits and everything else a man might need on a business trip. Strong cowhide, soft and flexible and impervious to hard handling, it is double stitched with a patented cushion-edge and reinforced at strategic points. A companion piece is 21".



TRAVELER'S TIE HOLDER, in a calf leather sheath, neatly carries six ties and at the same time does a pressing job on them. Flat as a sliver, it takes no room in packing and is easily hung up on a closet hook. The inside holder is polished mahogany. A good-looking item it makes an excellent gift for the man who likes his packing made easy.



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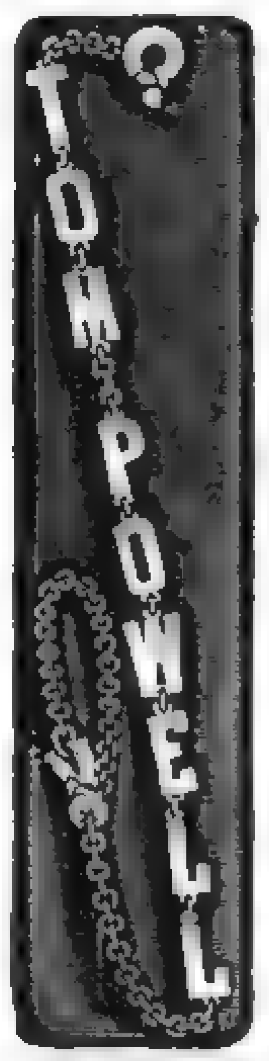

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THE PERFECT GIFT

Each NAMECHAIN made to your order—up to 14 letters allowed. Packed in gift box. Orders shipped in 48 hours. Tax and postage included in price.

Durably Constructed

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14 Kt. Solid Gold............$48.00

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Esquire's

JUNGLE GIRLS!

The exotic Tiger and Panther Girl Playing Cards are more distinctive, more inspiring than any other cards you've seen. As gifts or for yourself, don't forget ESQUIRE's Jungle Girl Playing Cards. Only $1.25 per deck, double decks, $2. Send order and check or money order to

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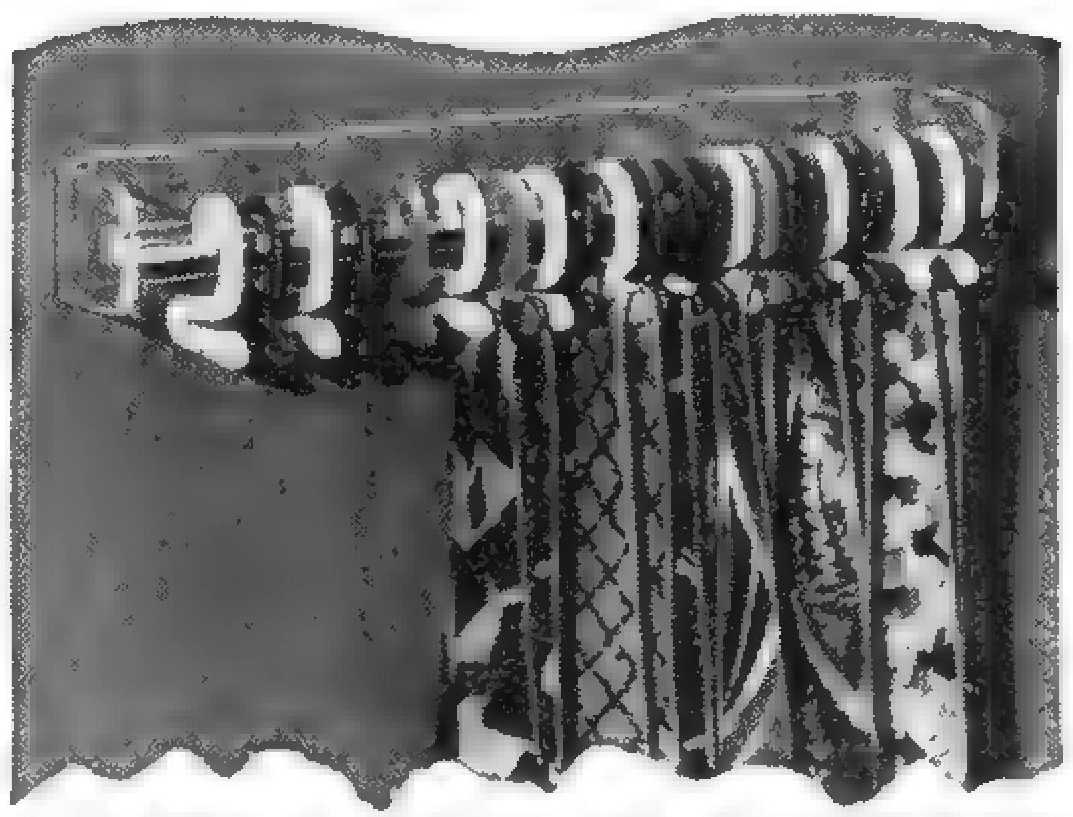
Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Illinois
U. S. orders only.



A TIE'S BEST FRIEND

A man's ties hung on this Sparkling Crystal Clear Lucite Rack in colorful Ivory, Green, Blue and Red holders makes a gorgeous glow of color on a wardrobe door.

TIES CAN'T WRINKLE OR FALL OFF

Patented flexible plastic holders hold ties individually with a firm smooth grip, keeping them neat—orderly—easily selected at a glance. Holders are removable from rod permitting installation of the rack at any height.

TI-D-TIE Rack is the Ideal Gift for men. Durably made to give years of service. Handsomely boxed. Money back guarantee.

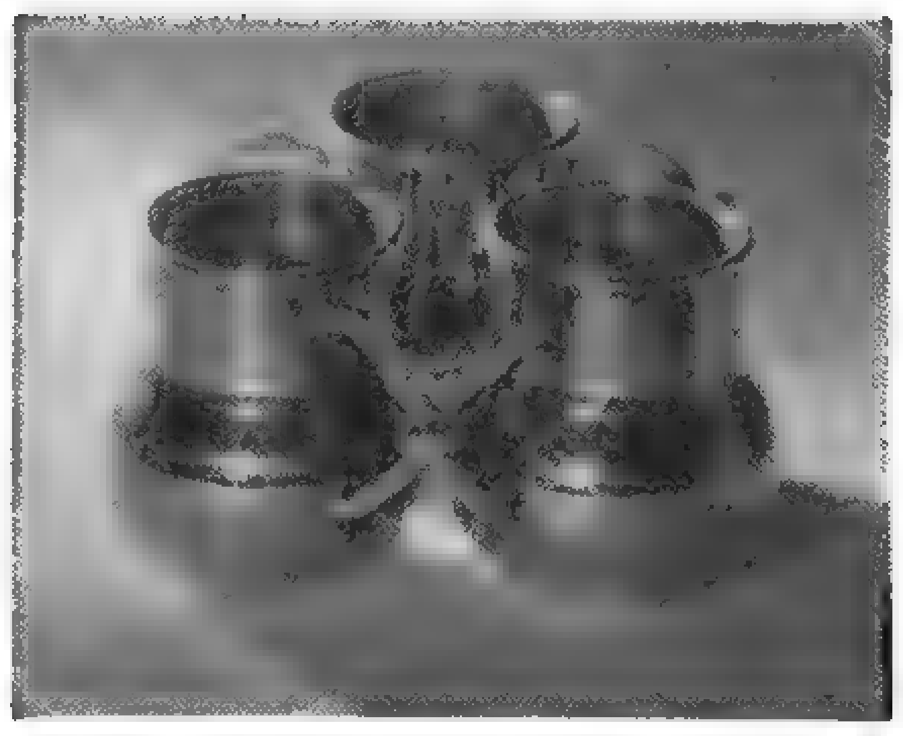
De Luxe Lucite Rack 18½" long, with 48 plastic holders,
$5.00 postpaid

De Luxe Lucite Rack 10½" long, with 24 plastic holders,
$3.00 postpaid

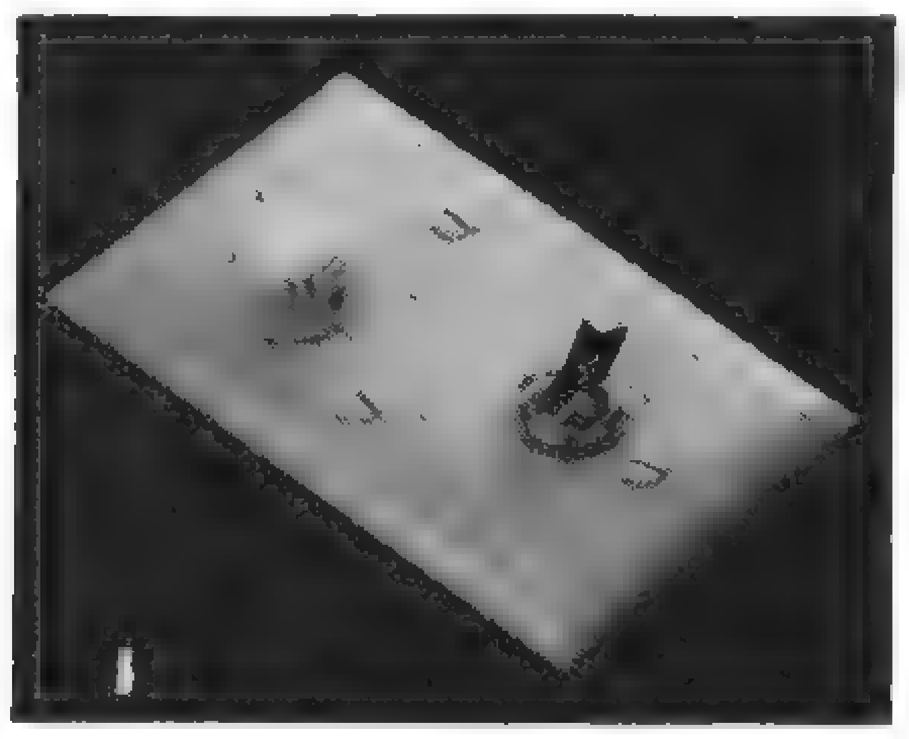
Fred H. Streit Co. 100 W. Chicago Ave. Chicago 10, Ill.

U. S. Patent No. 2403834

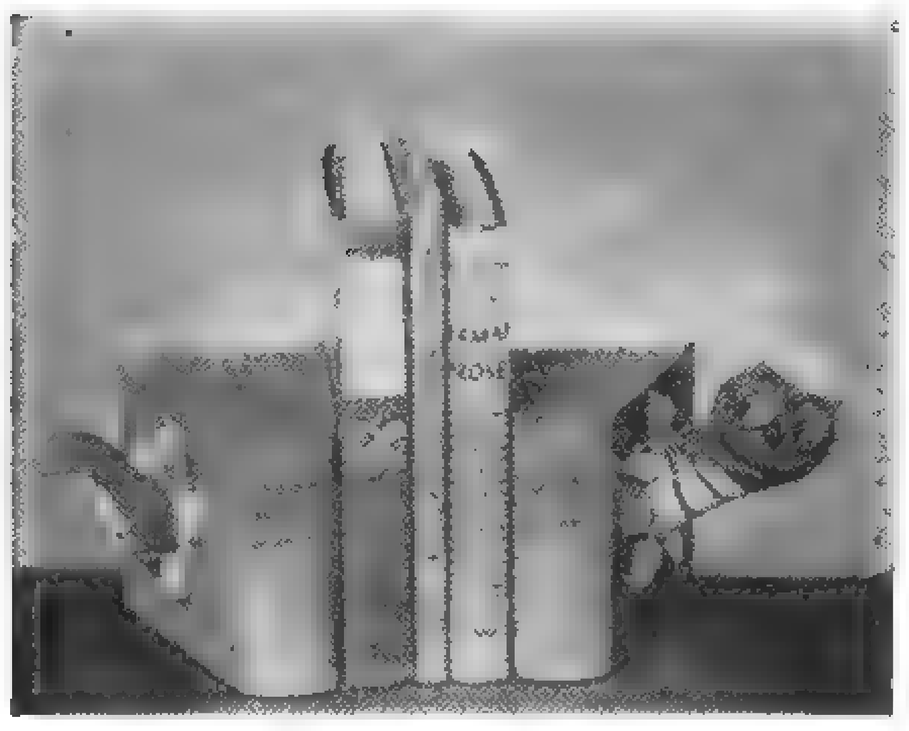
WITH ESQUIRE



ANYTHING FOR A GAG but there's no sense wasting money on useless gadgets. The silver-plated "Fuddling Cop," however, is fine for holding cigarettes or miniature floral arrangements besides being good for laughs. The cups are so joined that it is next to impossible to drain one cup while liquid is in the other two. Can be done.



A LIGHT SWITCH that makes music: Strains of "Little Brown Jug" or "How Dry I Am"—will put your guests in the right humor for the evening. Replace the wall switch with this combination music box switch. Turn the light on or off and twirl the knob. Easily installed. For the nursery, there's a switch that plays Brahms' "Lullaby."



AN ERUDITE BOOKWORM in two parts, head and tail, is a very shaggy type of book end. At work, he looks as if his contribution were from one bookworm to another. He has a green back, a pair of red spectacles and a quizzical expression. On his head he wears a yellow hat. The tail seems to go in one side while his head comes out the other.

WITH A JUG in hand, big bare feet, long beards, brightly colored shirts and battered hats to keep the sun out of their eyes, these Kentucky mountaineers are completely unconcerned with formalities. But the one stretched flat on his back looks more tired than all the world. As decoration, they are slightly ridiculous and definitely amusing.

to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. *Ranger*

The Gift To Get Her!

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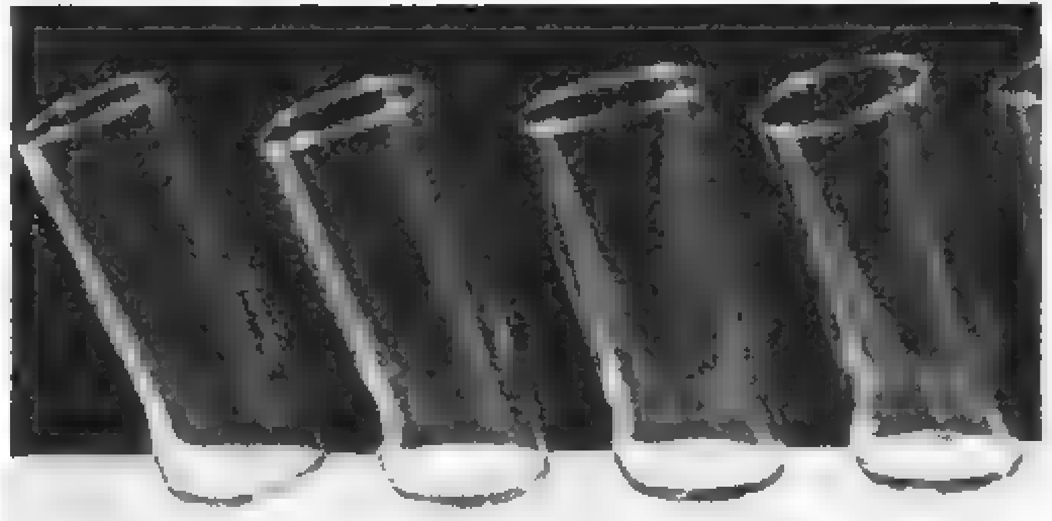

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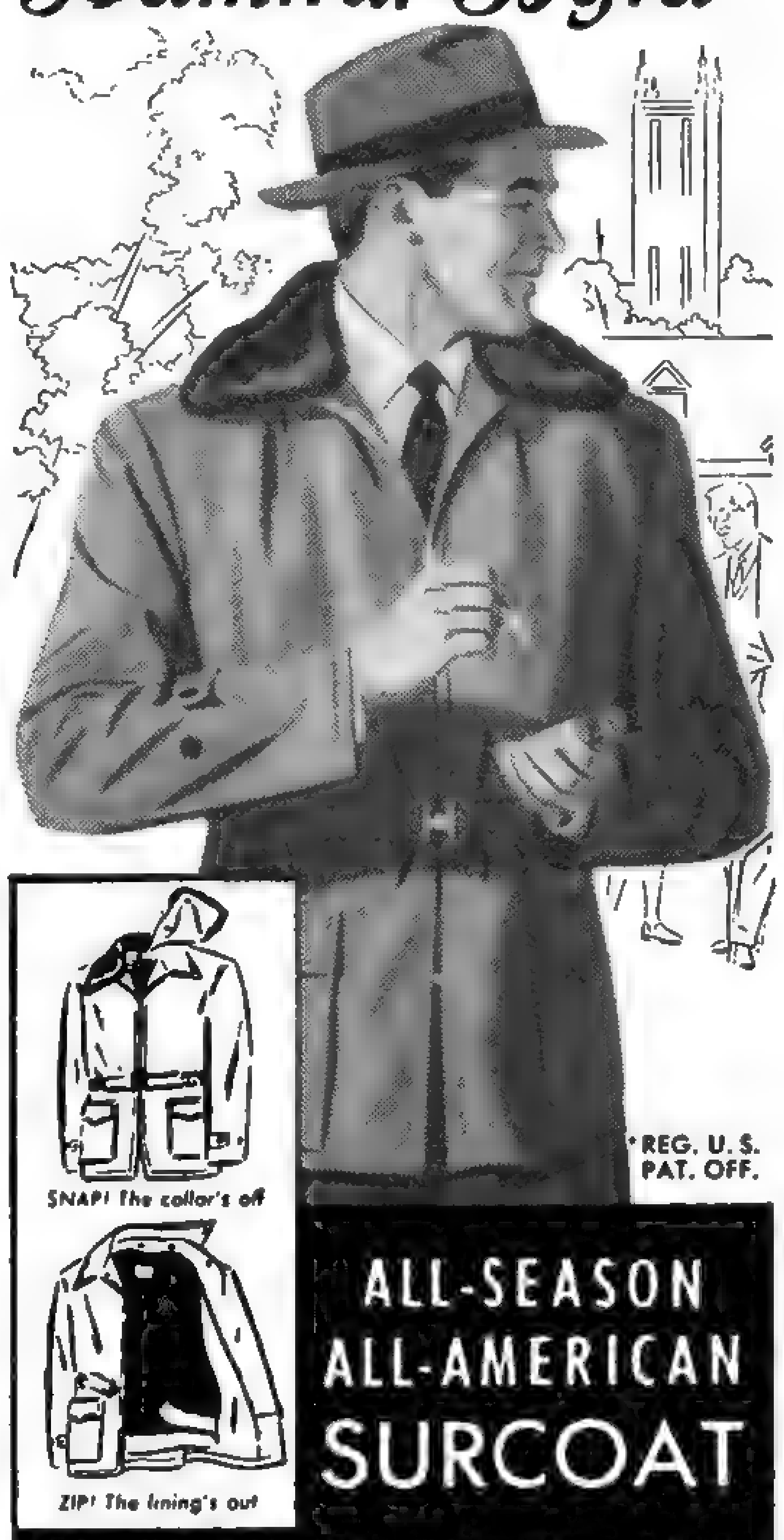

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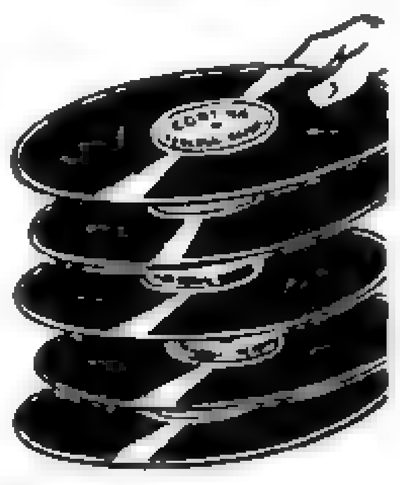

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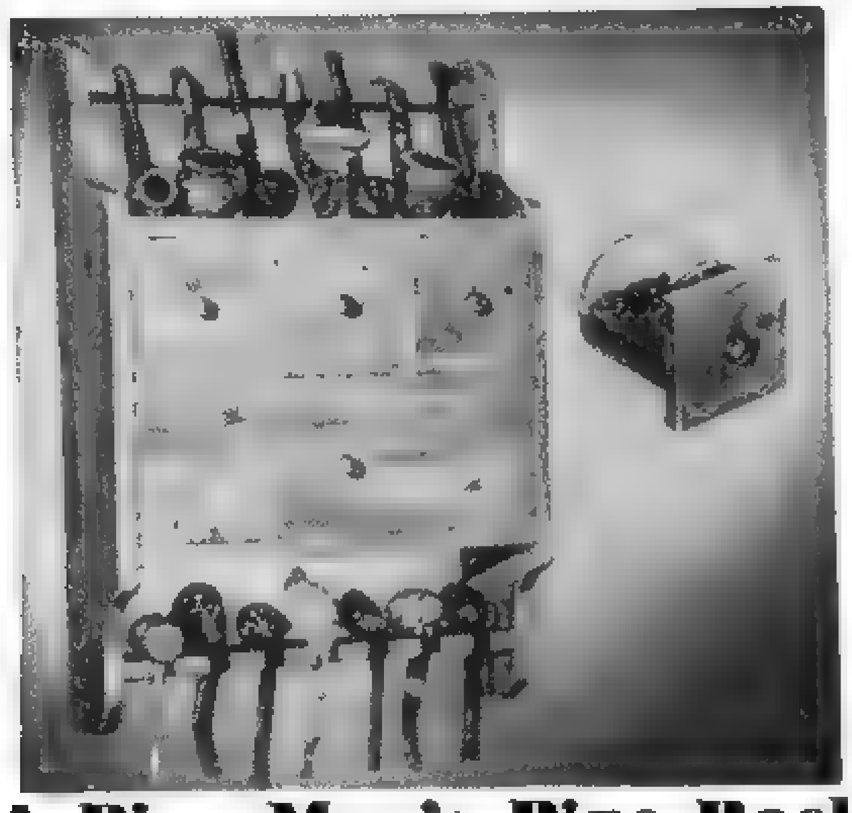

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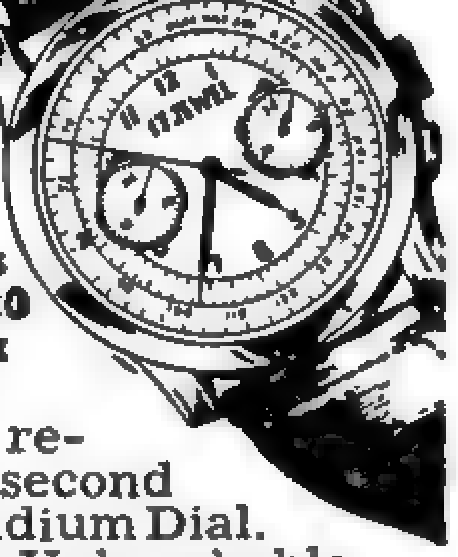

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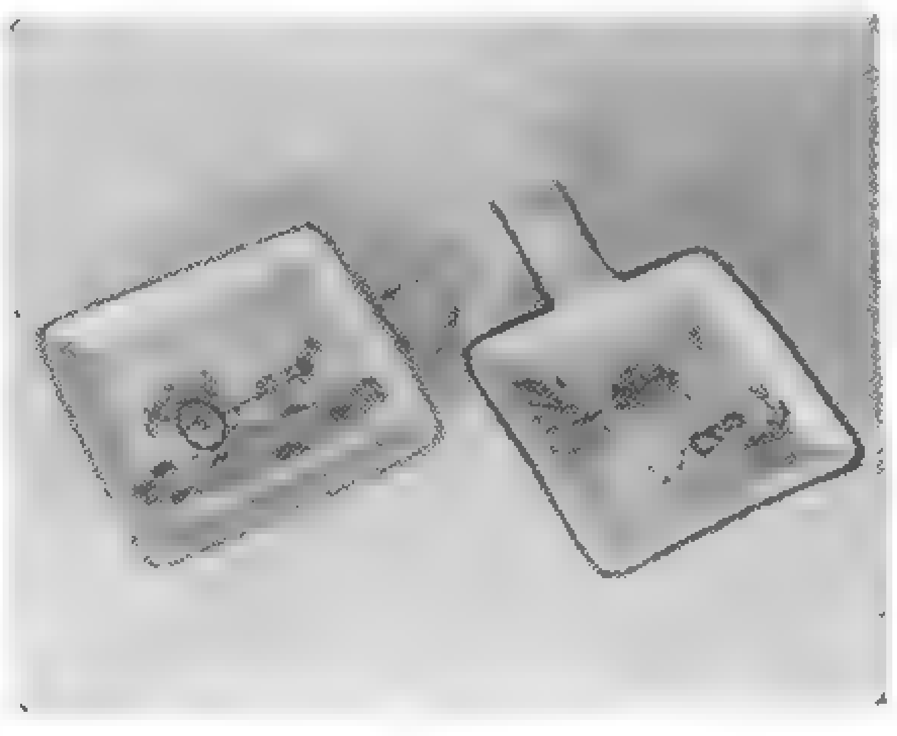
TURN OUT THE LIGHTS, settle yourself and your favorite friend or friends comfortably and let the evening proceed in the light of this long-lasting candle. Perfect for an evening's operations, it comes in various colors in a handsome green and yellow artichoke candle holder. Singly or in pairs, it contributes both light and atmosphere.



THE PROBLEM of balancing a plate full of food, holding a drink, napkin and cigarette all at the same time is solved. These handpainted, pottery buffet plates have handles. Never again will a guest ruin the rug because he can't hang on to his plate. Just off the boat from Italy, each is decorated with some lively peasant figure or idyllic scene.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHARM characterizes this modern, two-way tea pot from Sweden. It has two spouts; it brews and pours tea on one side, holds and pours hot water on the other. In white stoneware with a raffia handle, it has a graceful shape, good proportions and a delightful simplicity. Even non-tea drinkers will appreciate it.

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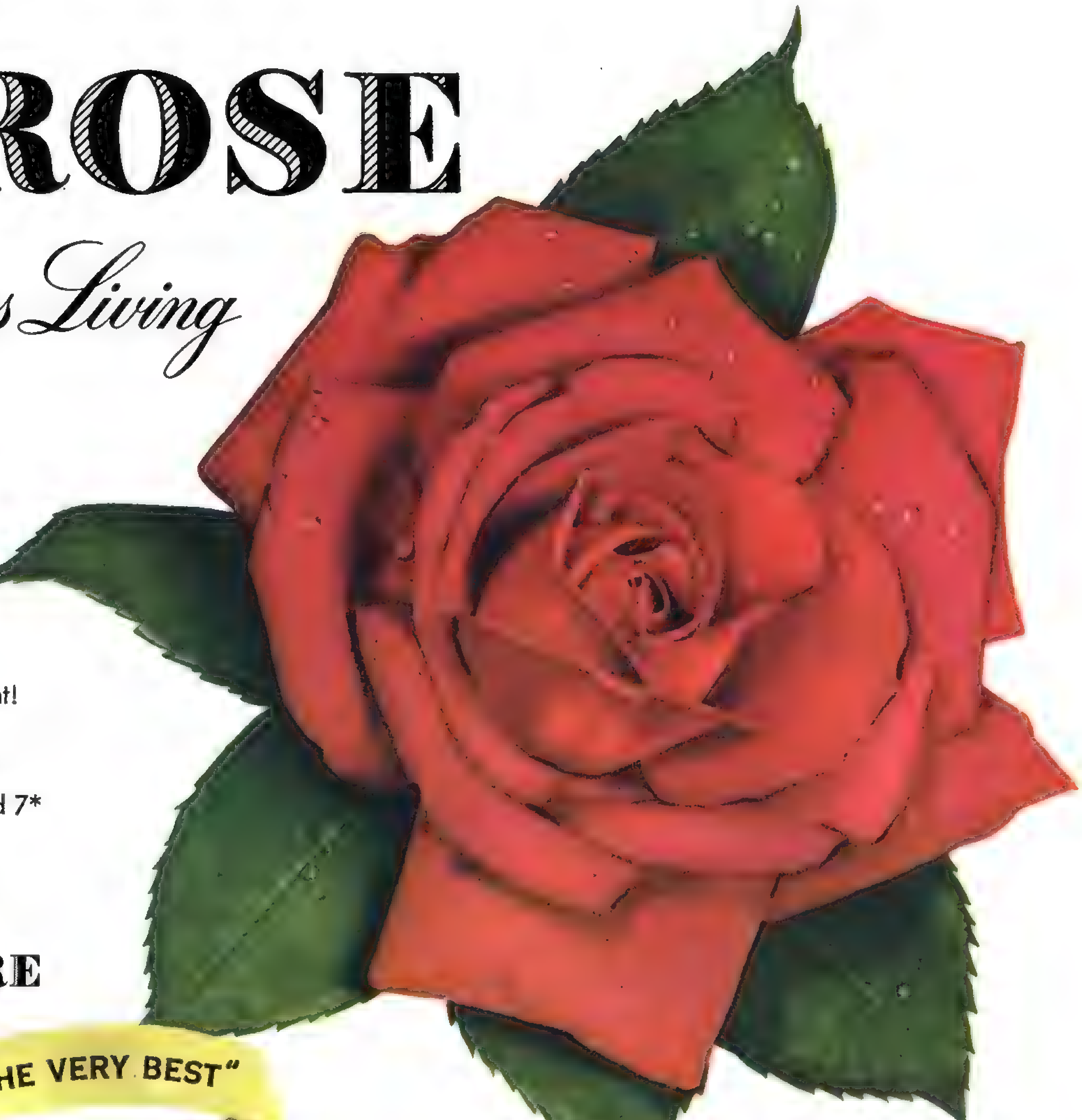

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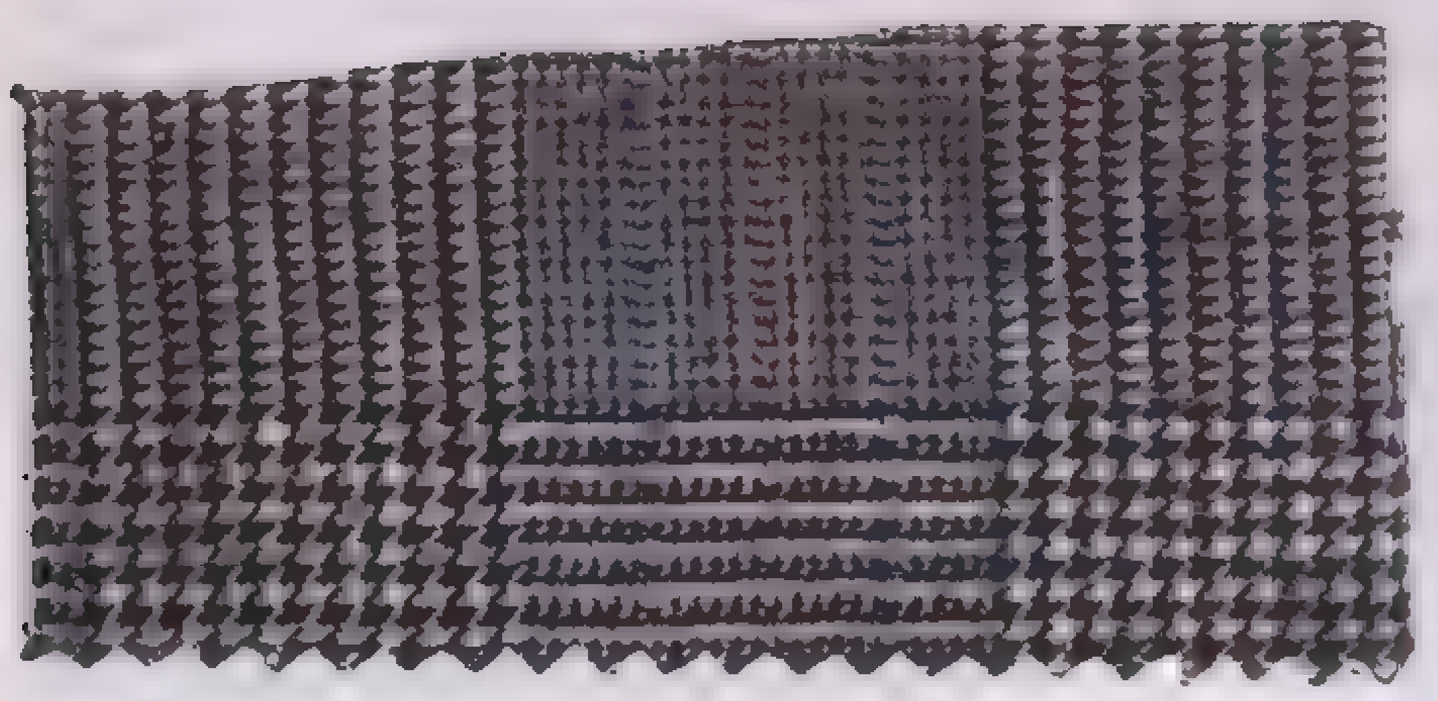
*MELROSE RARE BLENDED WHISKEY. 90 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 years or more old. 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. 15% straight whiskey 6 years old, 25% straight whiskey 7 years old. MELROSE EXPORT BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 Proof. 35% straight whiskey, 65% grain neutral spirits. Melrose and Company, Inc., Cedarhurst, Maryland.



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Timely Clothes' sparkling new Mosaic Weaves ...with Balanced Tailoring to insure their fresh, vigorous look through many seasons' wear

The notion that Fall clothing must be sombre has gone the way of the derby hat! Men's fashions have turned to the *bright!* Not light, mind you, but *bright*... a stimulating, sparkling brightness woven in fine, clear finished worsteds in a wide variety of mosaic effects, color-freshened with overplaids or stripes. Your Timely Clothier, as usual, is first with these new looking fabrics. And as you try them on, remember that Timely Clothes have the added advantage of Balanced Tailoring. This exclusive tailoring technique scientifically combines expensive hand needlework with sturdy machine sewing... gives your suit soft, flattering lines that will hold their original good looks through many seasons of wear. Treat yourself to a preview today.

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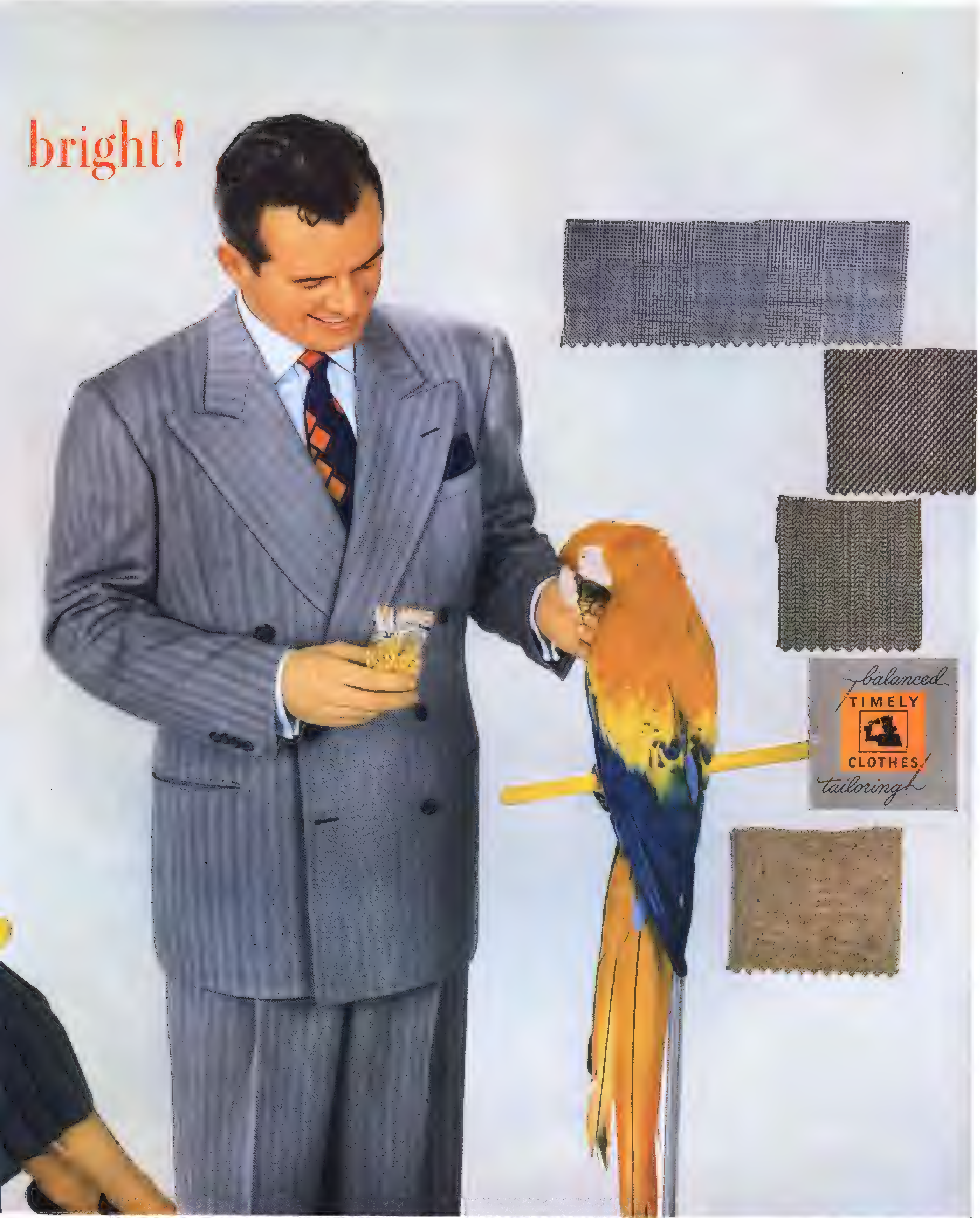
bright!
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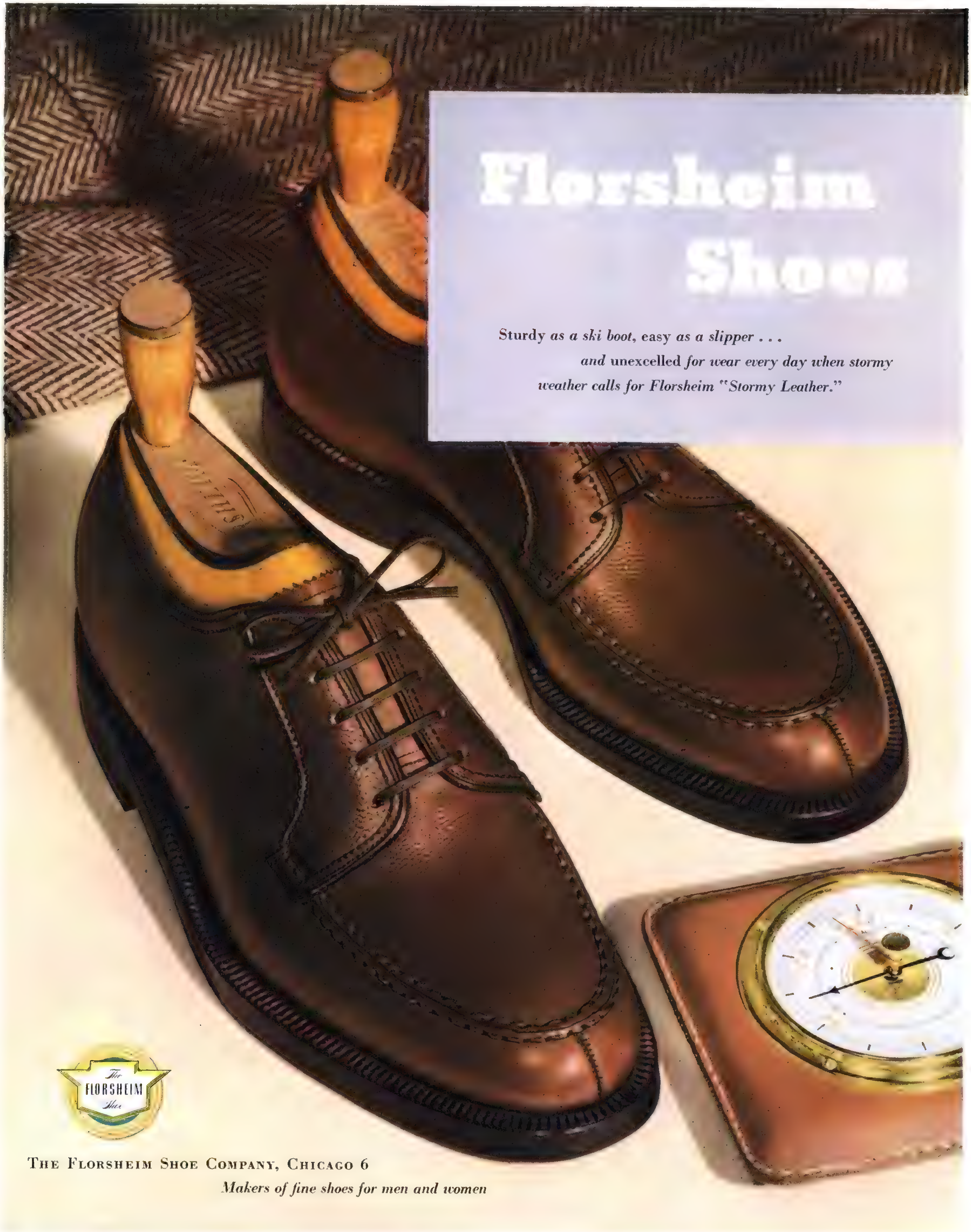
Interested in dressing better? Send for 28 page free booklet "HOW TO CHOOSE CLOTHES TO IMPROVE YOUR APPEARANCE". Timely Clothes, Inc., Dept. E-11, Rochester 2, N.Y.



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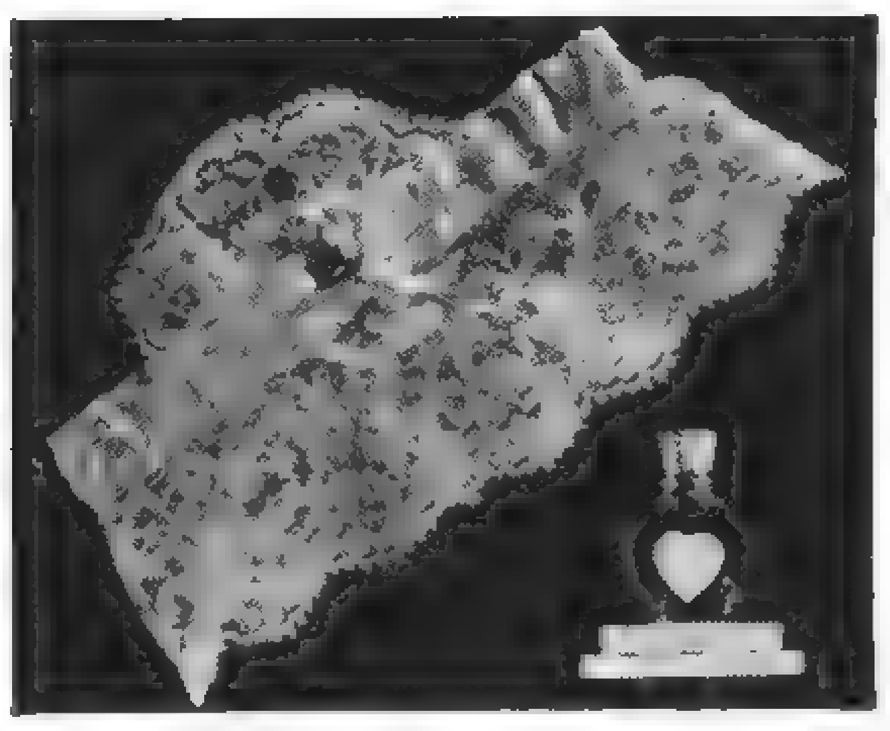
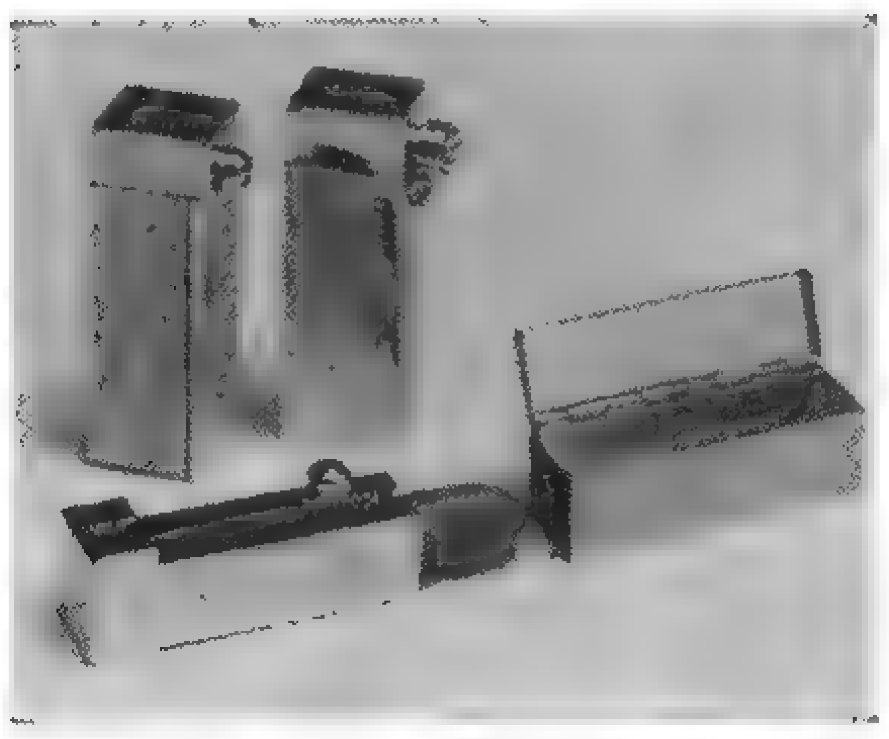
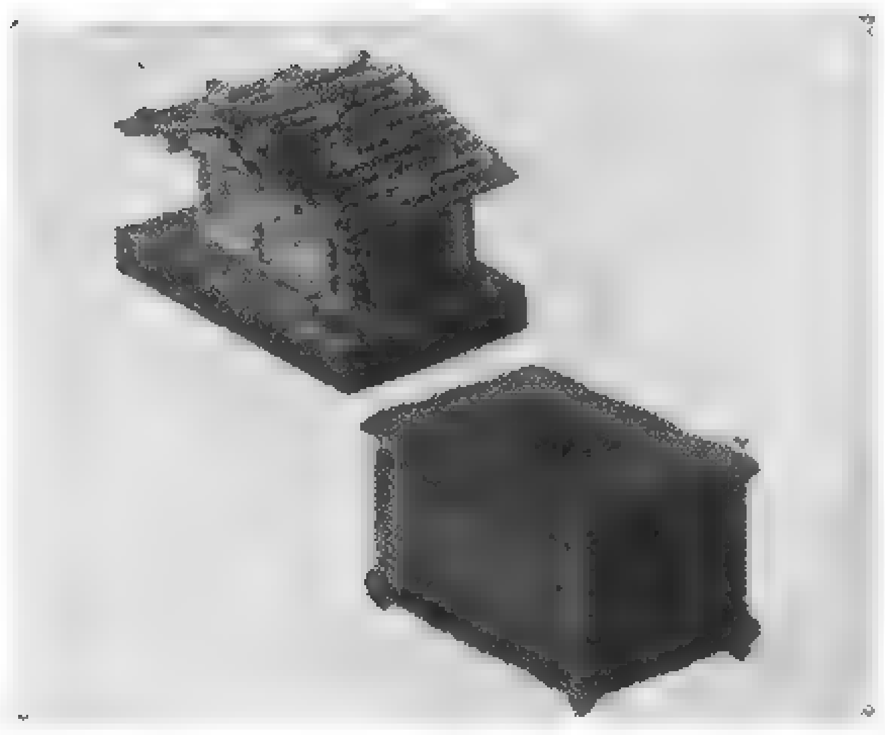


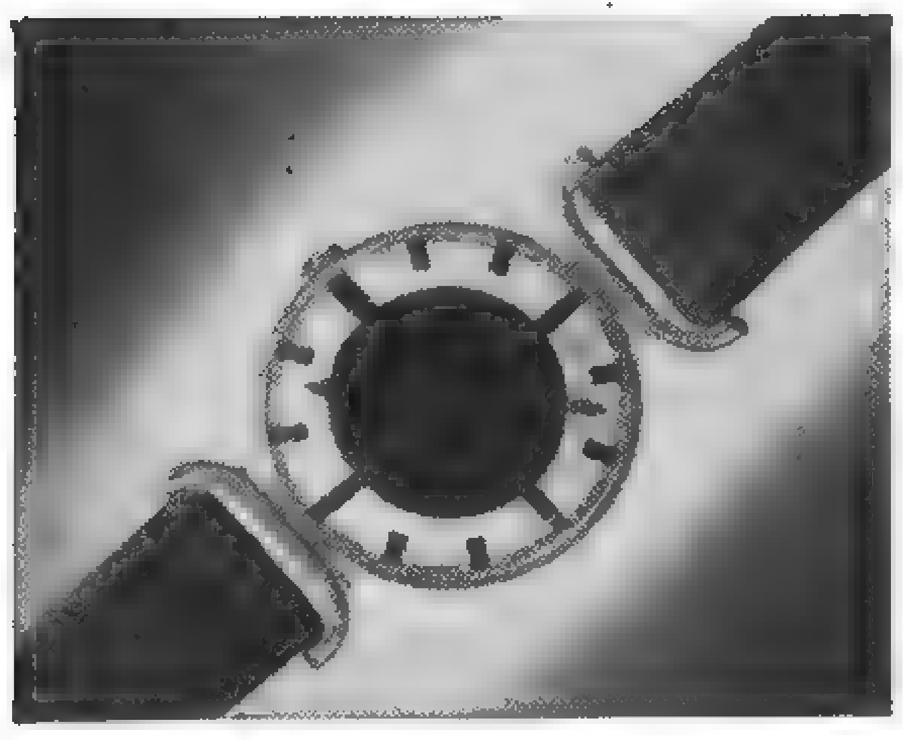
SOMETHING BLUE for the bride (or a party favor)— a pretty package of feminine fluff, a scented garter of lace and satin with an ounce of perfume to match. Even our hardened Talking Shop photographer, usually unimpressed, showed a reaction. "Sort of sexy" was all he said, but obviously it hit him the way successful perfume should.



AT A LOSS for some small gift for a grown-up female, you may safely decide on a cleverly designed purse lipstick case—one side of which flips open offering a mirror ready for her retouching job. She'll love it and you for it. The case is polished gold metal, plain or engine turned or, for fussier taste, patterned and with rhinestone clasp.



LIFT THE LID and as your guest reaches for a cigarette she hears a delightful Swiss folk song. The imported music box is a miniature Alpine chalet. Also from the skilled peasants' workbenches in Switzerland is the satin lined, handsomely carved jewel box. The tune of this one, roughly translated, is "After the Rain Comes the Sunshine."



NEXT TIME Junior wants to see what makes your watch tick he won't need a hammer. The 17-jewel movement of this quality watch is clearly visible through the back. On the time side are crystal clear Plexiglass, coal black center and hour indicators, lipstick red hands. Swiss gold-filled case and black suede band give added smartness.

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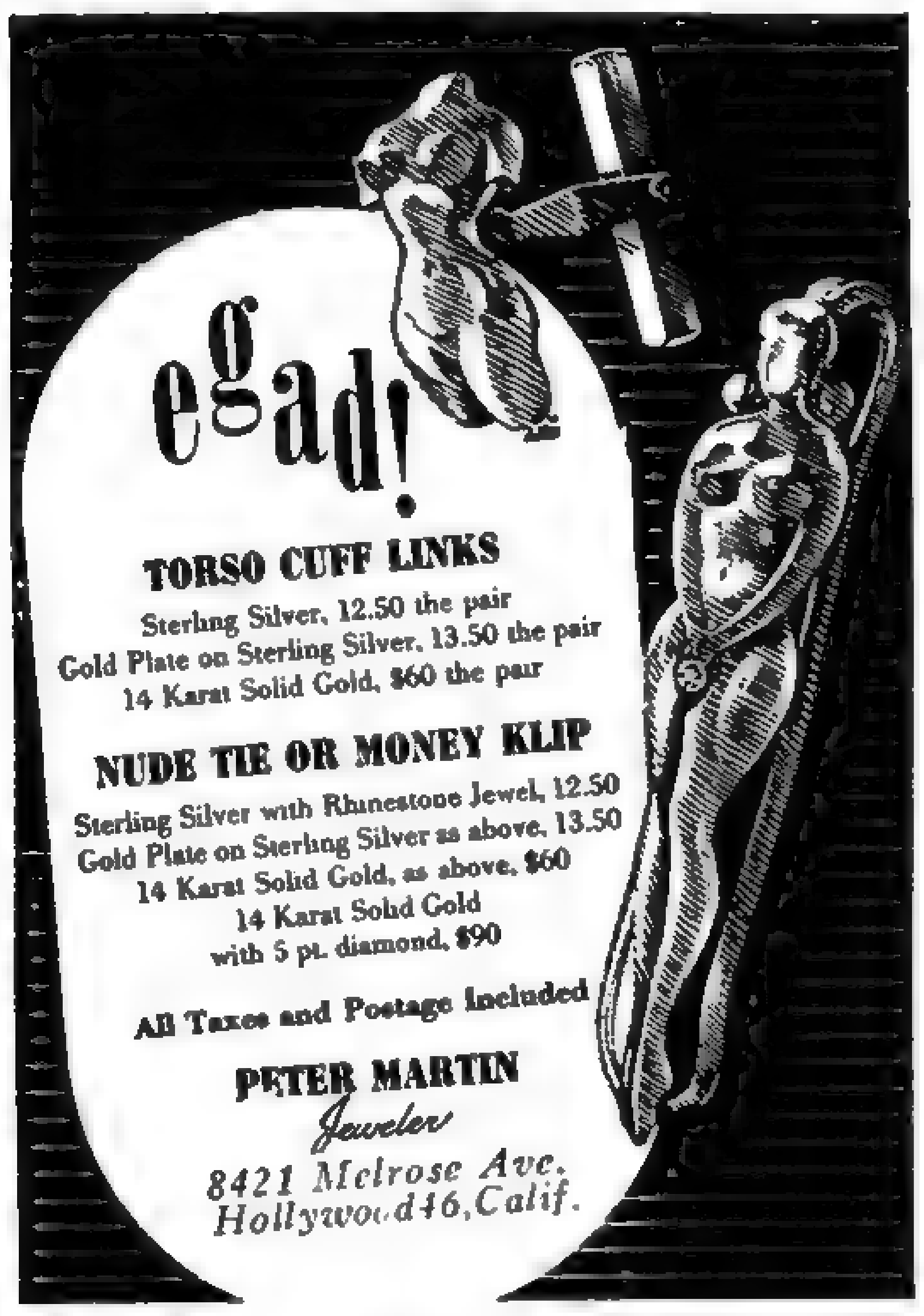

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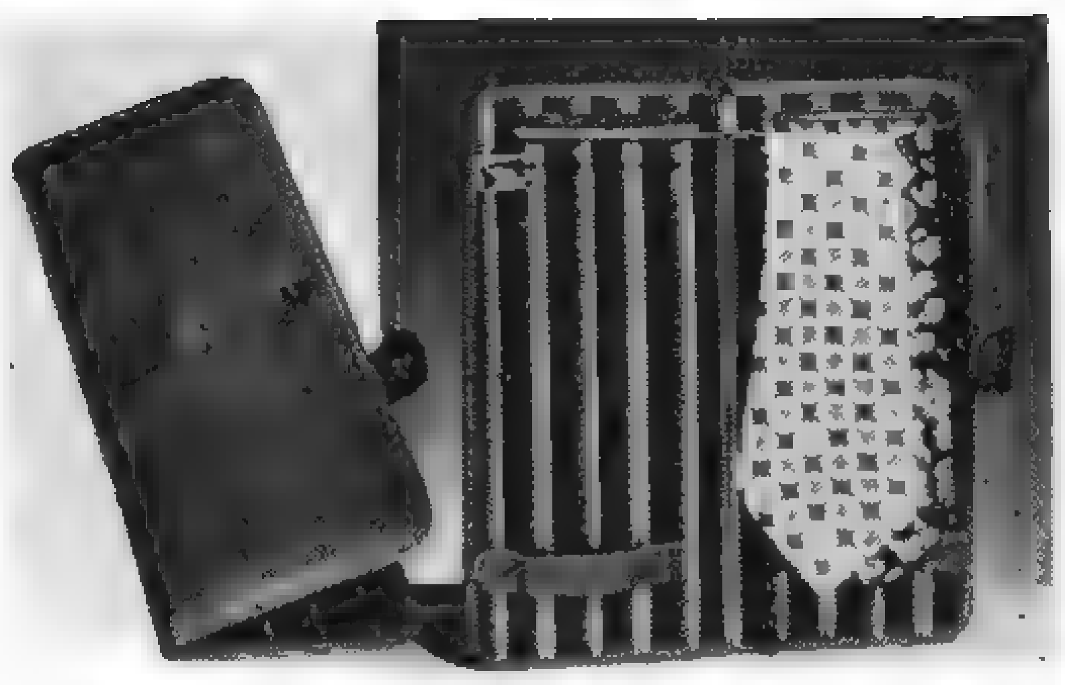


TRAVEL TIE CASE

Made of genuine top quality tan saddle leather, this wonderful travel tie case holds up to 12 ties wrinkle-free. Handsome striped lining. Sturdy brass hanger folds neatly out of sight when closed, ready for immediate use when open. Handkerchief pocket on the outside. Specially-priced at **$4.95** (includes postage and fed. tax). With 2 or 3 initials or first name in 24 K gold: **$5.95.**

Prompt Delivery *No C.O.D.'s*

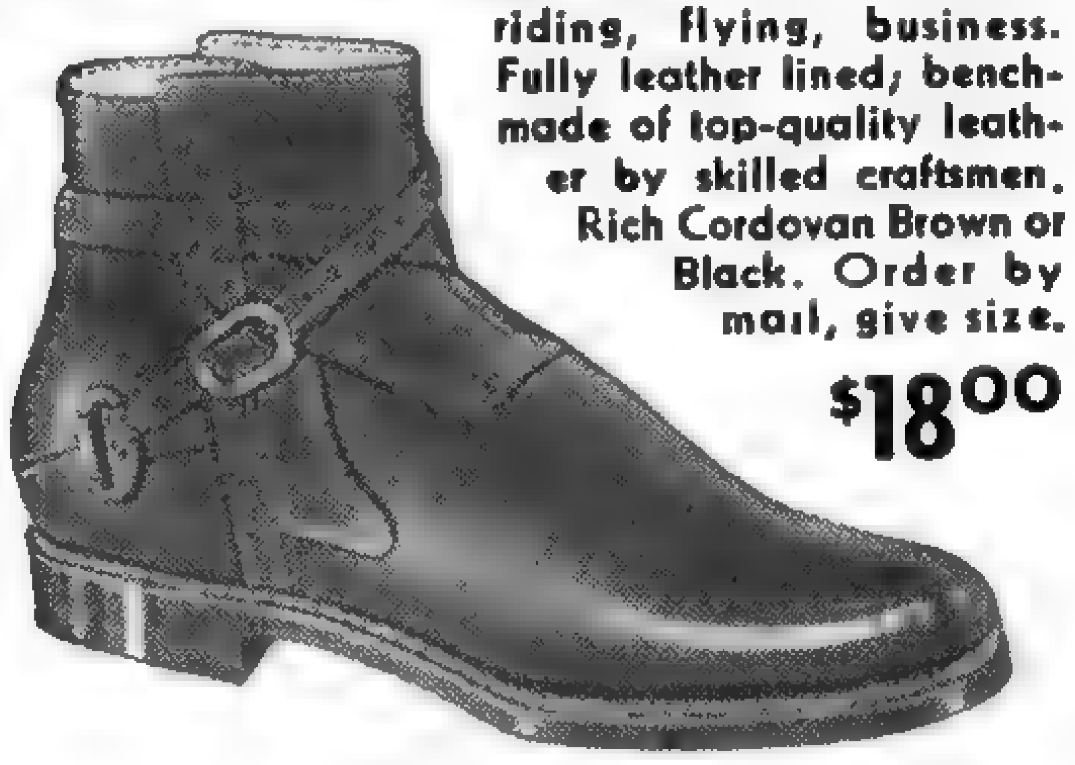
Send for FREE catalog

TREASURE MART
DEPT. E-11, 545 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. 17

FOR MEN OF GOOD TASTE
The Flying JODHPUR

Mexico's finest bootmaker—TRES CABALLOS—designed this shoe for modern men. Immediately it became a popular favorite. Soft as a glove, sturdy, the Flying JODHPUR is ideal for hiking, riding, flying, business. Fully leather lined; bench-made of top-quality leather by skilled craftsmen. Rich Cordovan Brown or Black. Order by mail, give size.

$18.00



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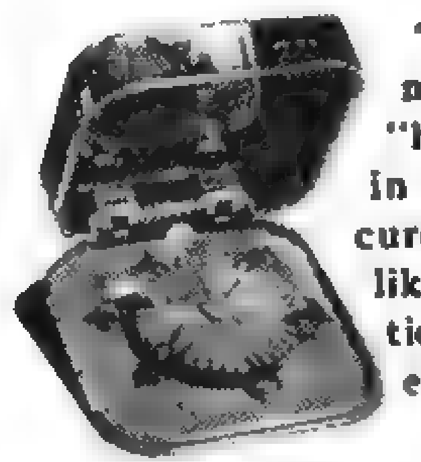
For overseas shipment—add $2

Navarro Bros. IMPORTERS EXPORTERS
113 So. Oregon St. El Paso, Texas

***New!* FOR FISHERMEN**



The perfect gift for *any* fisherman—especially the man who "has everything" and takes pride in his tackle. With flies held securely by a magnet, and set off like jewels under the clear plastic top, he'll be the envy of every fisherman on the stream.

ORVIS
MAGNETIC FLY BOX

He won't lose flies out of this amazing new box. *Permanent* rotating magnet holds 3 dozen flies securely—even in a stiff wind—yet they're so easily removed there's no chance of damage. He'll catch more fish, too--an Orvis MAGNETIC Fly Box makes changing flies easier, quicker. Handy size fits shirt or trouser pocket. If you are unable to obtain an Orvis MAGNETIC Fly Box at your favorite sporting goods store, send check or money order direct to:

$5.50 ea.

CHARLES F. ORVIS CO.
106 Union St.
MANCHESTER, VERMONT

NECKTIES WITH HIS MONOGRAM!

Take the guessing out of giving. Choose the gift that goes straight to a man's heart . . a personalized tie with his own initials beautifully hand-embroidered in contrasting colors on a superb quality crepe, fully lined. Maroon, Navy, Brown, Royal, Grey, Green, Black. Specify Monogram Style 303.

$2.50 postpaid

Order Early for Christmas

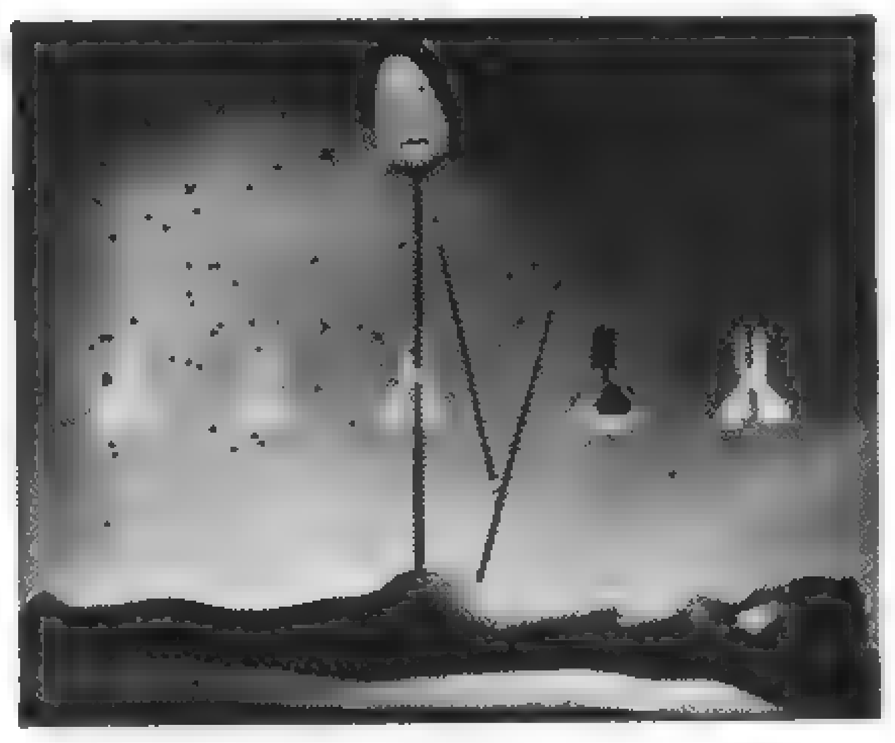
britton
CRAVAT MAKER
IMPORTER
916 Chestnut St., Phila. 7, Pa.

TALKING SHOP

HOW TO GET a dry shave and a close one has always been a bit of a problem. A European dry shaver comes to America with nothing but rave notices. Vibrationless, rotary action shaves remarkably close without pull or burn and at the same time it sharpens itself. Works on AC-DC American voltages. Neatly packaged in a leather case.

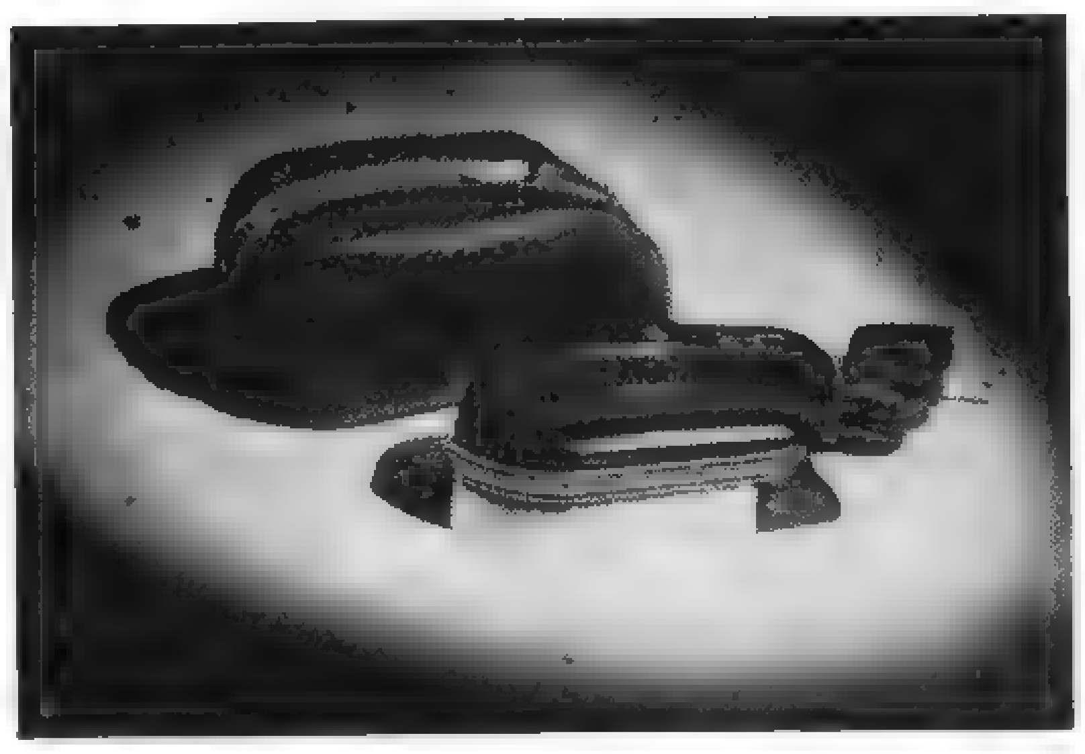
YOUR TOUGH BEARD will be less of a problem if you take an extra ten seconds to apply an effective whisker softener. You simply rub a few drops on your face before applying lather or brushless cream. Non-greasy, it disappears into the skin, and your shave is then smooth, clean and close without the discomfort of razor "pull." A bottle goes a long way.

BY APPOINTMENT to His Majesty the King, says the discreet label. It's the royal Eau de Cologne with the royal coat of arms imported in limited supply from England. Among the various scents to choose from are such as Sandalwood, Stephanotis, Malmaison and Cuir de Russie (Russian leather). No guess work, it's fit for a king.



LIE STILL and get a beach tan in your own home with this ingenious sun lamp that has a traveling bulb. The moving arm permits the user to lie relaxed while the bulb travels a straight and level path above the length of the body. Optional timing apparatus gives twenty-second warning before turning off the lamp, helps prevent accidents.

For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address



LITTLER OF SEATTLE PRESENTS A LITTLE SMOOTHIE
THE WORLD TRAVELER

Called the most amazing little traveling iron made.

It gets around everywhere because it's constructed to operate perfectly on AC or DC and all foreign currents.

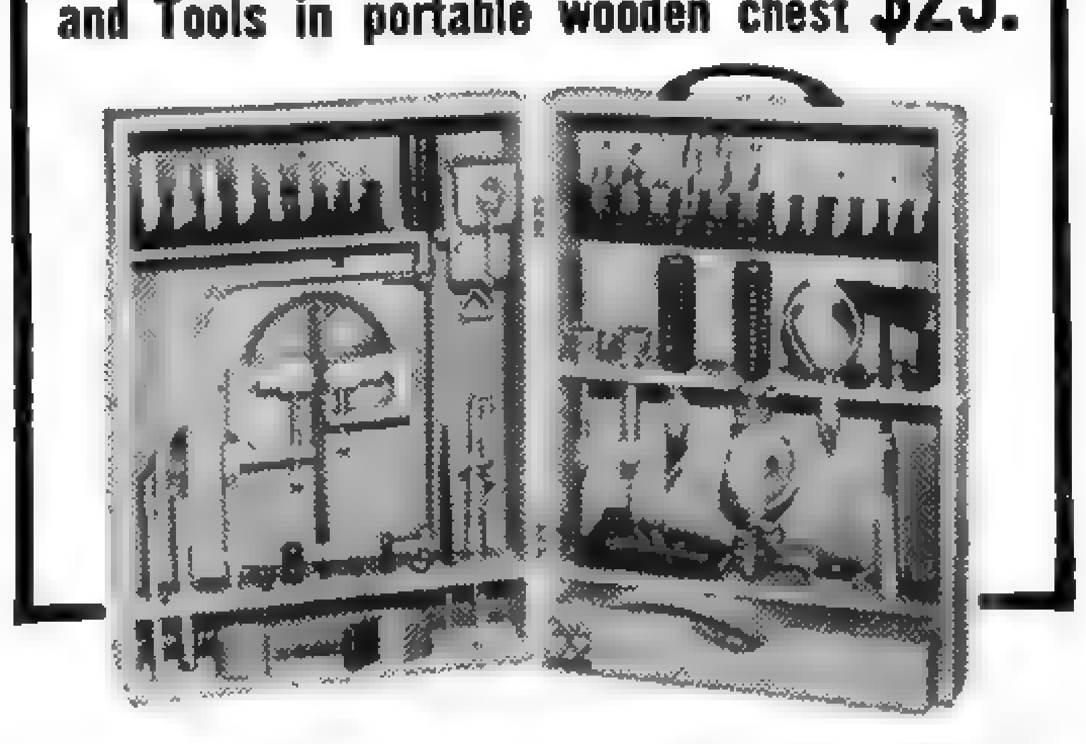
Its back is heat-resistant, black plastic and grooved to fit your thumb and fingers for easy gripping, and when it's not working it can stand up on end.

It's no larger than a minute . . . 4½ inches long. Only weighs a pound and a quarter . . . and can even hide away in ladies' handbag! When it travels it is a dream in a gaily colored, zippered, leather case.

It will be all yours for only **$15.**
Postpaid U.S.A.

Littler
FOUR SEVENTEEN UNION
SEATTLE 1E, WASHINGTON

Great gift! Great buy!
FORTY-NINER
Complete set of X-acto Hobby Knives and Tools in portable wooden chest **$25.**



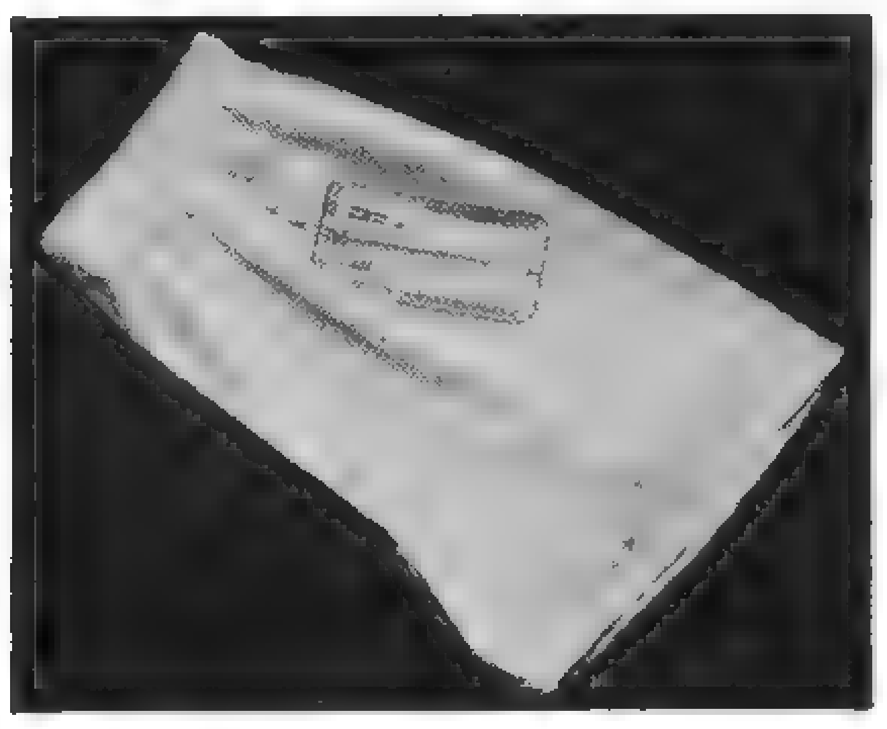
Every knife, tool and blade in the famous X-acto line . . . 49 in all! Precision made, easy to handle, joy of amateur and expert hobbycrafters in every field. X-acto knives and tools, singly and in sets, 50¢ to $50. at hobby, gift, hardware and department stores. *(Prices slightly higher in Canada.)*

X-acto* **KNIVES & TOOLS** *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

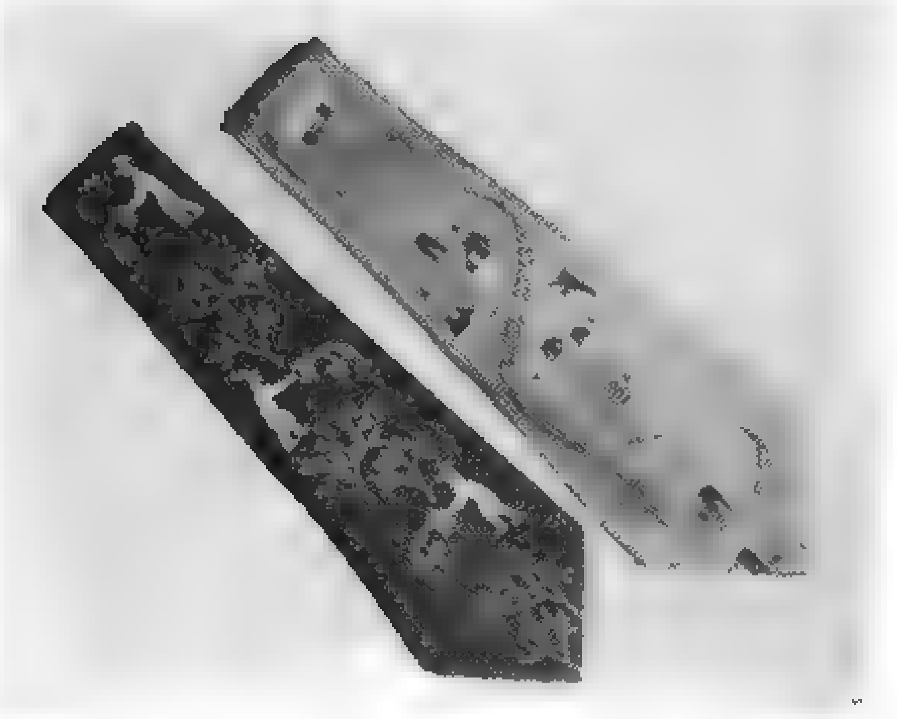
X-acto Crescent Products Co., Inc.
440 Fourth Ave., New York 16
In Canada: Handicraft Tools, Ltd., Toronto

WITH ESQUIRE

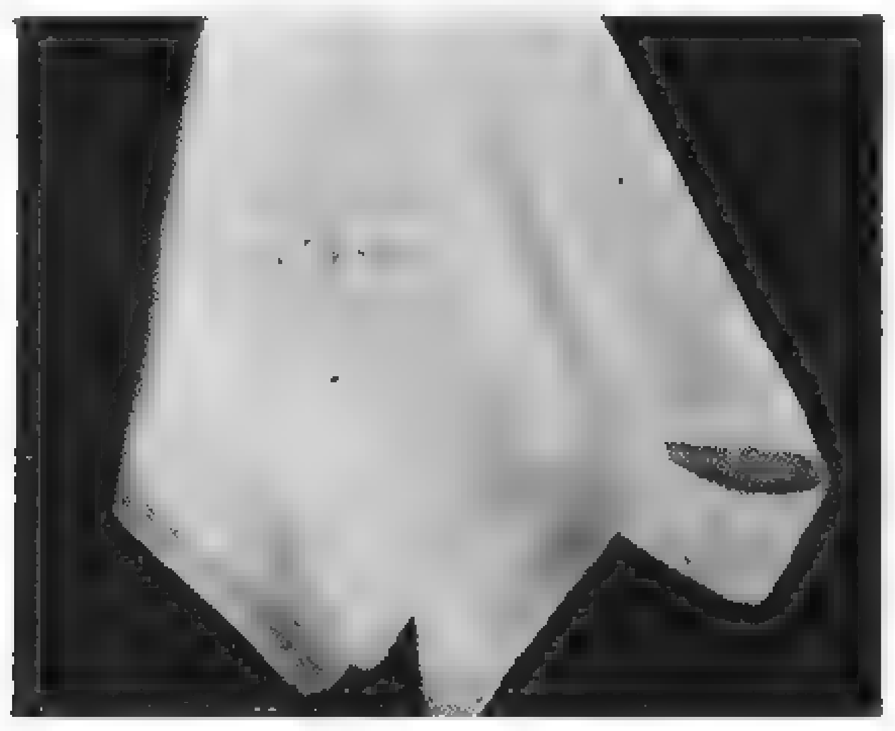
WHEN A RAZOR'S EDGE becomes a part of autumn winds, this luxury-type Eisenhower fur jacket, soft as silk, will keep you comfortably warm and looking like the last word in fashion. Back and front are of luxurious nutria, with knit sleeves and collar, and a zipper front. Smartly masculine, it has a silk lining and sweater bottom.



RETURN ADDRESS. By and large, a pair of shorts is a pair of shorts but this lightweight, soft percale underwear has a baggage tag printed on it in red and blue lines with indelible black lettering. This will identify the owner and his return address if lost. Comfortable boxer style, these shorts have a sense of humor.



JOHNNY APPLESEED roaming the midwest, the Golden Spike, Pony Express and Rip Van Winkle are among the sixteen Americana subjects depicted in this set of interesting ties. For the ranchers, there's one with authentic cattle brands, irons and Texas Longhorn cattle heads. Designed with taste and sophistication in varying color backgrounds .



HIS OWN SIGNATURE hand embroidered on fine white Swiss linen handkerchiefs is a change from the usual initial-in-the-corner type. These are hand rolled and regular size. The facsimile signature, done to your order in Switzerland, is in white, black or colors. Orders take 8 weeks. Collect the signatures and get started on your list for Xmas.

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to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Ranger

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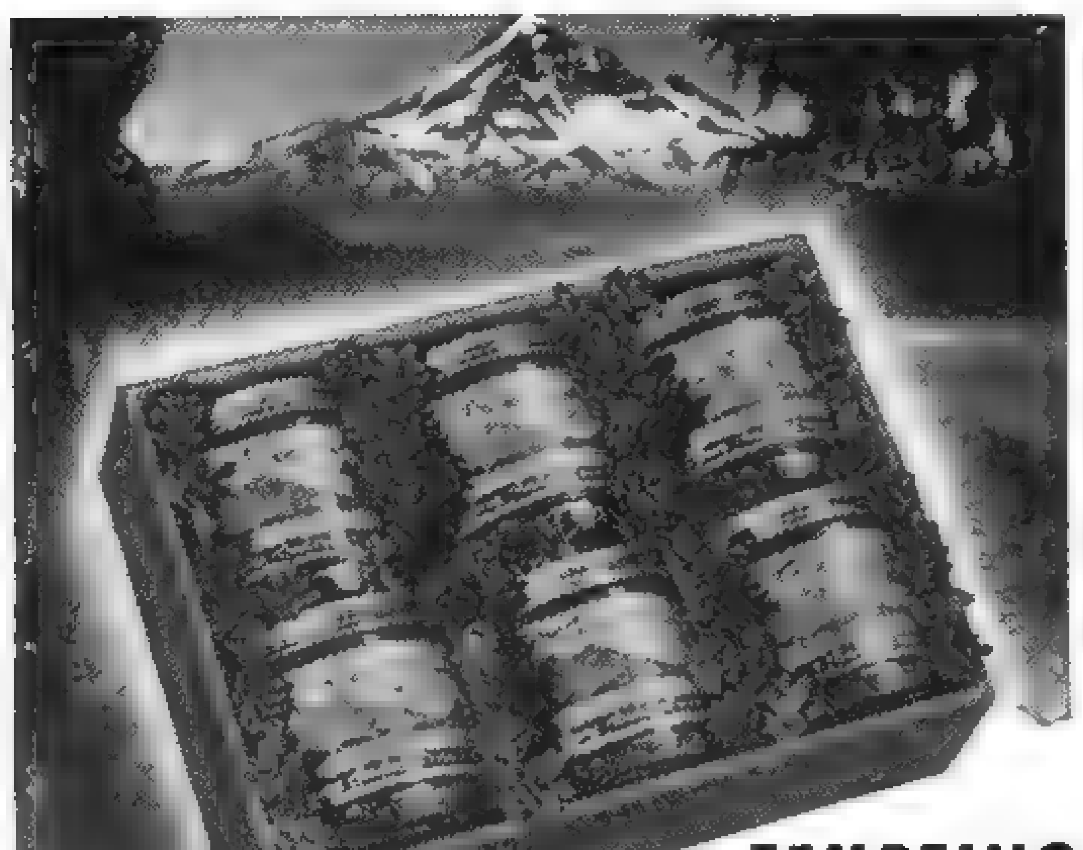

TEMPTING PRESERVES FROM

OREGON MOUNTAIN MEADOWS

...FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

"CASCADE" GIFT BOX. Six asst. 5½-oz. jars Strawberry, Wild Plum, Blackberry, Greengage, Prune with Hazelnuts, English Gooseberry. *Express Prepaid* . . . **$2.95**

"MT. HOOD" GIFT BOX. Doz. asst. 5½-oz. jars Strawberry, Prune with Hazelnuts, Wild Plum, Old-fashioned Tomato, Blackberry, English Damson, Greengage, Nectarine Preserves, Boysenberry, Red Raspberry, English Gooseberry, Apricot with Kernels. *Shipped Prepaid* . . . **$5.85**

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Hand-Forged

STEAK KNIVES

. . . by Murphy of Oregon

. . . for CHRISTMAS GIVING

There could be no greater compliment to a holiday table than distinctive Murphy steak knives! Hand-forged from high-speed tungsten steel, these perfectly balanced blades will keep their razor-sharp edge for generations of holiday dinners. Each knife is hand-ground, hand-polished, hand-honed. Beautiful simplicity marks the design. Handsomely packaged in Western style hardwood case. Makes an impressive Christmas or wedding present. Order direct. Send for free catalogue.

4-BLADE STEAK KNIFE SET $16.00
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FRONTIER TRADING CO., Oswego, Oregon E
Please ship as directed on attached sheet.
☐ 4-Blade Steak Knife Sets @ . . . $16.00
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TRAVEL UTILITY CASE

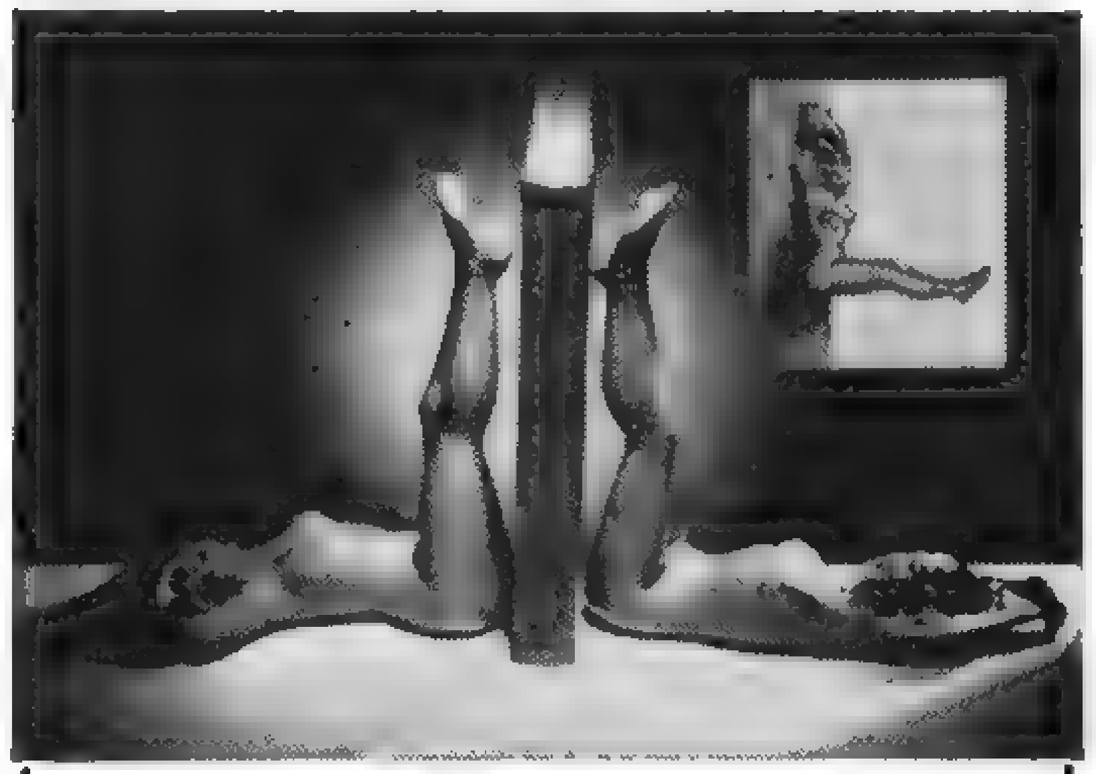
This attractive, large utility case is made of hand-blocked, saddle-stitched, genuine leather, highly glazed in natural pig grain. Easily carries all full-sized toilet articles. Opens conveniently with an all-around zipper and is handsomely lined with a waterproof material. There are adjustable leather loops for comb, tooth brush, razor and shaving brush. Note thumb handle for easy carrying. Slips into suitcase; over-night bag, bureau drawer or glove compartment of car. Keeps things tidy and in one place, ready to use. Size 8½" x 5½" x 4". Sorry no C.O.D.'s. Only $4.95. Initials or first name in 24K gold, $5.95, *postpaid, fed. tax included.*

Send for FREE Catalog
TREASURE MART
DEPT. E-11, 545 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. 17

Ornamental Container *for* CIGARETTES

"Burro Pete" is a humorous little fellow 6 inches high—very handy too. For the pack on his back holds nine cigarettes. If you move one of his big ears his tail waggles up and down. He's made of metal painted in natural colors. He makes a welcome gift. Price only $4.00. Postage prepaid. Your money back if not delighted. My big bulletin of 100 grand gift ideas for horse men sent FREE with your order.

"little joe" **WIESENFELD CO.**
Dept. C-19 Baltimore 1, Md.



SOUTH SEA ISLAND *Sirens*

that recline voluptuously as Book Ends or adorn the wall to take your errant ties or towels. Made of coffee colored glazed ceramic, these tawny temptresses languish in dreamy indolence. A splendid gift for the man of the house or that bachelor friend. Attractively hand-decorated. May be had in pairs at **$7.95** postpaid, or **$4.50** per single figure.
No C.O.D.'s please

Crystalier Co. Dept. E-109
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GIFT GIVER'S GODSEND!

If he's a man, this is THE gift! Regulation size 33½" dia. playing surface. Overall width 45". 8 large pockets for chips, glasses, etc. Made of oak, walnut finish. Fine quality green felt on Masonite top. Folds away in a jiffy. Check or money order.

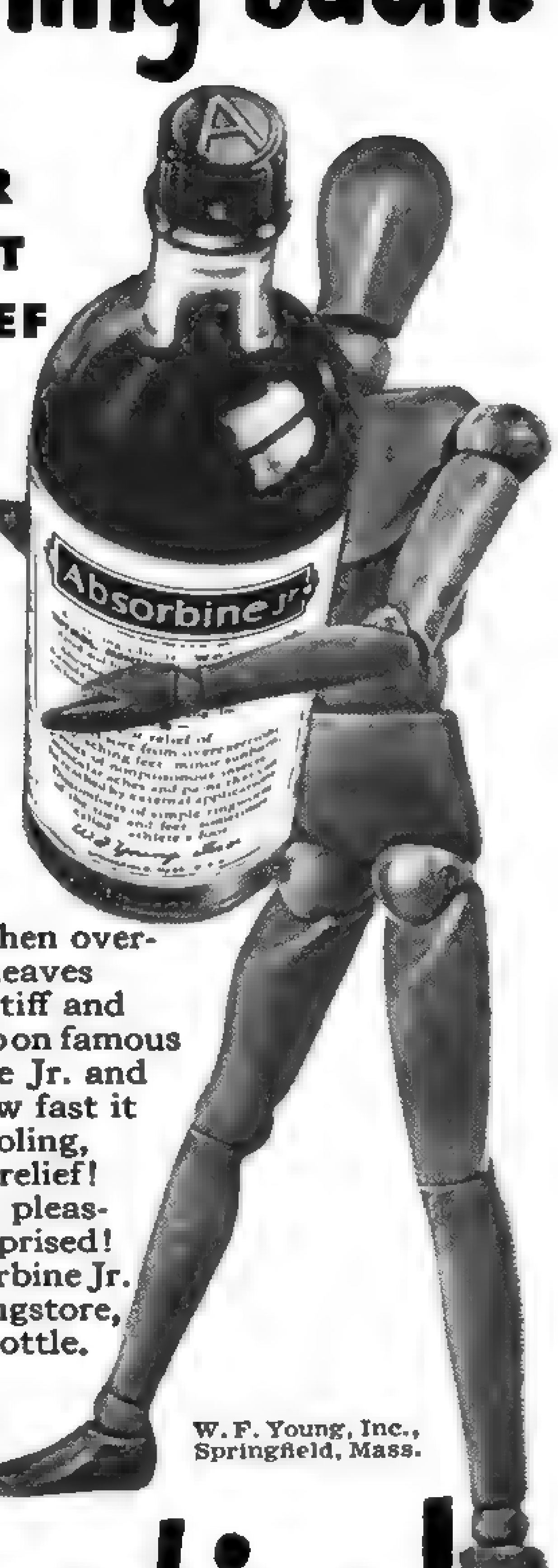
POKER GAME TABLE

Only **$19.95** delivered

The ARNOLD CO., 82 ROGERS ST. LOWELL, MASS.

Oh, my aching back!

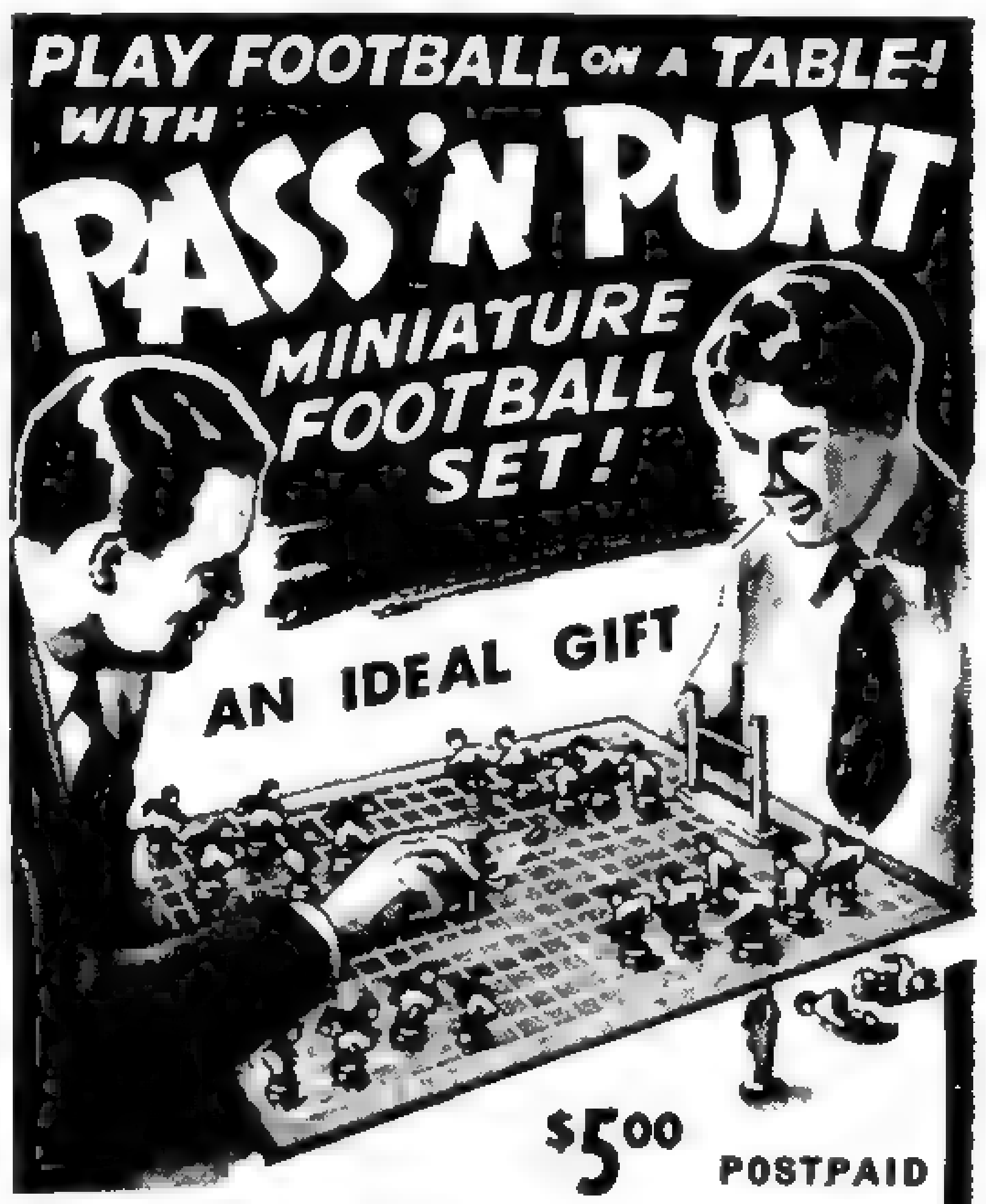
FOR FAST RELIEF


Absorbine Jr.

● Yes, when over-exertion leaves muscles stiff and sore...rub on famous Absorbine Jr. and *clock* how fast it brings cooling, soothing relief! You'll be pleasantly surprised! Get Absorbine Jr. at any drugstore, $1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.



$5.00 POSTPAID

A clever new approach to football brings a miniature of this great game into your living room. **PASS 'N PUNT**—played by two persons—is a game of skill that uses no cards, dice or spinner.

Two teams of miniature men, painted in brilliant oil colors, are maneuvered on a 17 X 27 inch playing field by the players, in regular offensive and defensive play. A Kicker and Passer are used to actually kick and pass the little felt football. Players take alternate turns to move their men in the action of every conceivable scrimmage play.

Wide end runs—smashing line plunges—forward and lateral passes are executed by offense in the drive for a touchdown. Defense moves to stop the play—tackle ball carrier—intercept passes. After a touchdown player actually kicks ball over goal posts in try for extra point. A field goal may win a game in the last few seconds of play.

Standard football rules, cleverly applied, are clearly explained in the illustrated rule book. No knowledge of football required to learn and play this fascinating game—yet **PASS 'N PUNT** offers a thrilling challenge to football fans and experts.

Experience the thrills of playing a real game of football with this beautiful miniature football set.

PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID — NO COD's
UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

ARNOLD SPECIALTY CO.
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GABARDINE
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$12.75

Save $5.00 And More.
Buy Direct

Luxurious 100% Virgin Wool 2-ply Worsted Gabardine. Silky sheen . . . supple drape. The finest gabardine dress slacks you can buy. *At Least $20 At Better Stores.* Every detail of styling expertly fashioned by skilled men's tailors. Fabrics from New England's finest worsted mills.

Superior fabrics!
Superior styling!
Superior tailoring!

Send No Money

Mail your order today. Your money refunded promptly if not pleased. Colors: (Brown, Gray, Blue, Tan). State 1st and 2nd color preferred. Pay postman only $12.75 plus C.O.D. charge, or send advertised price and we will pay postage. Waist Size 28 to 42. Flannels too! (Gray, Blue, Brown). Same fine quality. Same price.

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WAIST SIZE ______ COLOR (1) ______ (2) ______
GABARDINE ☐ FLANNEL ☐

IF YOU HAD A
HULL AUTOMOBILE COMPASS
WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO FLIP TO SEE
WHO GETS OUT TO ASK
DIRECTIONS

Beaconlite illuminated, $5.95; **Streamline, $3.95.** At your dealer's. Write for illustrated literature.

HULL MFG. CO.
P. O. BOX 246—G11 WARREN, OHIO

NEW LOW
SCREEN
PRICES!
$15
30"x40" size — other models as low as $6.75

for the new Radiant glass-beaded projection screen!

If you have been putting up with a makeshift, discolored, or worn-out screen—here's good news! Now you can get a new Deluxe "CHAMPION" Radiant screen with many new features and improvements, *for as low as* $15.00.

Enjoy brighter, more contrasty pictures! Radiant's "Million Mirror" screen fabric has millions of tiny mirrors embedded in the pure white surface . . . that *reflect* all the crisp detail of black-and-whites, all the warm, glorious beauty of color pictures.

MAKE THIS FREE "SCREEN TEST." Prove in your own home how much more brilliant all of your pictures appear on the new "Radiant Million Mirror" screen. Send for FREE sample swatch of Radiant screen fabric *today!*

RADIANT
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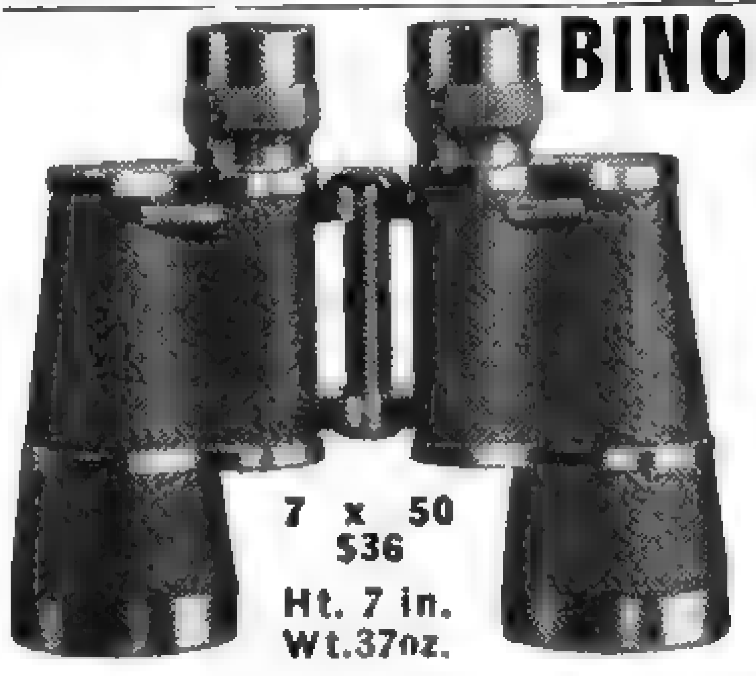
PROJECTION SCREENS
RADIANT MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
1295 South Talman Avenue, Chicago 8, Illinois

"Whoa", here's
A Real Man's Mug

Grand for beer or any man's drink. A sturdy mug of heavy, gray crockery, 4¾ inches high, with a blue, prancing horse painted on by hand **to stay.** At "bottom's up" you see the word "Whoa" permanently fired on inside bottom. Attractive to look at, pleasing to handle, a **grand** mug. Set of four $6.50; eight $12.50; twelve only $18.00. Postage prepaid. Money back if not delighted. Bulletin of 100 horse lovers' gift suggestions FREE with your order.

"little joe" WIESENFELD CO.
Dept. C-19 Baltimore 1, Md.

BINOCULARS



10 x 50 MILITARY WIDE ANGLE IND. FOC. $47

8 x 32 COATED CENT. FOC. $39.50

6 x 30 GERMAN FEATHERWEIGHT CENT. FOC. $37.50

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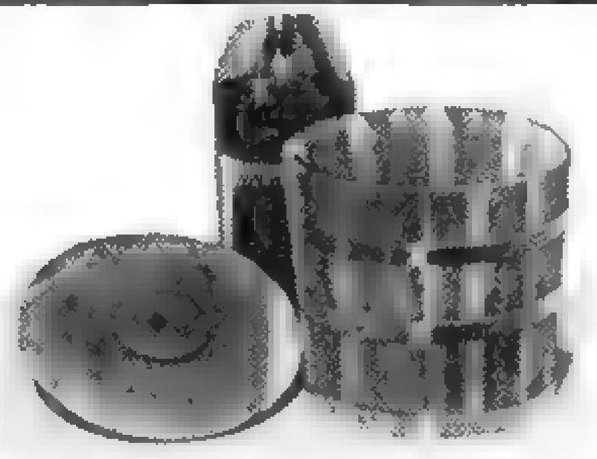

CEDAR ICE PAIL

Bound in Brass

This sturdy pail holds lots of ice, and can even serve as a one-bottle wine cooler. Big enough to use as a flower pot, a cookie jar or cannister. The cover, turned of one solid piece of cedar, fits snugly. Pail is slightly over 7 inches tall, and 7 inches wide at the top. Three strong hoops of polished brass.

$3.25

COVER: 75c EXTRA
(Add 25c for postage and handling—35c west of Rockies)
FREE GIFT CATALOGUE
THE BUCKET SHOP
P.O. Box 165 Murfreesboro, Tenn.

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ELECTRIC SPRAYER
MAKES PAINTING EASY!

NO BRUSH!
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TRY IT 10 DAYS FREE!

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SAVE MONEY, WORK AND TIME

VIBRO-SPRAYER quickly, evenly sprays glossy enamels, lacquers, insecticides, etc. Weighs only 2½ lbs. Replaceable glass Mason jar holds 25 oz. Complete—no extras to buy. Fingertip control. AC-110 volts.

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Satisfaction guaranteed—or return it within 10 days for full purchase price refund. Only $12.95 C.O.D. plus delivery, or send full payment now and we pay delivery. Unconditionally guaranteed for 90 days. Order NOW!

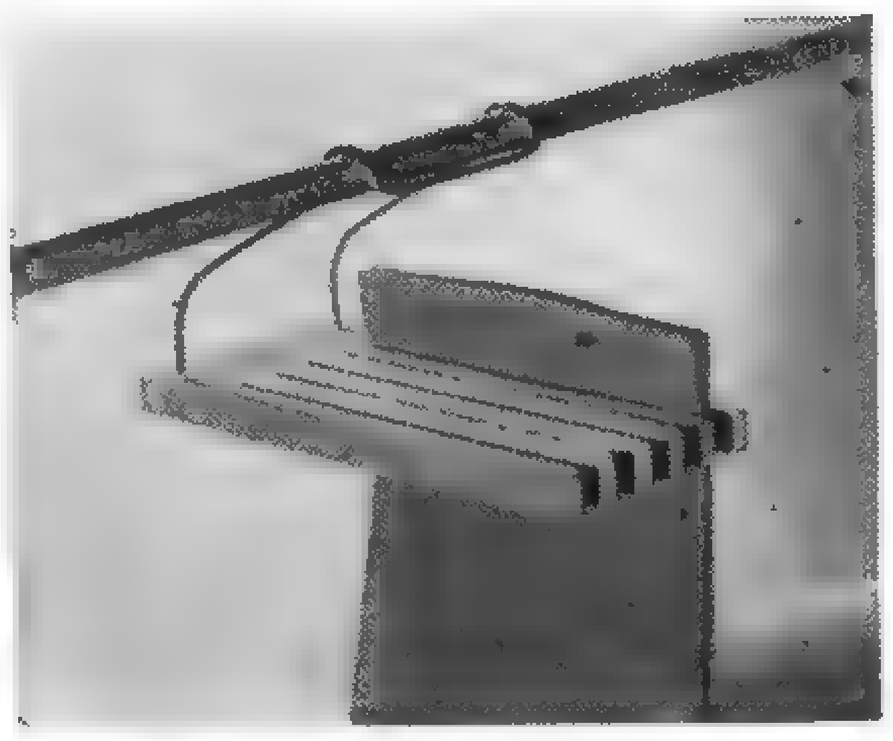
FOSTER PRODUCTS, INC., Dept. SG-162
179 Wooster St., New York 12, N. Y.

Send VIBRO-SPRAYER C.O.D. for $12.95 plus delivery. ☐ $12.95 enclosed, send prepaid.

Name ....
Address ....
City.................. Zone.... State.......
Money back in 10 days if not satisfactory.

TALKING SHOP

COMPACT, SPACE-SAVING, this completely functional, cleanly designed wardrobe chest has everything you need in your bedroom except a bed. Made of mahogany in a variety of shades from very light to very dark, it has glass shelves, nine drawers, hanger and shoe compartments and nine graduated drawers. The top opens and is a mirror.



KEEP 'EM CREASED by hanging your trousers from this smooth lacquered pants rack. It hangs in the closet, takes a minimum of space and staunchly bears up under the weight of five pairs of trousers. Three of the slots hold heavier gauge garments and two are for thinner ones. Better get two, because the Wife will find it fits skirts, too.

A WOODEN VALET, compact and collapsible, holds the day's clothes, keeps them from being scattered round, saves space, time and pressing bills by allowing the coat to hang freely out of the way of the rack, won't let your trousers slip to the floor and has a rack to make shoes stay put. The tray holds the small items. 33" high.

FOR SURE, the man in the moon can't spend your money. Made of sterling silver, he has a smile on his face and a winking eye that will accept all the coin you can afford to stuff into it. If your son is a student of astronomy or if you feel that you've been reaching for the moon of late, try saving a little in this happy bank. Opens easily, too.

For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address

BE TALLER
WEAR
CUSTOM MADE
STATURAIDS
$19.50

SAGAMORE
No. 1004—Brown grain (shown above)

Get the Thrill of Being Taller
ORDER THE ABOVE STYLE BY MAIL
. . . 5 day shipment or visit my factory

Our 10th year producing fine Staturaid custom made height increasing shoes.

HOW TO ORDER: Send correct shoe size (or old shoe), with deposit, balance C.O.D. plus postage; or if you remit in full, we pay mailing charges.

Free Catalog showing 50 styles in height increasing shoes, sent on request

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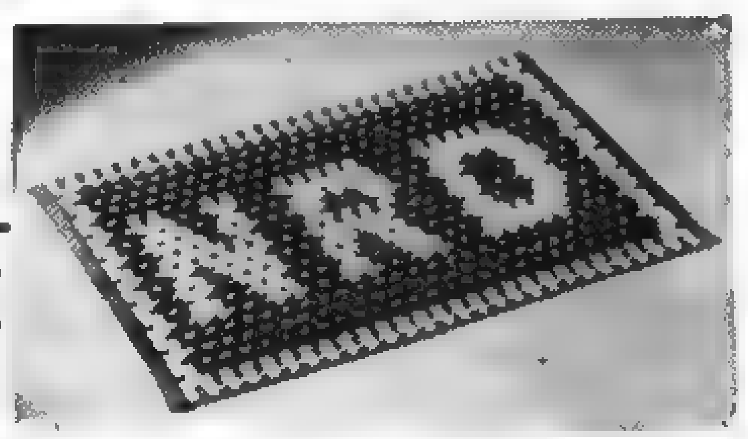
Factory & Factory Store, 433 E. 148 St., N. Y. 55, N. Y.
DEALERS: WRITE FOR STATURAID SALES OPPORTUNITY

WELCOME MAT



Your front entrance will do you proud, and guests will receive a warmer welcome if they scrape mud from their shoes on this good-looking black rubber mat. It comes with three initials worked into the pattern in white.

16" x 24"	$ 6.00
20" x 30"	9.00
24" x 36"	13.00

Postpaid
No C.O.D.'s please

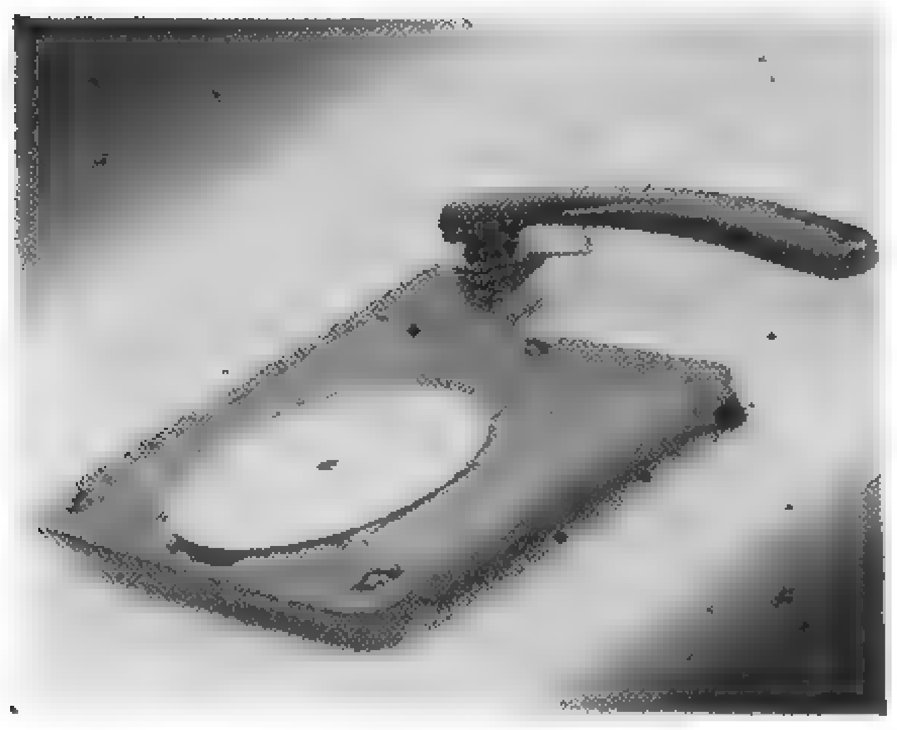
EUNICE NOVELTIES Dept. E-119
Our 10th Year
541 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

carry that bottle SAFELY in a
VENUS
BOTTLE GUARD

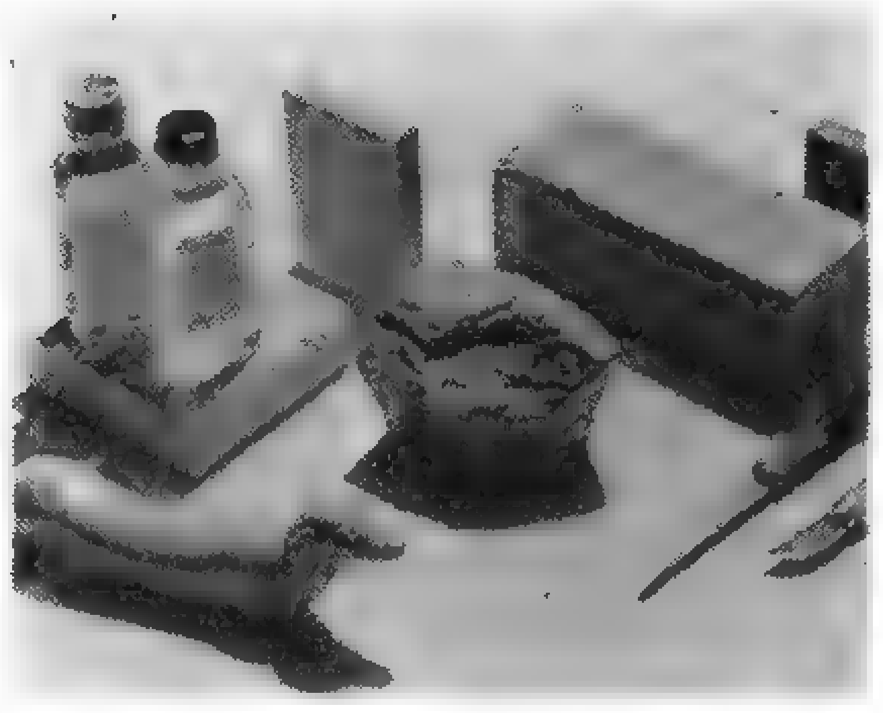
Venus quart-size, heavily-padded, suede-like Bottle Guard keeps clothes and suitcase free of stains from bottles that might leak; protects against breaking; saves bulk in wrapping—pays for itself in peace of mind and cleaning bills. Travelers love them. Quart size $3.00, Pint size $2.50. Colors: Tan, Maroon, Green. Also two-compartment Perfume Bottle Guard, $3.00. At most good stores or write us.

Venus Corp., 1170 B'way, New York. Dept. E-11

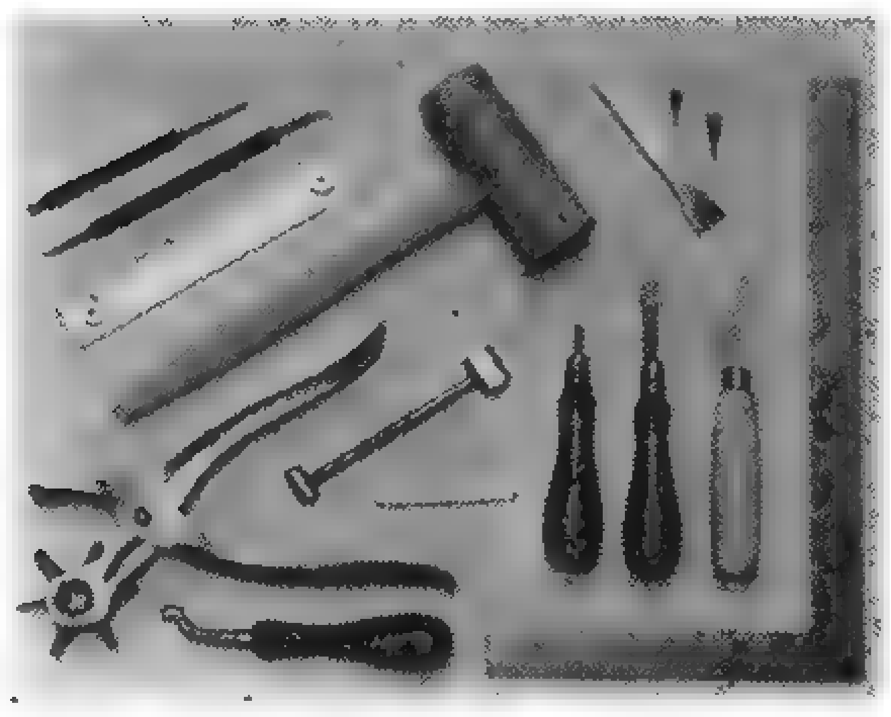
WITH ESQUIRE



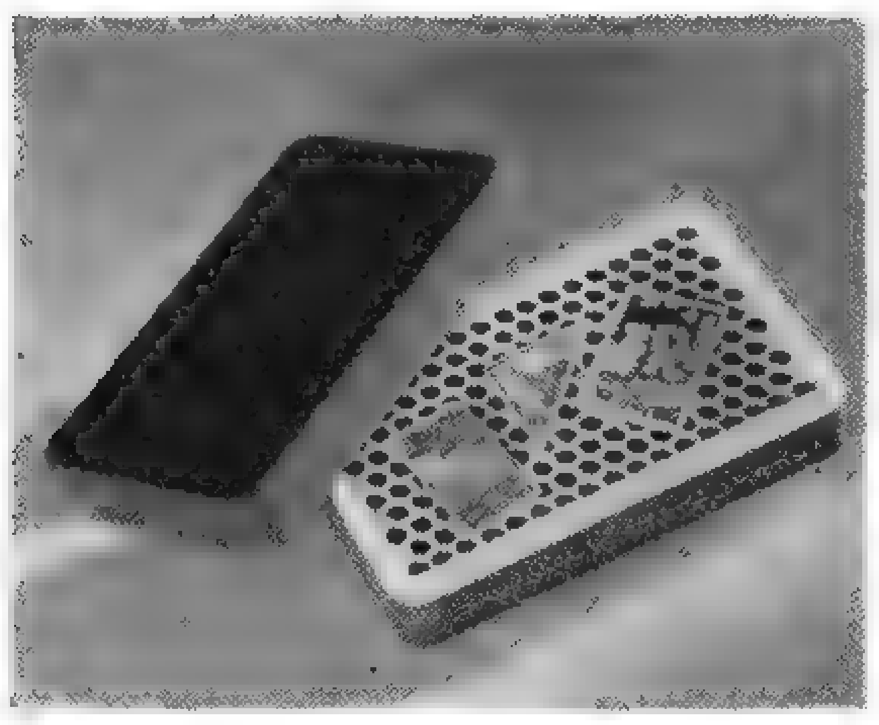
A 3-SPEED RECORD PLAYER attachment allows the phonograph you have to play the new microgroove 33⅓ or 45 R.P.M. records as well as the regular old 78's. Low-priced, simple to install and operate, it has a featherweight tone arm and a permanent type Jewel point needle that plays with exceptionally high fidelity. Fits on any machine.



YOU MAY NOT BE AN ARTIST, but you can get real pleasure out of sculpture with Sculpstone and the tools in this kit. A versatile mineral, mined in the Far East, it has the look of marble and workability approaching that of wood. It can be carved with a pocket knife, filed, sanded and even turned on a lathe. Good for beginners, too.



LEATHERWORKING is a craft as old as the Indians and a hobby as least as old as primitive man. In this kit that comes complete with tools, leather, and instruction booklet, you'll find all you need to make a lanyard or a braided belt besides instructions in punching, beveling, embossing, and lining leather. It offers hours of interest.



STAMP COLLECTORS have always had to contend with the fact that stamps are glued to envelopes. The age-old problem has been solved by this device which separates stamps from paper or each other without damaging the color or quality of the stamps. It costs nothing to operate and it will last and work indefinitely. An inexpensive, worthwhile accessory.

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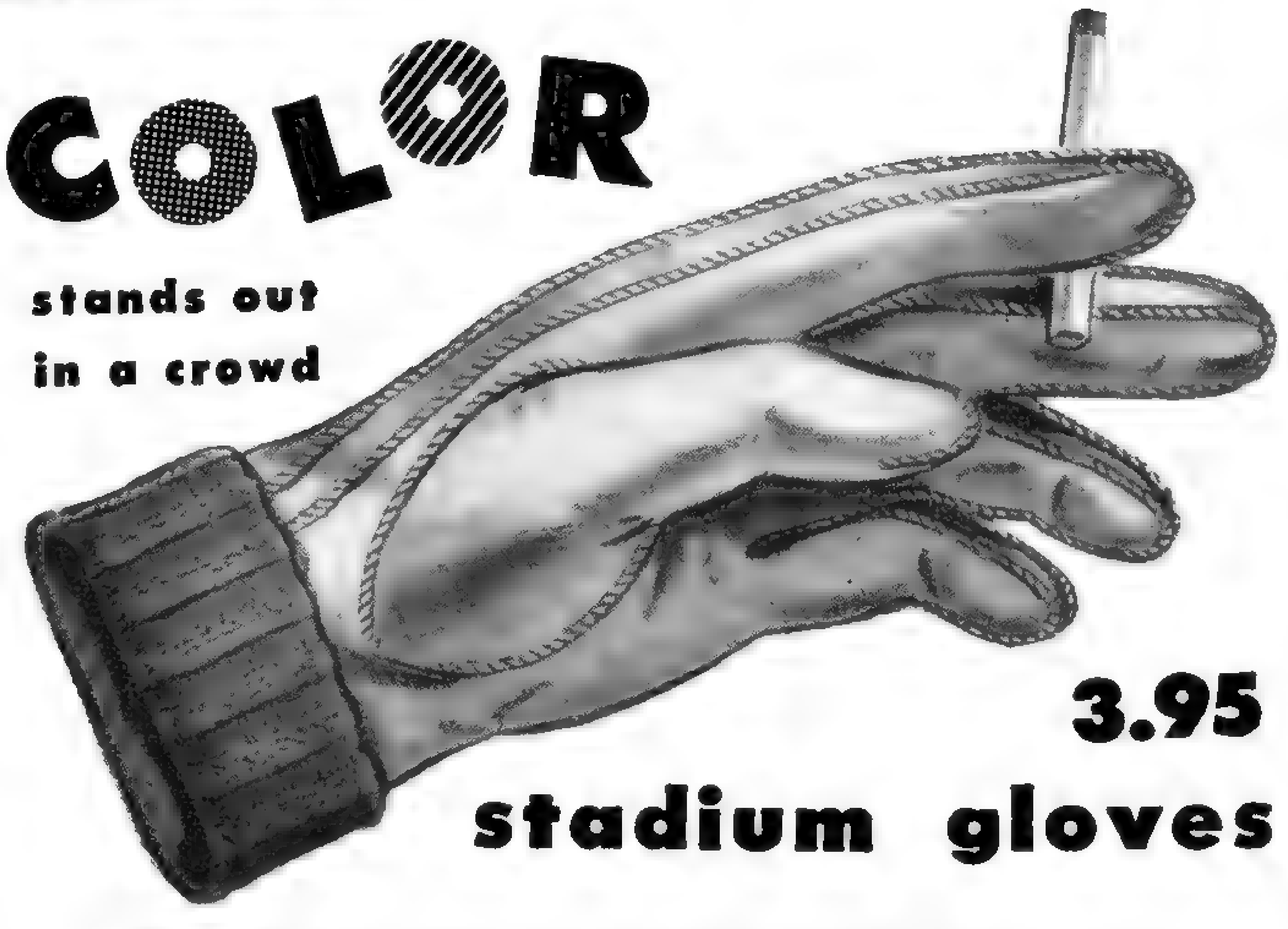
to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Ranger



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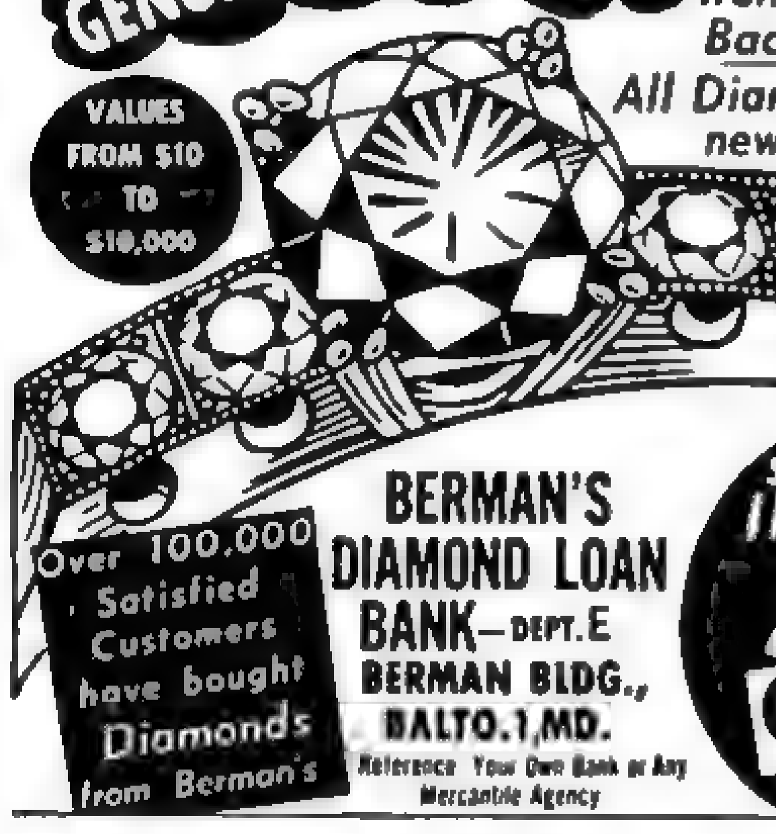

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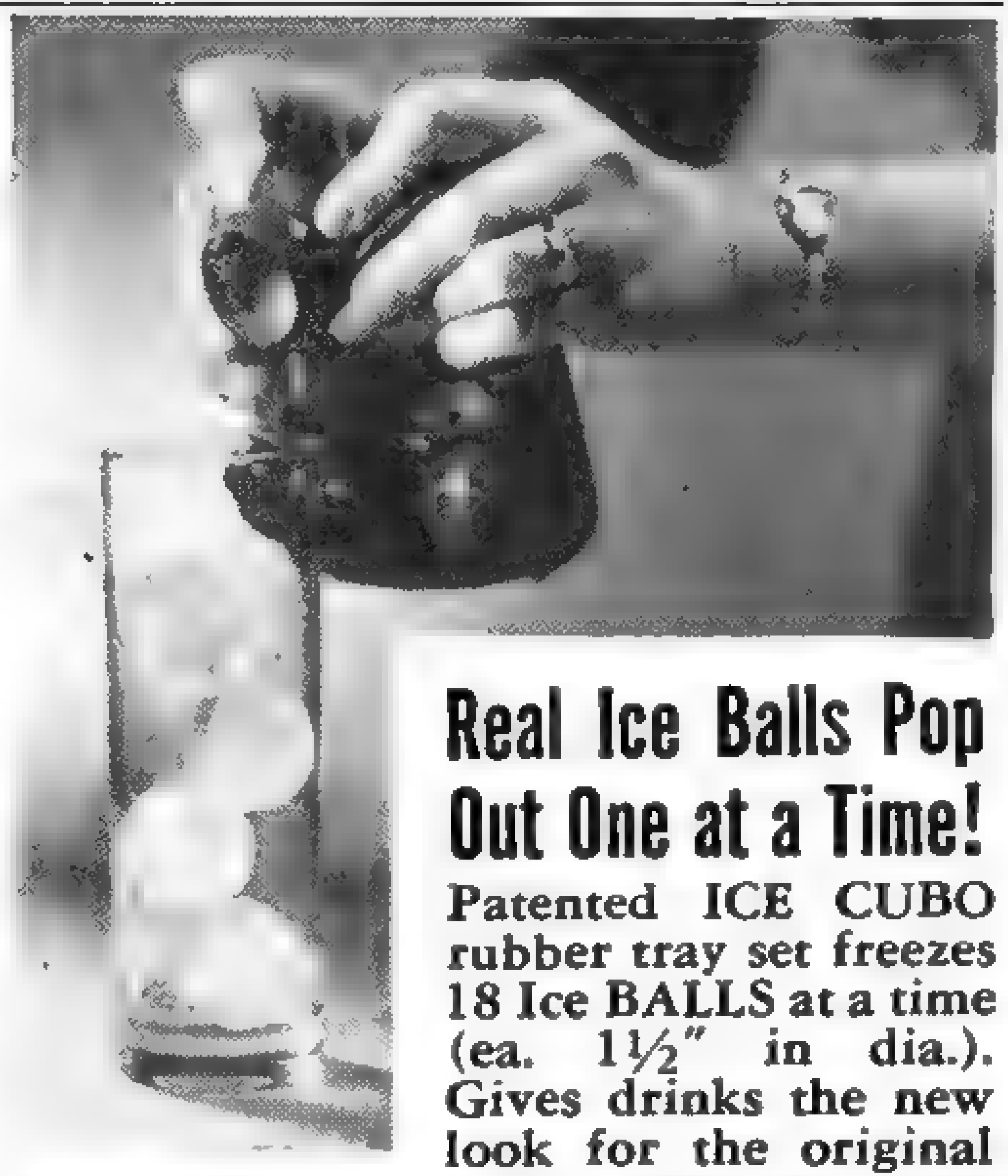

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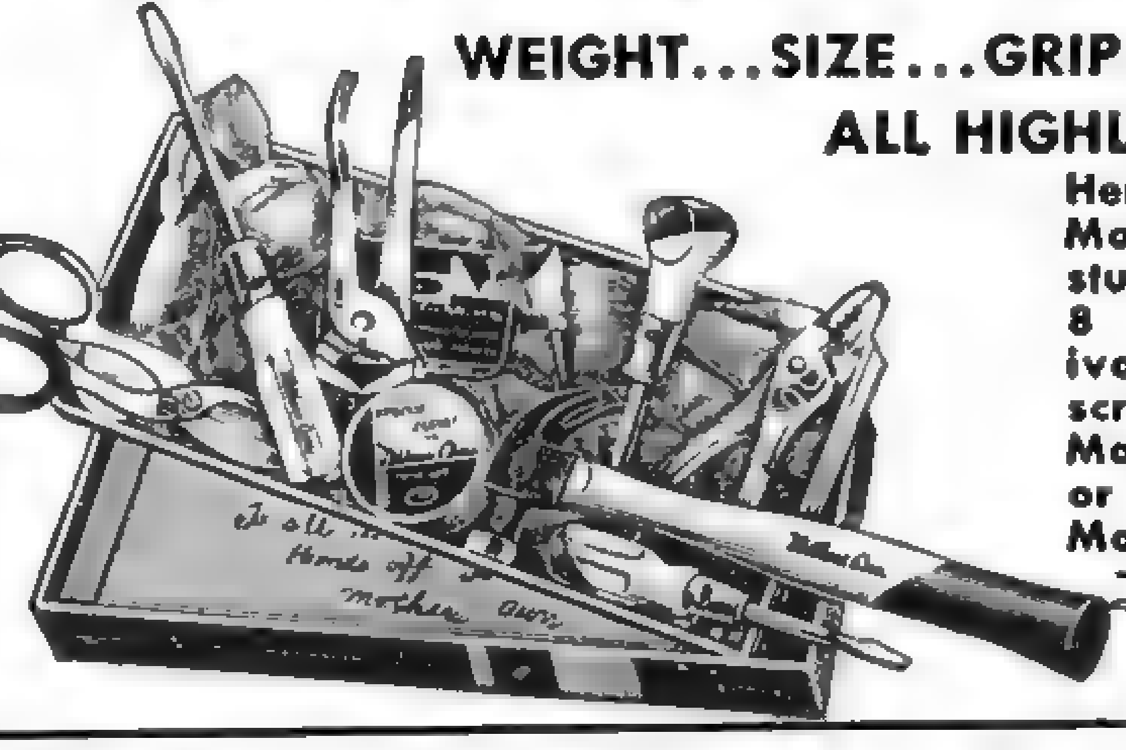

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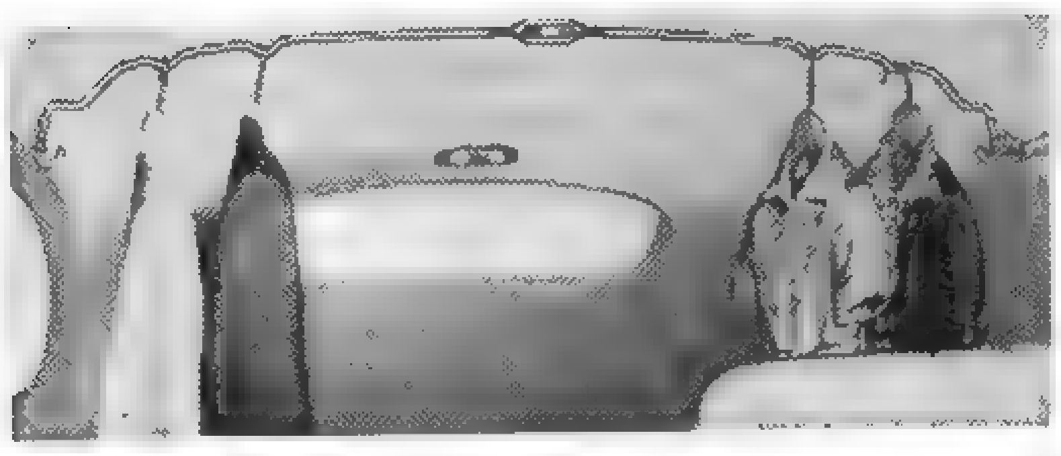

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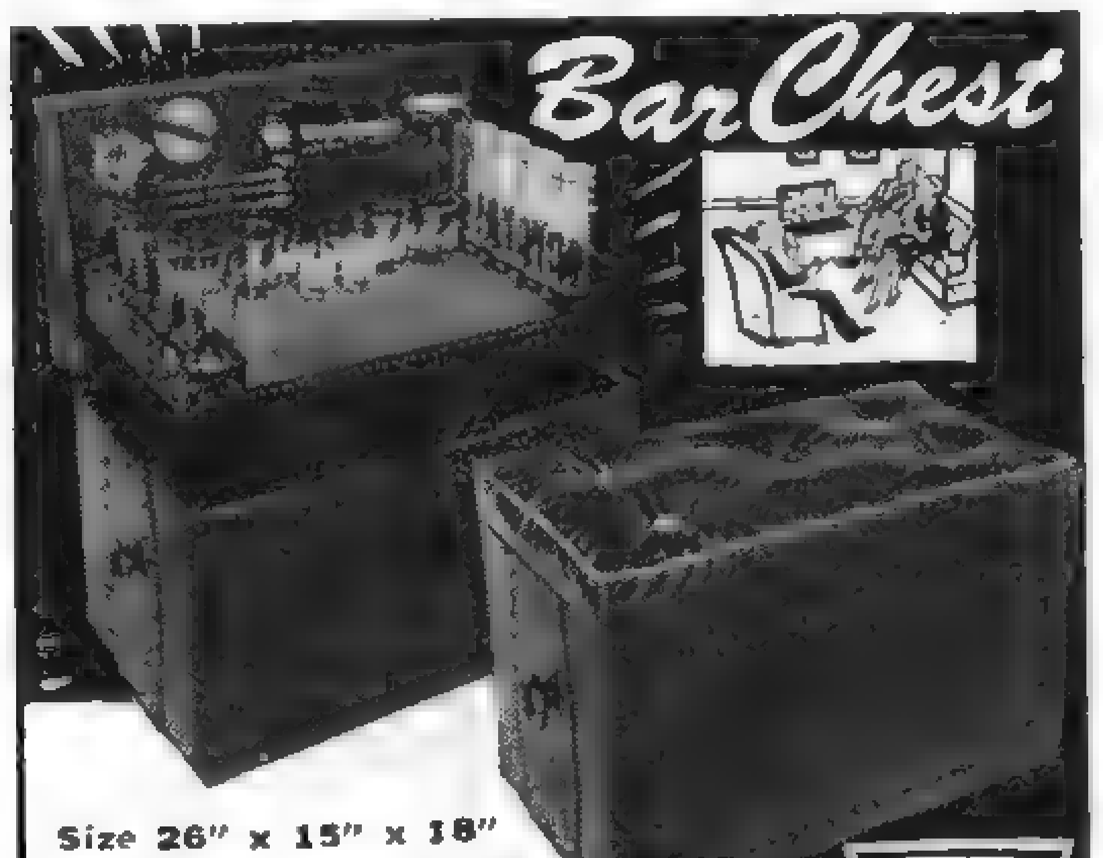

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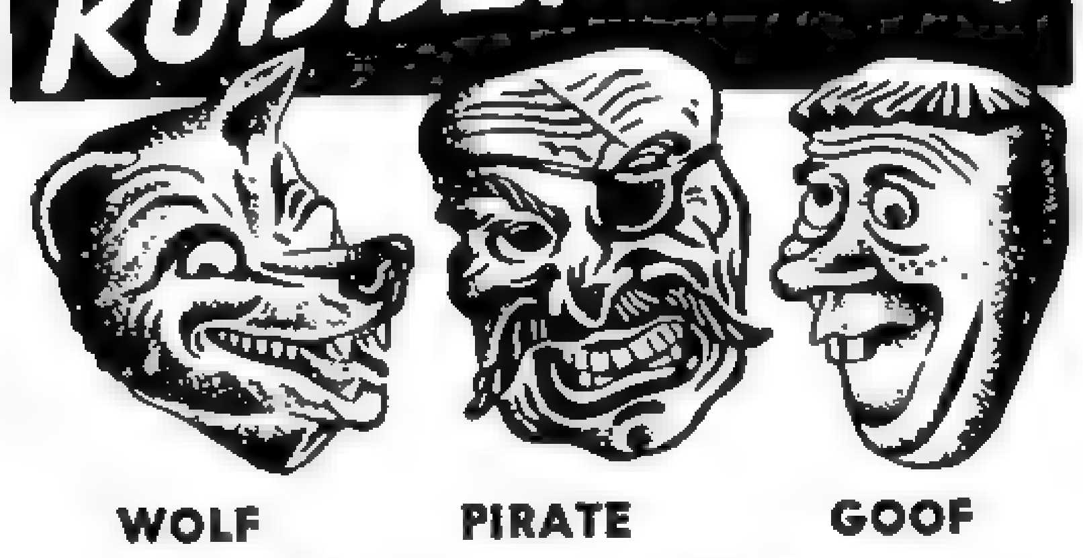

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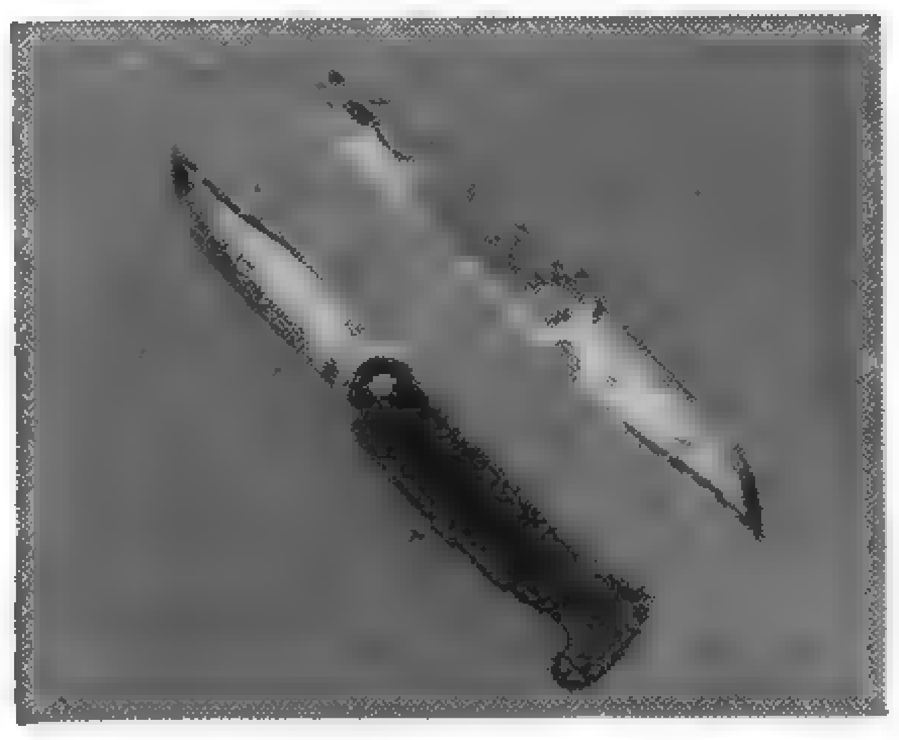

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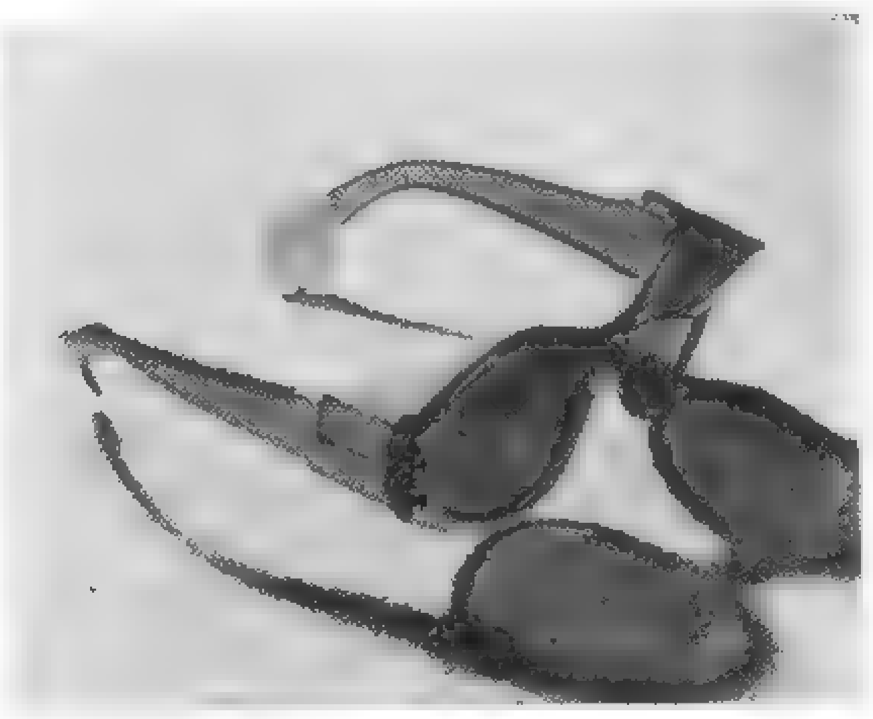

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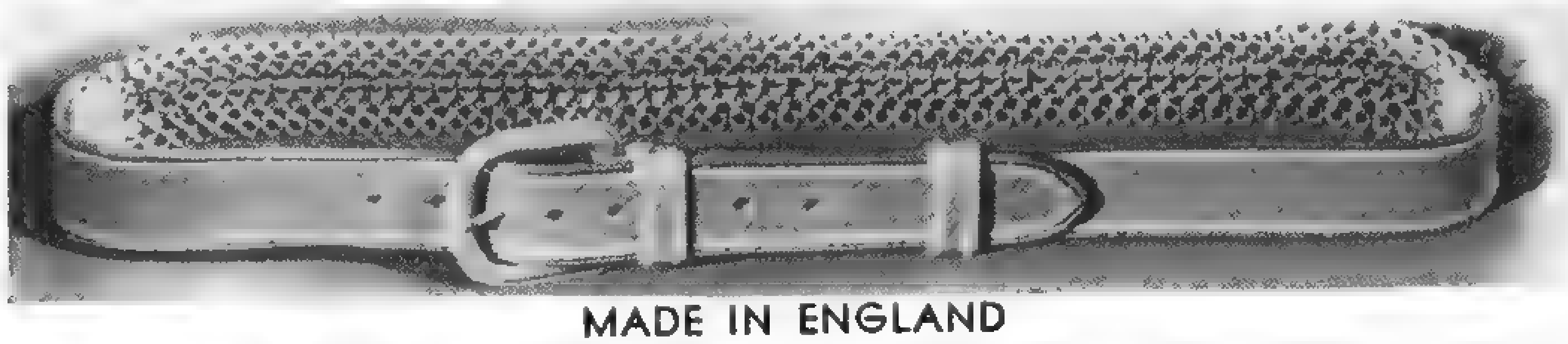

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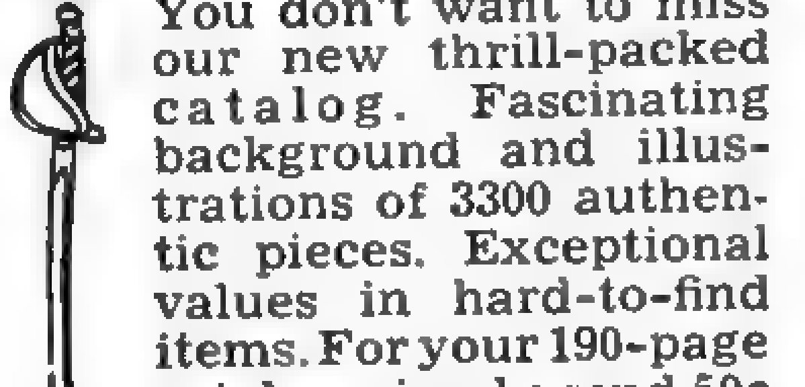

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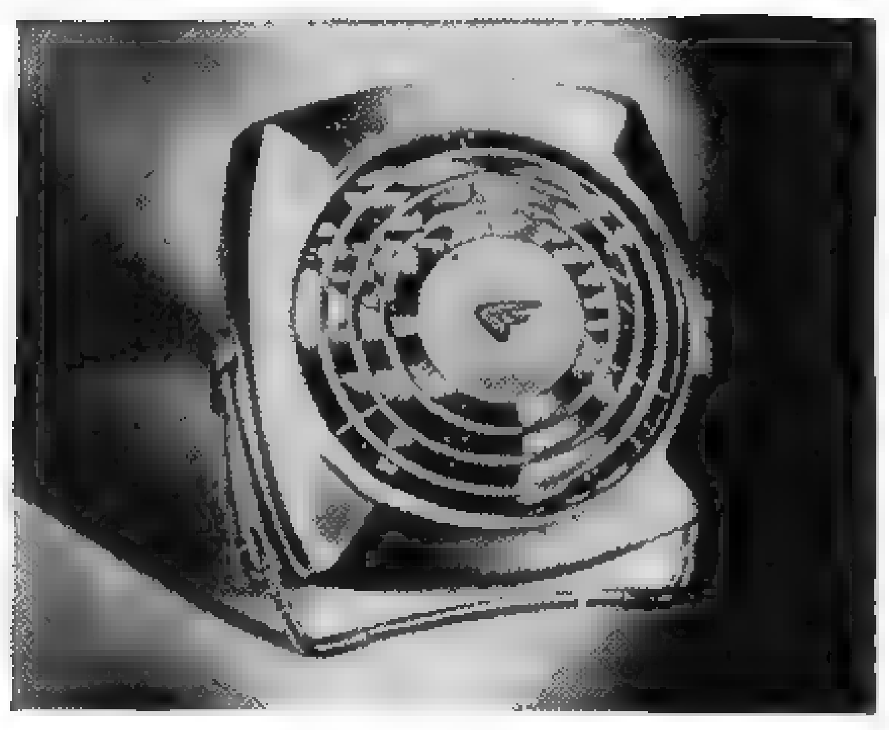

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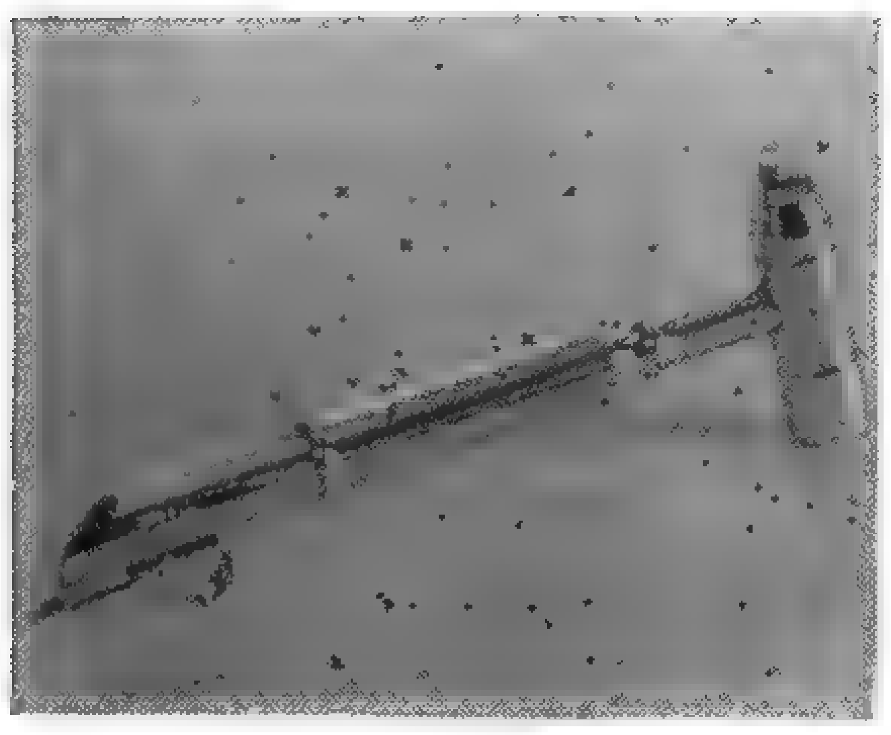

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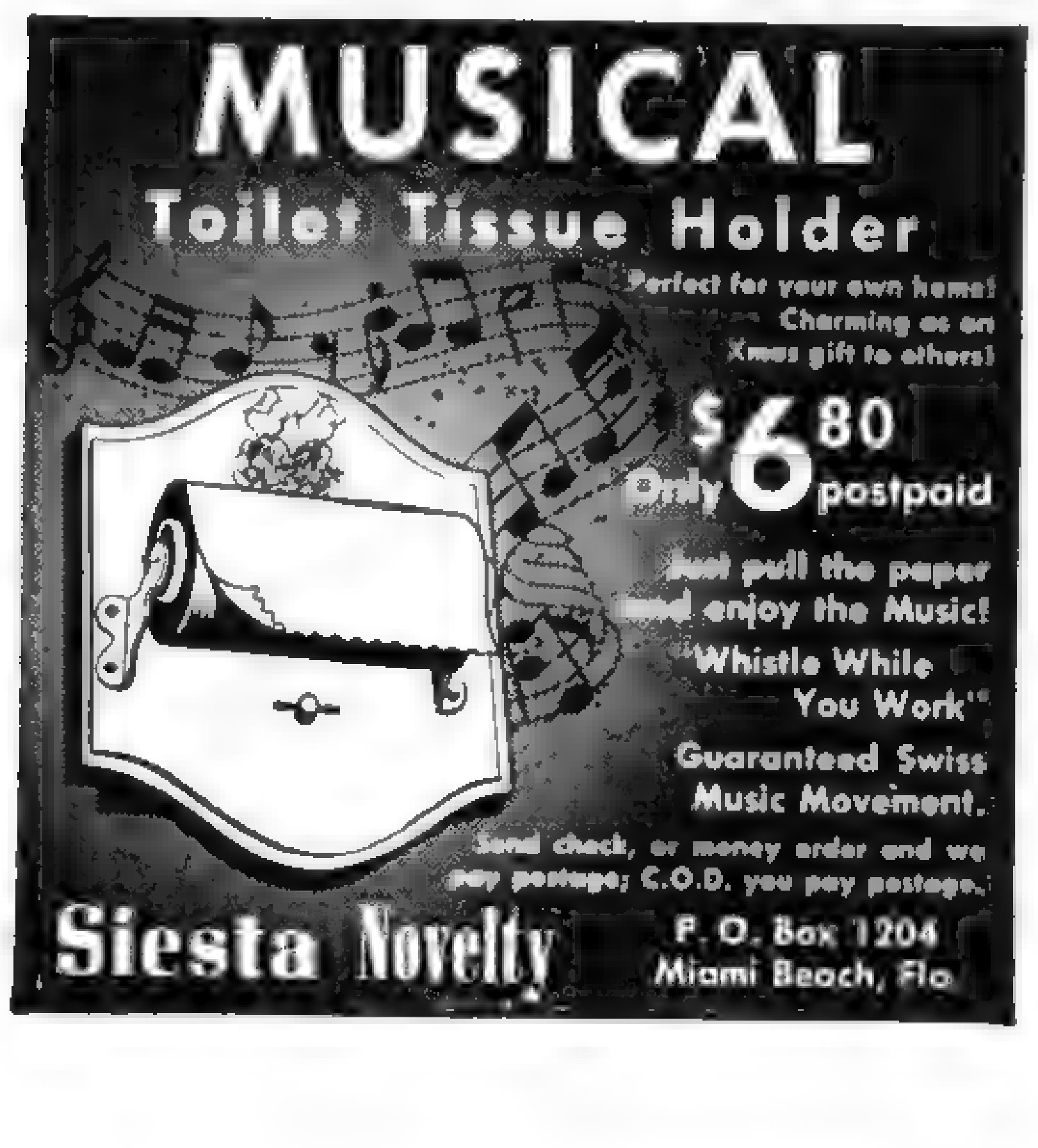

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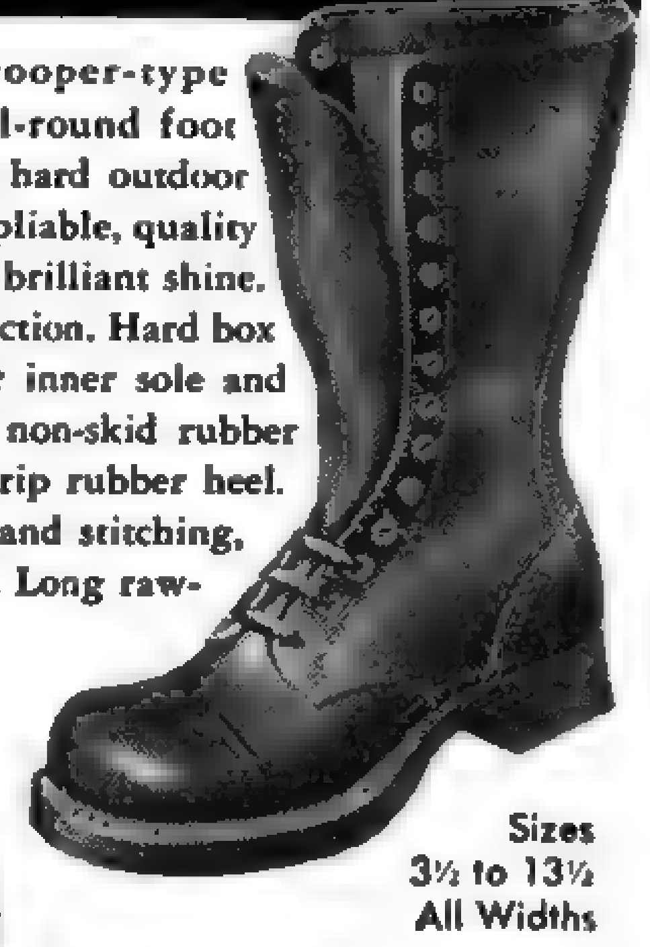

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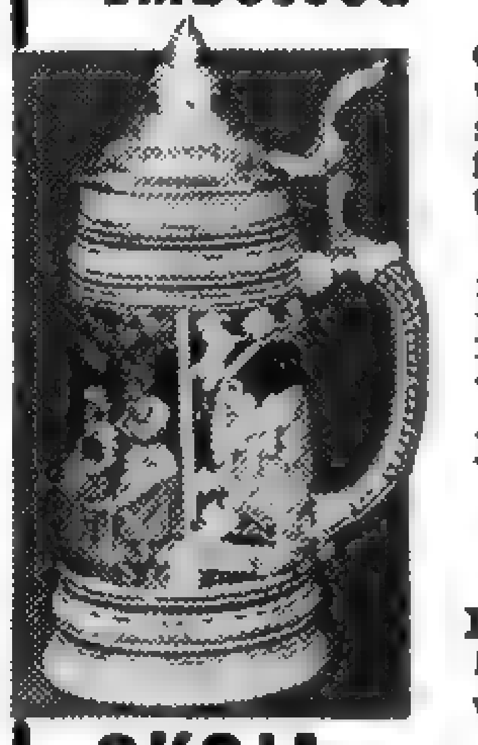

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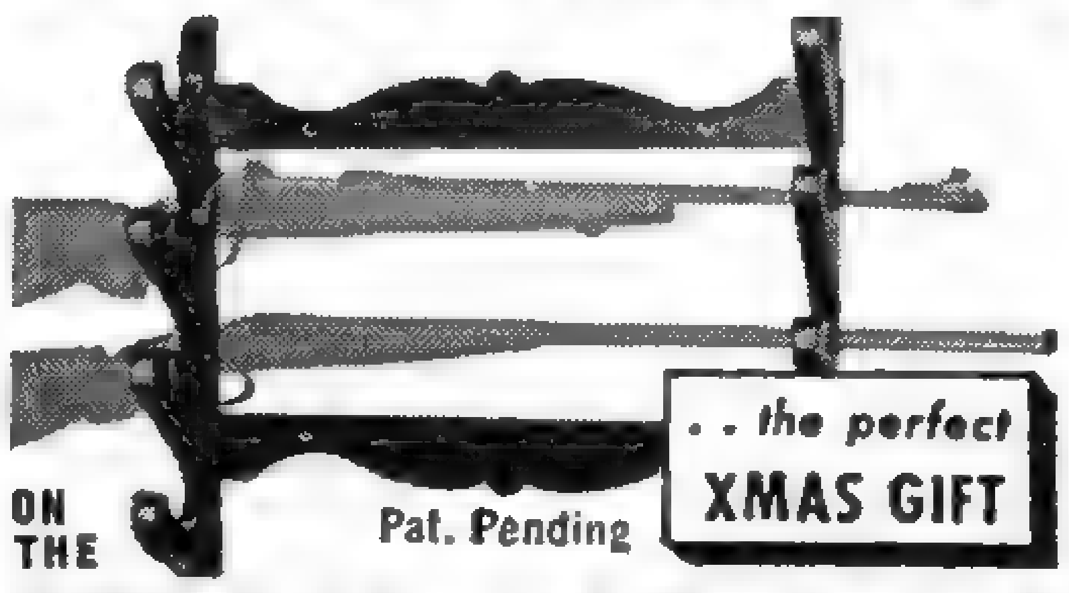

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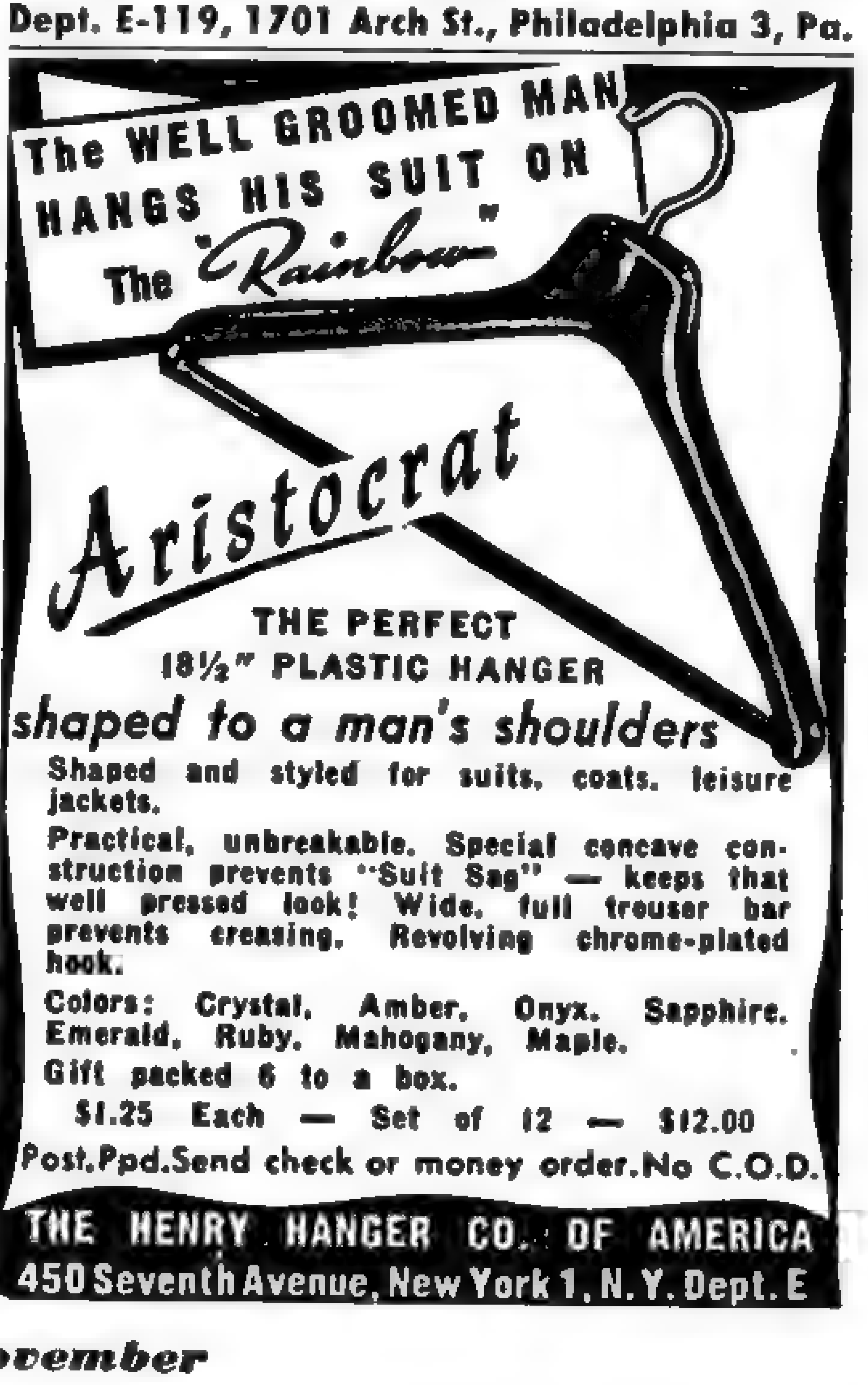

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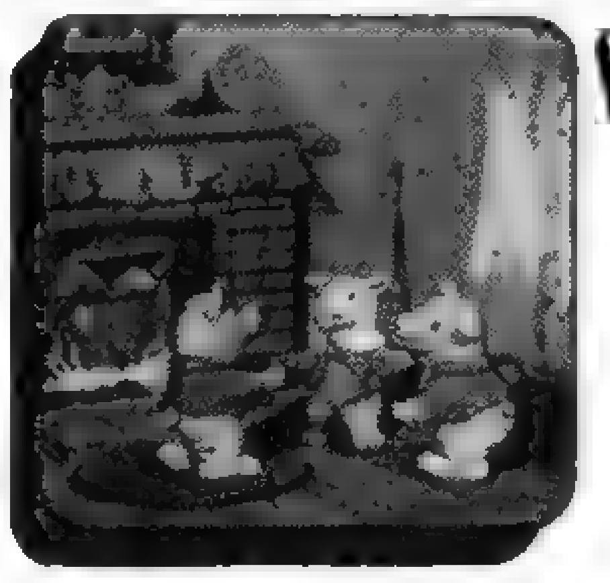

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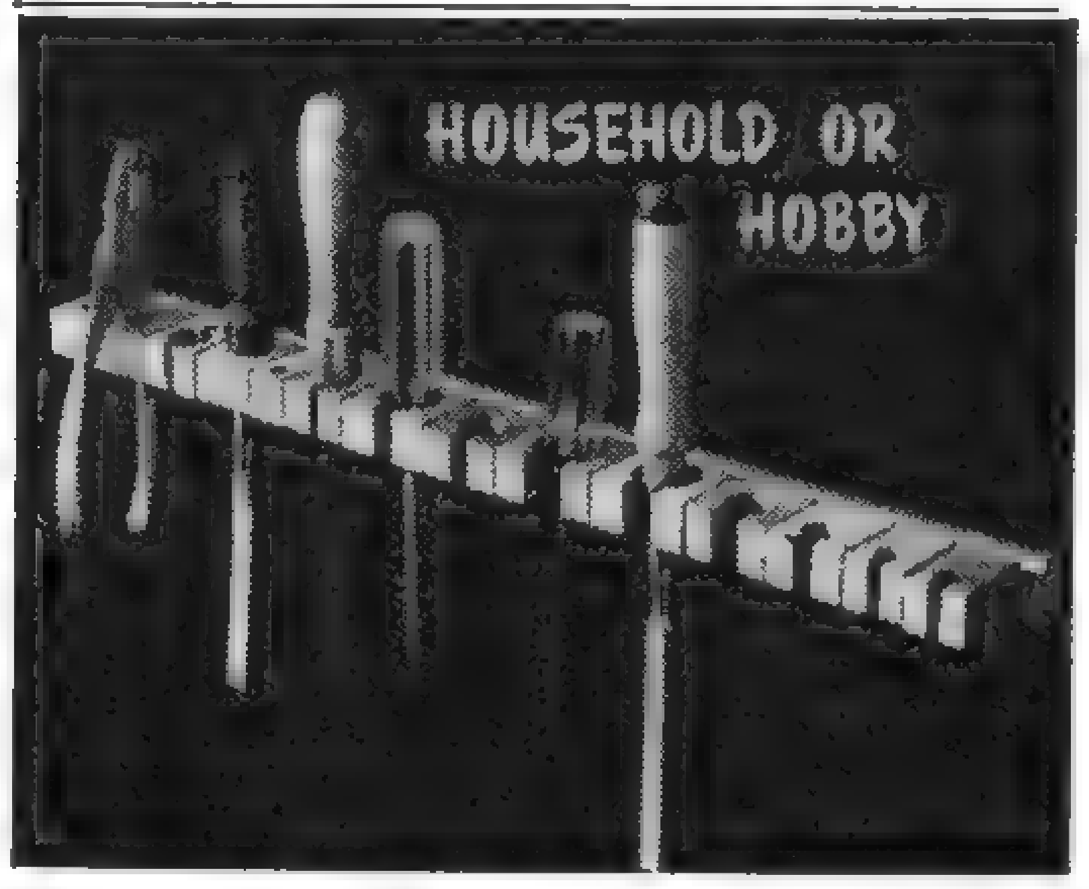

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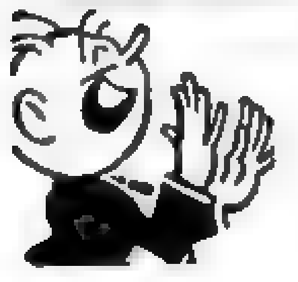

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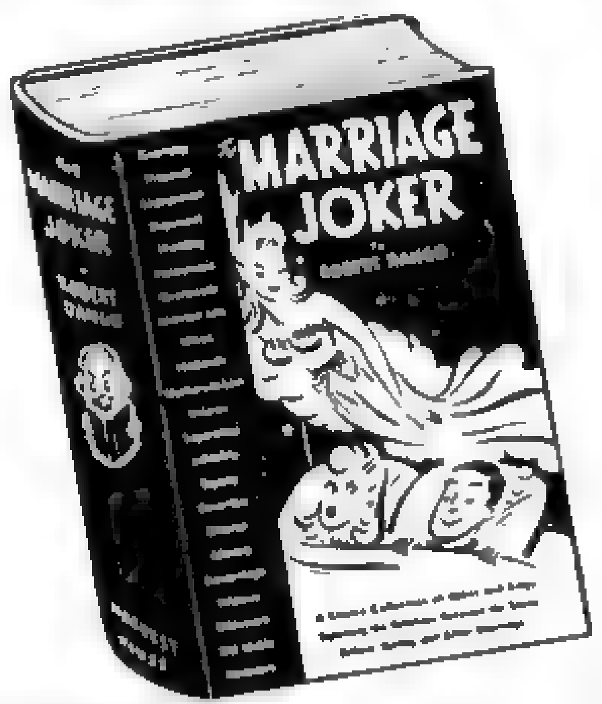

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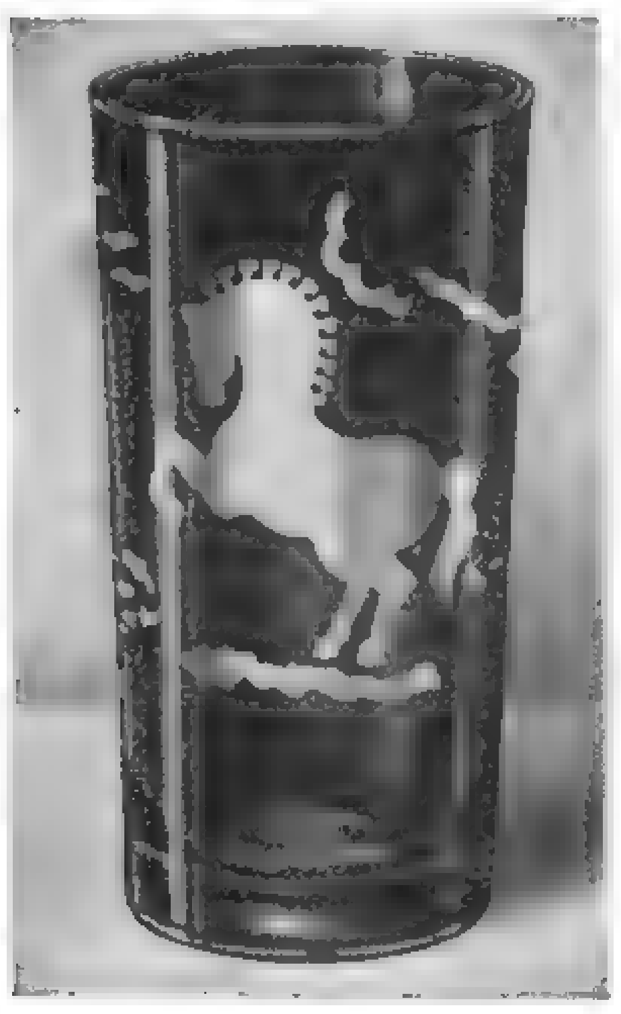

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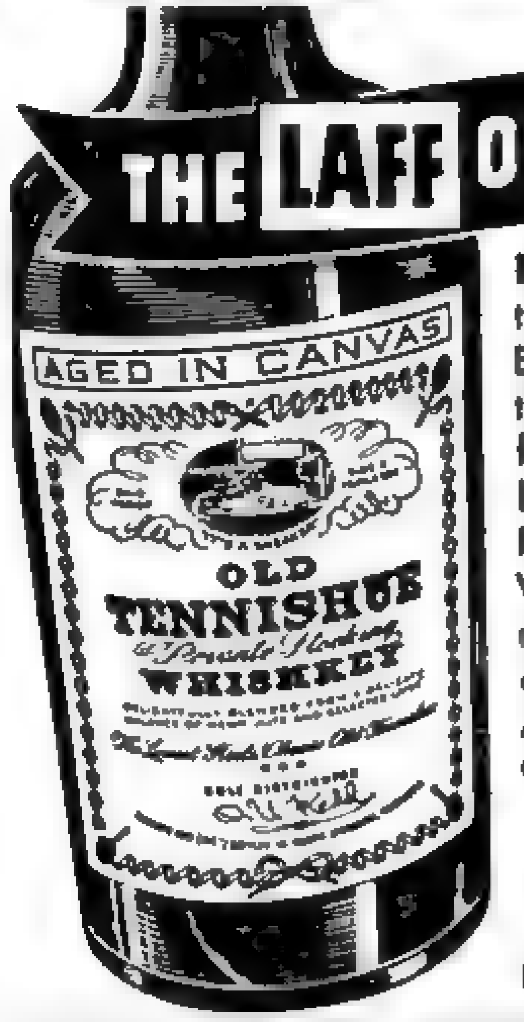

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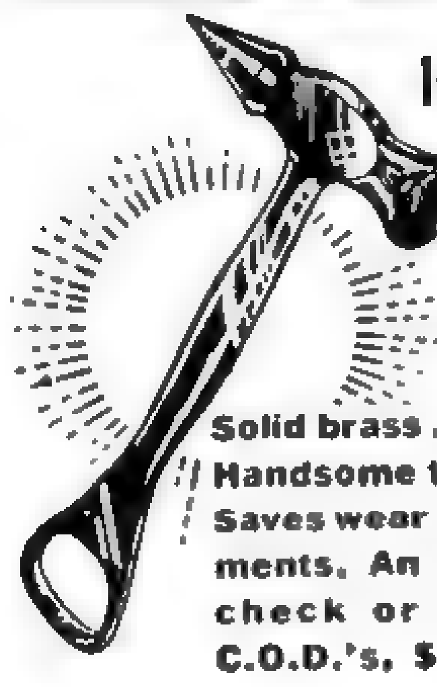

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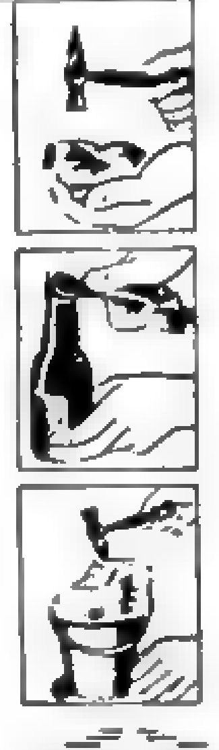

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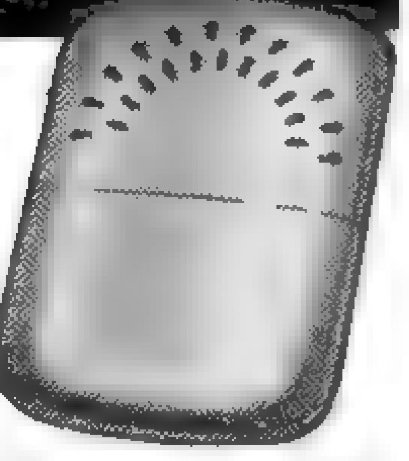

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NEW, IMPROVED ELEMENT lights quicker, extra heat

For hunting, skiing or attending football games. Pocket Heaterette keeps hands and body warm in coldest weather. Fits glove or pocket—stays 125 degrees warm for 24 hours on one filling of ordinary lighter fluid—no flame—safe even for children. See your sporting goods dealer or mail coupon with check or money order. Made in U. S. A. Nickeled brass in flannel bag—**$3.50 postpaid.**

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Please send .... Pocket Heaterettes postpaid. $................ enclosed. Money refunded if not satisfied.

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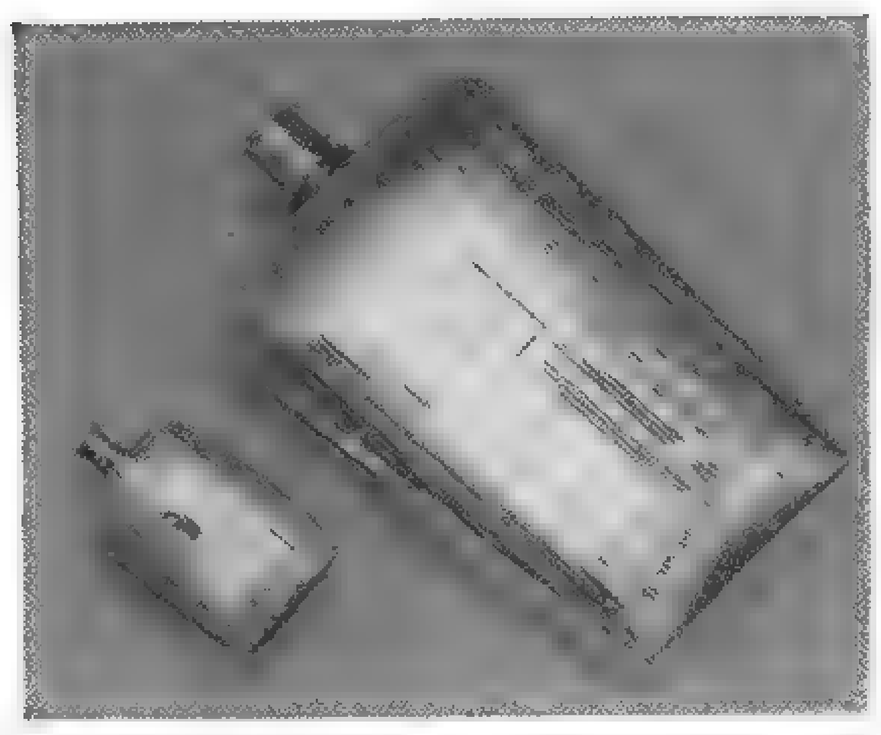
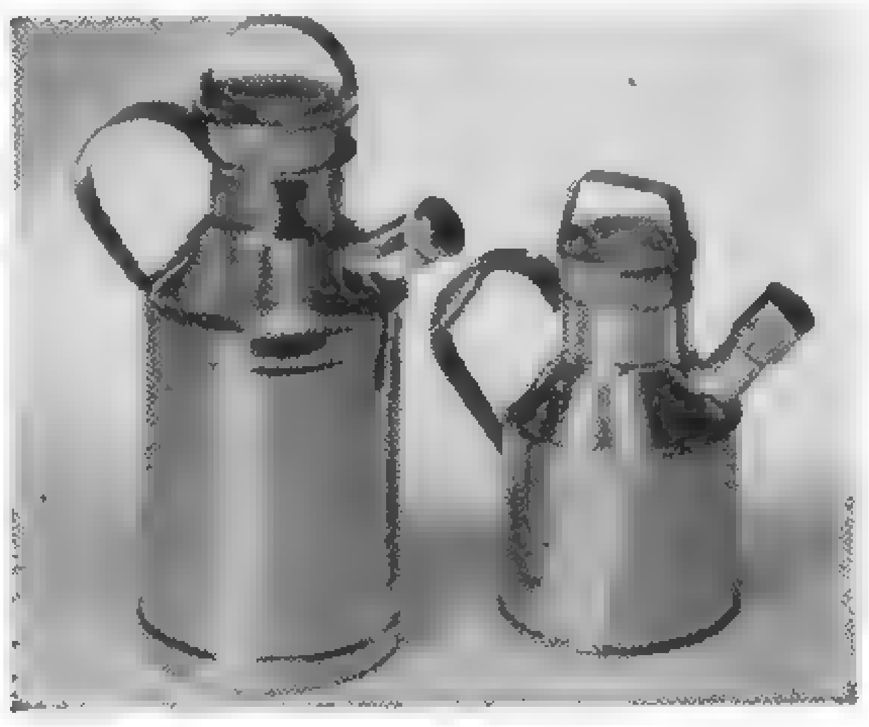
TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

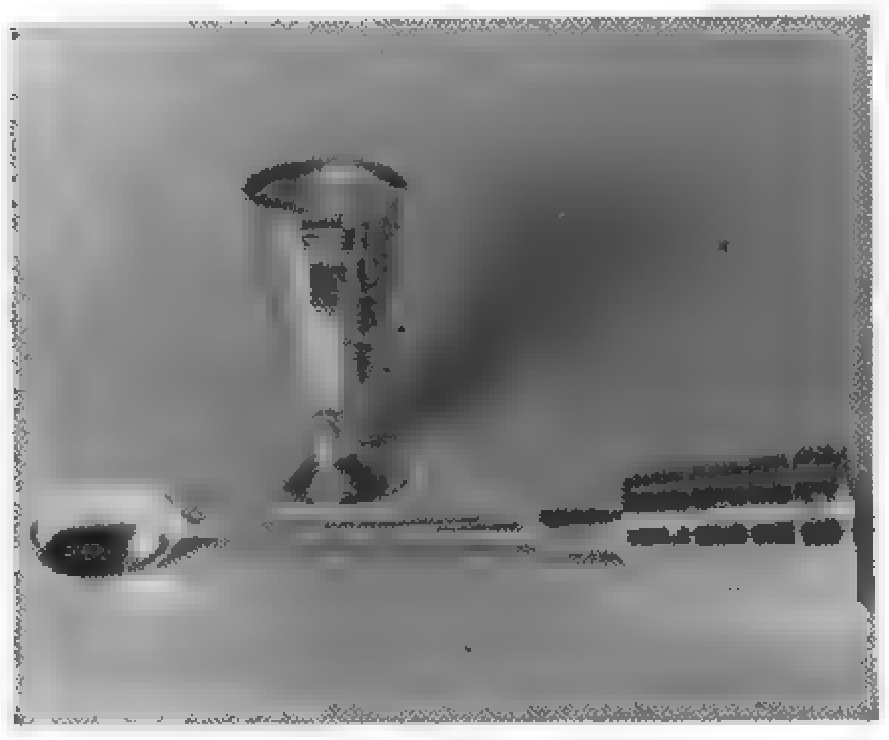
SMART LOOKING smooth fitting, here is a sterling silver flask that rests lightly in your coat or hip pocket. Air-tight, it will keep you warmer than woolen underwear at the next football game. The larger edition holds a full pint of liquid while the junior or lady's size holds an ounce and takes little room in a purse. There are several sizes in between.



TAKE THE MILKMAID up to the apartment and shake her a cocktail in this innocent-looking replica of an old New England milk can. It's really a cocktail shaker made of heavy gauge copper, with a built-in strainer, non-toxic lining and a cork stopper. Can be block initialed, comes in a range of sizes from one pint to two quarts.



AN INGENIOUS JIGGER operates by a valve arrangement and does not need to be tilted or turned upside down for pouring. Made either with a standing base or with a mixing spoon. Measure your ingredients, press the spoon down in your glass to open the valve and let the liquid run down. No need for steady hands to avoid spilling.



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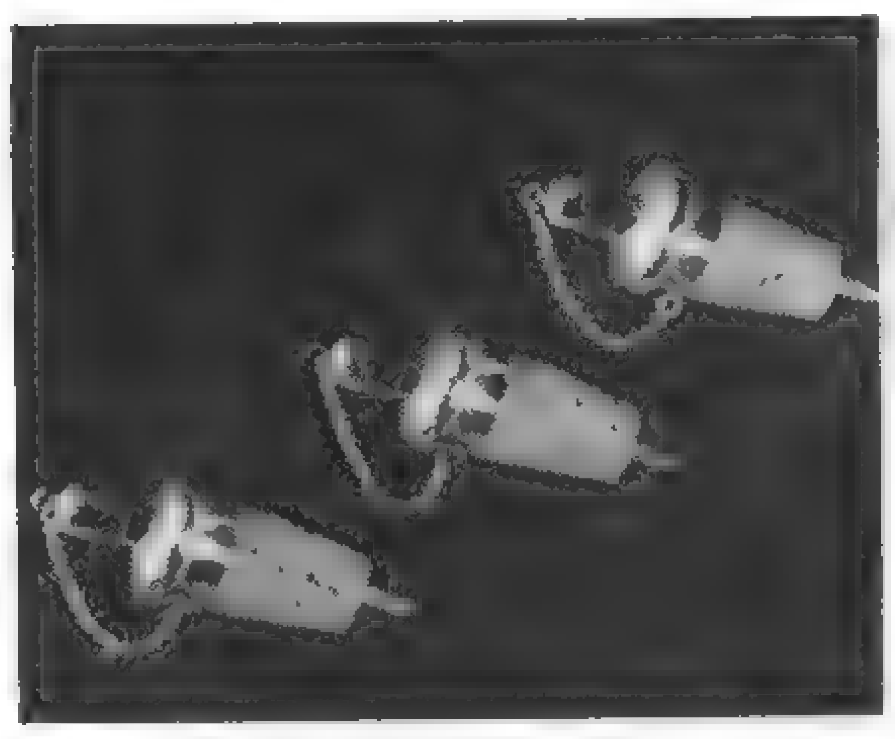

(Continued page 167)

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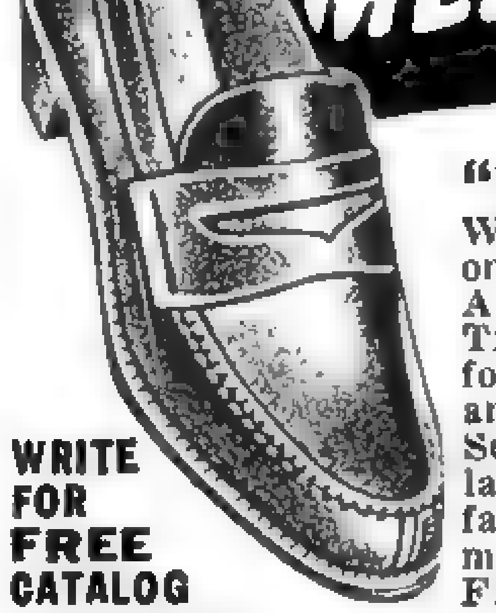

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2 POUNDS	4 POUNDS	5-1/2 LBS.

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Esquire says "Palladium tones!" Here they are—Palladium Tones of Blue, Tan, Grey, Rose, Green.

By St. George, Van Heusen Palladiums can do wonders for you, too! To *Bolder Look* pastels, we've given a soft silvery tone. They're made for heroes with Van Bold wide-spread collar . . . half-inch stitching . . . extra-wide center pleat . . . *and,* of course, Van Heusen magic sewmanship . . . action-tailoring . . . tug-proof pearl buttons. Lab-tested fabrics—*a new shirt free if your Van Heusen shrinks out of size!* **$3.95**

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Van Heusen ties in Palladium Tone "Shirt-Mate" color combinations, $2

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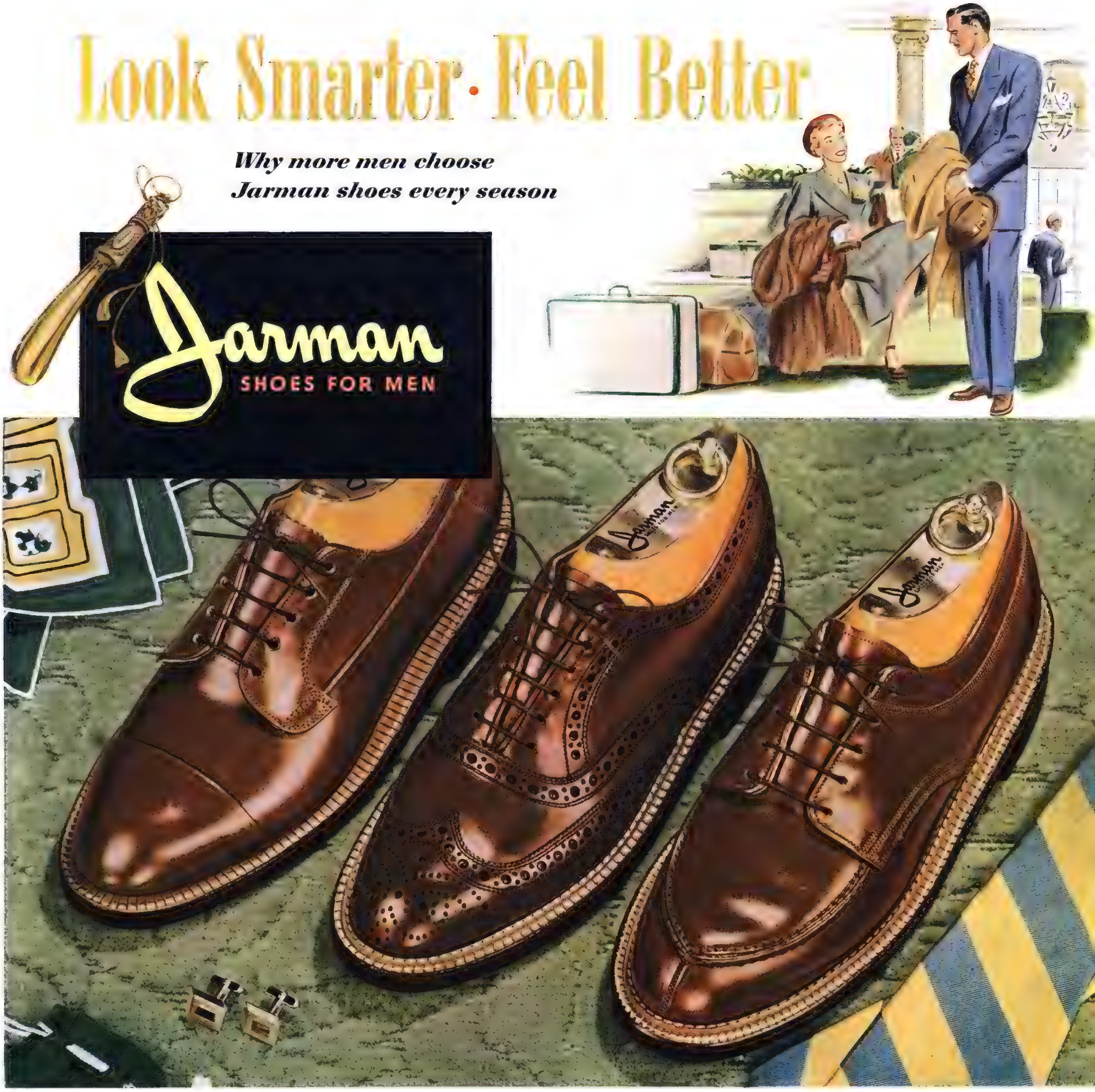
Look Smarter · Feel Better

Why more men choose Jarman shoes every season



LEFT: Style 5704. The classic, distinctive "Continental" straight tip blucher in finest calfskin.

CENTER: Style 5139. Wing tip bal in "Gunstock Brown." Thick soles. Also 5705 in "Brown Scotch Grain."

RIGHT: Style 5137. Jarman's newest "Moc-San" blucher in "Gunstock Brown." Note the double deck welt.

Luxury styling at its best

Jarman Continentals

As masculine as a briar pipe, decidedly ultra-smart and comfortable Jarman "Continentals" capture the newest European style influence. Note the bold, wide, strongly-stitched sole extension carried completely around the heel.

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JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, NASHVILLE, TENN. DIV. OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION

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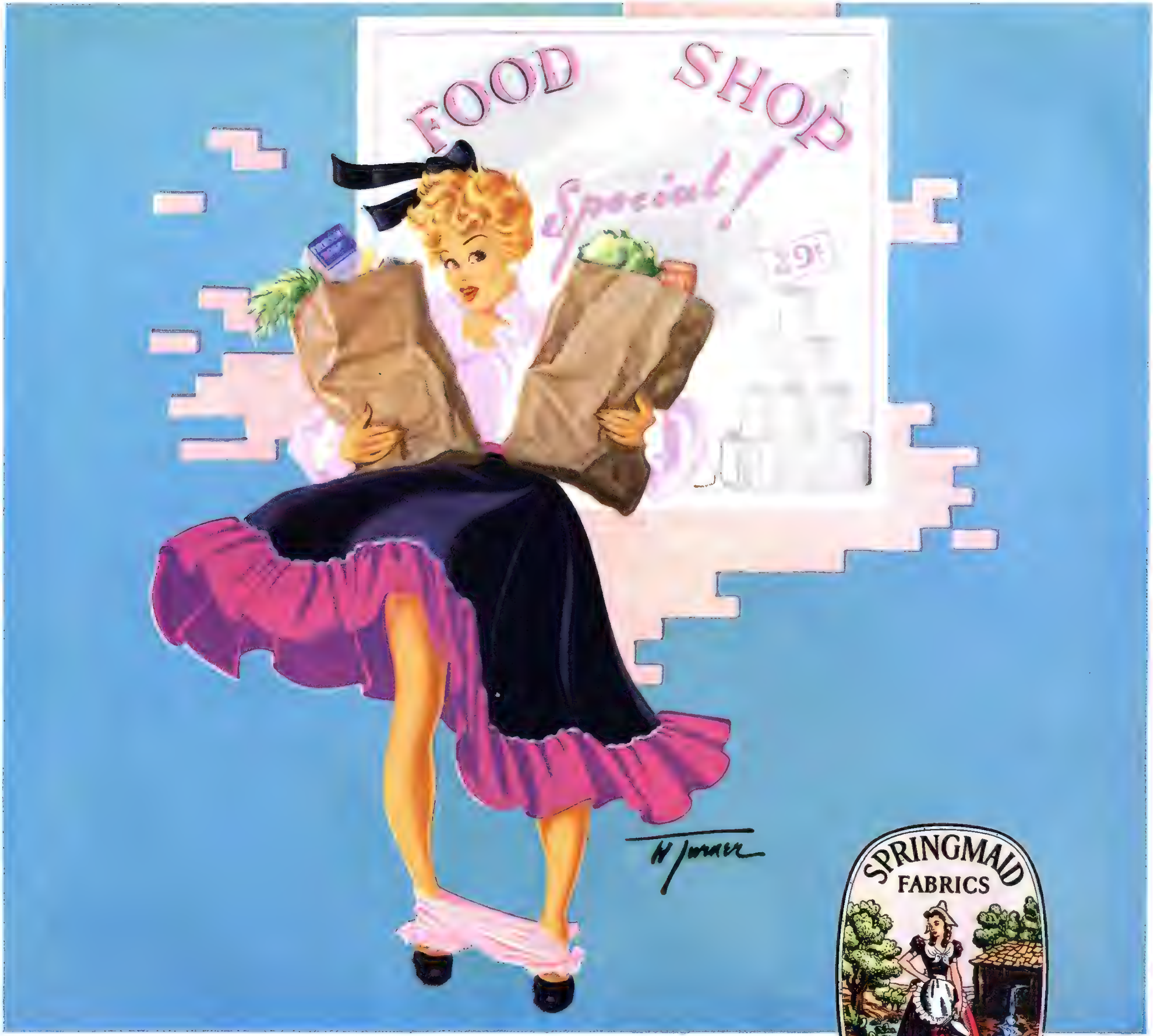

SPRINGMAID
FABRICS
THE SPRINGS COTTON MILLS

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During the war, The Springs Cotton Mills was called upon to weave a special cotton fabric which was bleached, coated with emulsified rubber, cut into strips, put on rolls, and shipped to hospitals all over the world for use as adhesive tape. In all, 600,000,000 yards of tape were delivered between Pearl Harbor and Hiroshima, and the looms are still running. This cloth, known to the trade as *STICKER*, is now available to the false bottom and filibust business, and is woven 40½" wide, 74 x 86 count, and weighs 2.80 yards per pound before coating. It comes in tearose, nude and white.

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We stick behind our fabric and feel its tenacity so strongly that we call it an insurance policy to provide full coverage. Our only competition comes from a tattoo artist.

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For a set of SPRINGMAID ads suitable for framing, send 25 cents to Springs Mills, Dept. E-15, at the above address.

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS, *president of The Springs Cotton Mills, has written another book, "Clothes Make the Man," which was indignantly rejected by every editor and publisher who read it. So he had it printed privately and sent it to his friends for Christmas. After they read it, he ran out of friends, so there are some extra copies. It contains a veritable treasury of useless information, such as how to build cotton mills, how to give first aid on Park Avenue, and how to write advertisements.*

If not available at your local bookstore, send a dollar and postage to us.

He has also designed a sport shirt with 16 SPRINGMAID *girls printed in 6 colors on* SPRINGMAID *broadcloth. It is made small, medium, large, and extra large. Send us $3, and we will mail you one postpaid in the United States. Children's age sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 are available for $1.25. Or, if you want to make your own, send $2.50 for four yards of material 36 inches wide.*

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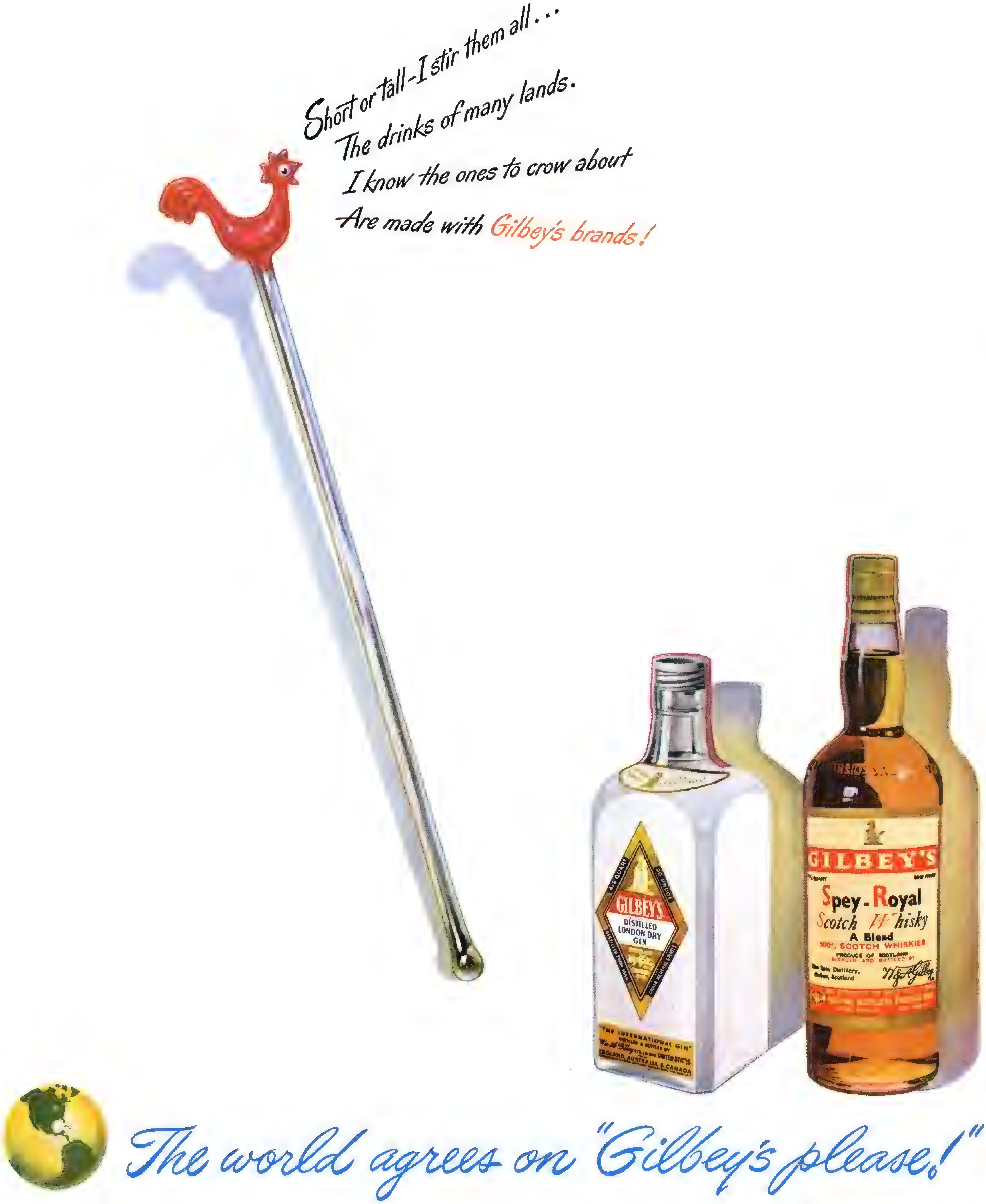
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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MAN'S TRIUMPH OVER THE PROSTATE

by FRED C. KELLY

Of every 100 men who read this article, 40 are slated to suffer from prostate trouble, yet medical science assures them surgery does not influence virility; a recent patient here reveals the encouraging facts of the case

FINALLY I went to a doctor. For a year or two I had been taking an unusual interest in the location and proximity of lavatories. My daily routine had become a bit complicated. If I went to a little social gathering in the evening without my own conveyance and someone offered to drive me home, I invariably thought it prudent to make an excuse that I needed exercise and preferred to walk. Then, if it was too far to walk, I'd hail a taxi. I wanted to be a free agent, able to pause, at my own time and risk, at any convenient and properly equipped restaurant or bar. Once I had to make a public speech, and, though I took precautions, I was full of anxiety lest I should have to leave the platform abruptly, without explanation, while the audience wondered. It was evident enough that I should tell a doctor of my problems, but I had delayed, fearing his inspection might be painful. Finally, though, I did go.

After a brief examination, not painful, the doctor said the trouble was with my prostate gland, a little device at the neck of the bladder. The standard size of the prostate gland is about that of a chestnut, but sometimes the gland shows an ambitious growth and then it pinches the bladder outlet. That was what had happened to me. I asked the doctor if my situation was unusual or alarming. He laughed reassuringly and said oh, no, that about two of every five men aged fifty or more have to do something about the prostate; that the trouble is fairly common after the age of forty, and happens even to those in the thirties or younger. The total number of such cases has been increasing, because of the greater length of life—more men than ever before living to a ripe age. "Frequency" is usually the first signal that something is amiss.

Then he started to do something I felt almost sure I was not going to enjoy—to poke a rubber tube, a catheter, all the way into my bladder. He used a local anaesthetic and I did not suffer quite as much discomfort as I had expected, but I was just as well pleased when he had completed his observations and yanked out the tube. His tests showed, he said, that I had been retaining too much fluid in my bladder, and this, if continued, would do harm. It put an extra burden on my kidneys, and my blood stream could become poisoned. However, he next told me something encouraging, about a relatively new form of medication, with a hormone content. Swallowed in the form of pellets or capsules, it may shrink the prostate within a short time, permitting the patient to go on his way rejoicing. The only catch to this, he told me, is that the stuff works on only about one patient in five; and there is no known explanation of why it is effective on one and not on others. I should try it for ten days and then come for another test.

Having a good record for luck, I felt sure of falling within the twenty per cent for whom the medicine would be effective. The doctor was a smooth-faced, youngish chap with an intelligent expression, who seemed to know what he was about, and I came away in a cheerful mood, convinced that I had little to worry about.

As it turned out, my lucky star was not at perihelion. At the next examination I showed no improvement. My fluid retention was about eleven ounces, even more than before. I didn't like the sober look on the doctor's face when he noted this. He said I must have a blood test and sent me to a laboratory. The next day I learned that the non-protein nitrogen in the blood, normally represented by a figure between twenty-five and thirty-five, was up to nearly fifty. If this got worse, the doctor informed me, I would be in serious danger of uremic poisoning—which, it seems, is not considered good.

He said we'd try the medicine two weeks longer.

"I'll take plenty of exercise," I suggested. "Maybe that will help."

He frowned. "Don't take *any* exercise that you can avoid," he cautioned. "Mustn't burn up tissue and put more work on the kidneys."

"Not even go to an indoor pool for a swim?"

"That would be the worst kind of exercise just now, because you might catch cold and a cold could be a serious complication."

"How about helping the bladder by cutting down on tea and coffee or other fluids?"

"Take *plenty* of fluids as long as they're non-alcoholic. Drink lots of water. Drinking less would only add to the ratio of solids, with more irritation."

"What if after another two weeks the medicine hasn't taken hold?"

"Then," said the doctor, in a casual way, as if it were nothing to get excited about, "you'll have no alternative but to resort to surgery."

That nearly scared me to death. Surgery! I had never thought of a serious operation as anything that could happen to *me*. Except as a visitor to a maternity ward, I had never been inside a hospital, and I pictured a hospital stay as a little like being in a Buchenwald camp. However, I recalled that a friend of mine had undergone a prostate operation and was able to leave the hospital in less than a week. The surgeon had used what is known as the trans-urethral method, with no outside incision. I asked the doctor if that was the method, if any, he would use on me. He told me I would be foolish to have that type of operation as it would mean removing only part of the gland, and after from three to eight years the remaining part might enlarge again; inasmuch as my physical condition was generally excellent and I could stand a major

(Continued on page 121)

the

last Snake

The author of *The Big Sky* deals his hero a rugged hand—Indians, a wild white bear, and a Frenchman with iron fists

by A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

THE noises of the night kept Ross awake. He lay under his bush and listened, his mind building things out of the sounds that he couldn't place.

There was the lipping of the Missouri along its banks, the rush and mutter of the current, the whine of the west wind in the trees that rose darkly above him, the far howling of wolves. These he could account for. But the crackling of a twig, the give of the willows, as if brushed by skin or fur, by Pawnees or Sioux or Rees or the great, fierce bear that mountain men told about! He saw them in the dark—Pawnees with roached combs of hair and painted faces, the white bear smelling him out, its jaws dripping. They made Carpentier seem tame. Almost, he would have welcomed Carpentier.

He lay tense under the bush, needled with alarms, feeling danger closing in, feeling the great lost distances of the Missouri pressing him, seeing the days ahead in a long parade of frights and fatigue and hunger. A coyote yipped close, and he pictured Indians making animal noises as they crept ahead with their scalping knives, and fright threaded through him, running along with his blood.

He had given in to fear. It had seeped into him day by day as the keelboat fought the mad Missouri and the gentle hills and woods of home had run out into bald, deserted deeps of land and sky. He had given in to fear and felt no shame about it. It left no room for shame. He had to get away, away from the dreadful distances, away from even dreader things ahead, back to St. Charles or St. Louis or the farm he'd left, where trees and houses arose round a man and, if he liked, at night he could hear the give-and-take over glasses in taverns.

Through his bush he could see a handful of stars, shining far off and lonely, paling to the upcoming moon. He wished for morning to come so that he could see, so that he could be on his way, hard though it was, through thickets and trees and deadfall along the river. Along the bare hills the going would be easier, except that Indians might spot him and cut his scalp away.

The cold of earth was creeping into his clothes, inside the worn breeches, inside the coat, into his smallclothes, inside the skin itself, so that he knew how it was with a snake.

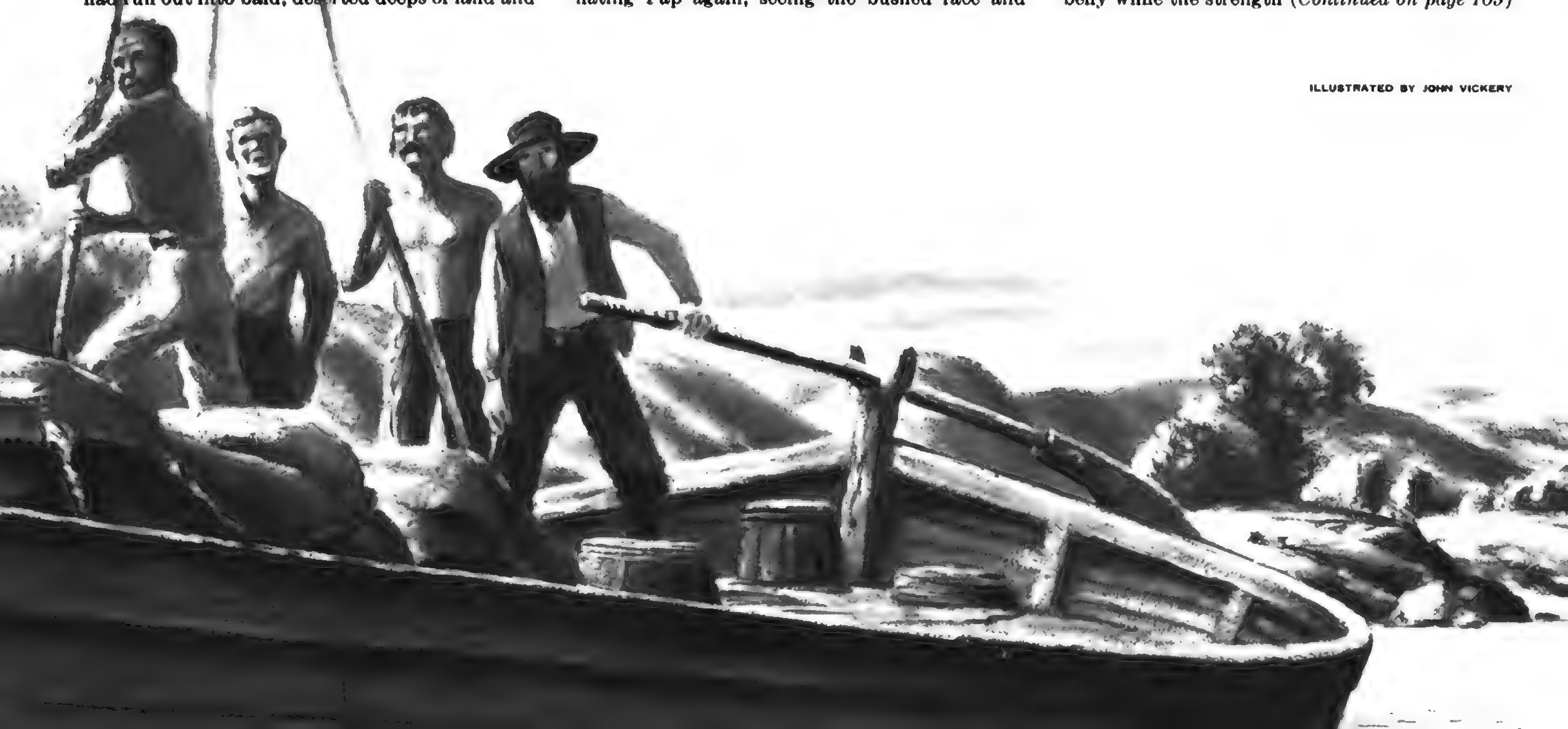
His Pap had said you had to kill your own snakes, and Pap had killed his, except at the last. A strong, mean, bossy man, Pap had been saying, "Maul them rails today. Hear!" or "Git the field planted!" or "I'll whop hell out of ye, boy, if'n you don't git off your backside!"

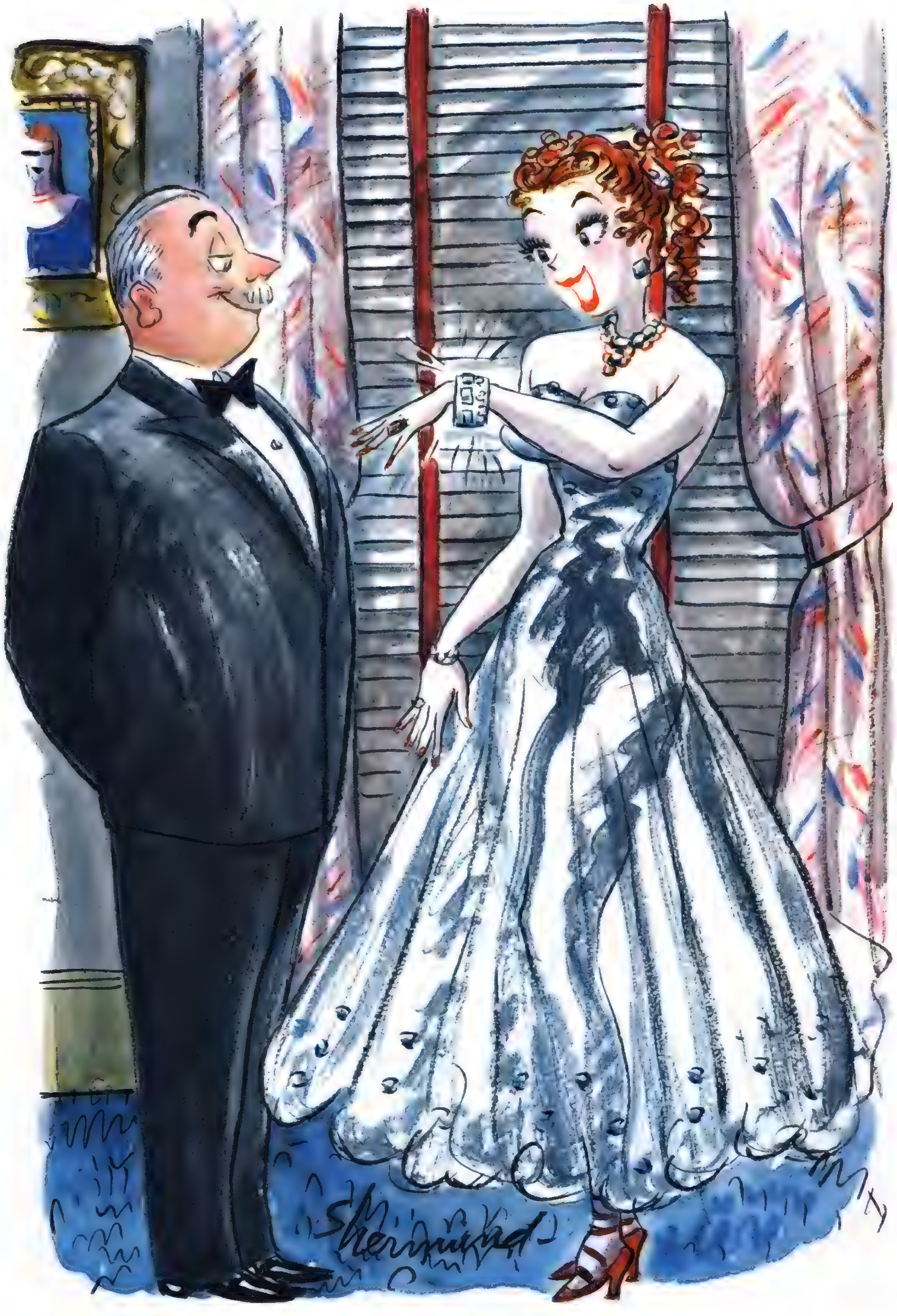
He could listen for noises and be afraid and think about Pap all at the same time, as if part of him was here and part of him back there, hating Pap again, seeing thê bushed face and the little eyes and the hand ready with a whip. Nothing had fazed Pap, not nature or man or anything, until the last. He had stood strong, sure of himself, bossing his family and fighting neighbors if need be. In a way, you had to give him credit.

The wind had lulled to a whisper, and now it was gone Ross thought he heard something—movements off at the edge of hearing, the rumble of voices, a step and silence and a step, and the water quiet now along the shore, and somewhere a bird cried and he caught the whistle of wings. It was a breeze playing tricks in the bushes; it was his ears overstraining; it was just that he was beat down and nervous. He waited, his breath light in his throat, but the sounds didn't come again, and he didn't know whether it was worse or better not to hear them.

At the last, Pap had weakened, and it had come to Ross with a sick jolt that some things were too much even for him. Pap with the bellyache, the long bellyache, and the strong voice whiny, and the little eyes looking for the help he'd never asked before. Pap feeling sorry for himself, saying, "God, can't you help a man?" or "I'm tarnally sick, Andy," or "Seems like I'm too young to die. I don't care to die." His bushed face would twist and his eyes leak tears, and he would pray and pray and hold his belly while the strength *(Continued on page 109)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY





"Why, Mr. Tugmore! Even with a Democratic Congress!"

Fortune Tellers Never Starve

Some of the characters who peer into the crystal ball and the teacup may seem quaint, but they have you well cased in advance—and keep your hand on your wallet

An Article by

WM. LINDSAY GRESHAM

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article, by the famous author of *Nightmare Alley*, is a fascinating and informed exploration into a calling known only to those who have lingered behind the scenes. No seer himself, Mr. Gresham learned some of the tricks of the trade by watching how the "experts" operated during his stint with a "carny" show. His tips indicate what kind of a combination you may be up against when you sit down across the table from a fortuneteller.

A YOUNG woman in a beauty parlor was babbling to a friend. "My dear," she said, "you *must* consult him—I just *know* he can help you. Why, he saved my marriage. You remember when that woman—well, I did just what *he* said, and everything was all right. It's the most wonderful experience. He looks right into your *heart*, and you come away feeling so much better!"

"What's his address?" asked the friend, fishing for a pencil. As she jotted the address down, the beautician, leaning over her shoulder, made a mental note of it; beauticians have their troubles, too.

"If I didn't have him to turn to, I couldn't get along," said the first woman. "He's the most wonderful man!"

Her pastor? Unfortunately, no. Her psychiatrist? She couldn't have spelled the word. No, the lady was talking about her fortuneteller.

No one knows exactly how much money the American public spends yearly on swamis, astrologers, tea-leaf readers, crystal gazers, "character analysts," and "mental-science counselors" —most of them as much fortunetellers as the old gypsy in her caravan. Fifteen years ago, the "fees" of these people were estimated at $125,000,000, and it may easily have doubled by now.

There was a time when people in trouble automatically turned to the minister. The materialism of our age has cut off this source of aid and comfort from multitudes. There will be a time, no doubt, when the worried automatically turn to a psychiatrist. But that time is not yet. Psychiatry, despite its rapid growth since the war, is still scarce, costly, and a little terrifying to most people. Meanwhile, there is no one to give comfort and advice to millions of our people except the fortuneteller. For every psychiatrist treating the mind, there are scores of "psychists" reading the mind; for every patient on an analyst's couch, there are a hundred gazing into a swami's crystal ball.

It is usual, but inaccurate, to dismiss the occult worker as a mere swindler, a spiritual confidence man. Some seers, it is true, are out-and-out crooks. But the majority of them depend on "repeat trade," and to bring a customer back again and again you must give him *something* for his money. By trial and error, by shrewd observation of men, many fortunetellers have worked out long since many of the great truths that official psychology has only just discovered. Before Freud, the soothsayers knew that little boys are often jealous of their fathers; before Adler, they recognized that a brash manner usually conceals a sense of inferiority. As the alchemist preceded the chemist, the herb doctor the druggist, and the midwife the obstetrician, so the average "mind reader" anticipates in technique and knowledge the psychiatrist. He is, in fact, the psychiatrist of the poor; and when he is clever enough he sometimes becomes the psychiatrist of the rich as well.

Bouvier's Law Dictionary defines a fortuneteller as "one who pretends to be able to reveal future events; one who pretends to knowledge of futurity." And this sort of prediction, when done for money, is illegal in many localities. The law, however, leaves room for a multitude of evasions. Even in states where the law cracks down, those throngs who crave "knowledge of the future" find it easy to get.

The most legal method of fortunetelling is also the most efficient. A crystal ball may be seized and produced in court as evidence; the ghost of your grandmother, giving you sage advice in a dark room, may be grasped in the hand and revealed as phosphorescent cheesecloth. But the "cold reader," as he is called in the trade, has no gimmicks except his knowledge of men and his colossal nerve. He reads your mind "cold"—when you walk in, he has never seen you before and knows nothing about you. He looks you over, proceeds to pluck out of your mind your past, your troubles, your hopes, and your fears. As long as he remembers to add, "Of course, I do not claim any occult knowledge of the future!" he is usually pretty safe legally.

The cold reader may have started with an M.D. or a Ph. D., before he discovered the rich rewards of occultism. I know of a girl trained as a psychiatric social worker, now reading palms in a carnival "mitt camp." She is making so much money that she is hardly likely to go back to pounding tenement stairs and bearding drunken husbands in their dens. Her professional knowledge paid very little before she learned to give it an occult disguise.

One "reader" ruefully tells an ironic story on himself. Athirst for more legality, more dignity, he once sought out a struggling young doctor in a small Eastern city and made him a proposition. The "mentalist" had many customers, chiefly women in middle life, whose main worry was their health. Could he send them to the doctor—for, of course, a certain percentage of the fee? The young medico thought of his professional ethics; but he also thought of his empty pockets. He accepted, and for some time both doctor and reader did well.

But the doctor was still worried about the ethics of fee-splitting. Then he had an inspiration—why split them? He had a legal right to be a psychological counselor himself! Eventually his medical knowledge made him so successful as a reader that the poor fortuneteller, hopelessly outclassed, had to leave town and try his luck elsewhere.

Few secrets are harder to uncover than the "secret knowledge" of the cold reader. Stage magicians, sworn foes of the occult racketeer, speak with contempt of the spirit medium whose tricks they can unmask; but they speak of the cold reader with a kind of uneasy wonder. "Just a little applied psychology!" they tell you hastily, and turn the talk to the latest thing in card manipulations. Yet some of them, who began by trying to expose the mind reader, have been fascinated and drawn into his trade. More than one able magician got additional fame by doing mind-reading shows over the radio. A friend of mine, for many years a successful tax consultant, became a mind reader just for the fun of it. He had learned about human nature from the woes of his tax clients.

A successful magician turned mentalist told me, "The first season I went out, working hotels as an entertainer and giving private readings on the side, I took a whole trunkful of gimmicks along. After six weeks I shipped them all back home. I carried on with nothing but the cold reading. I'm telling you, Bill, a lad who can work the cold reading will never starve."

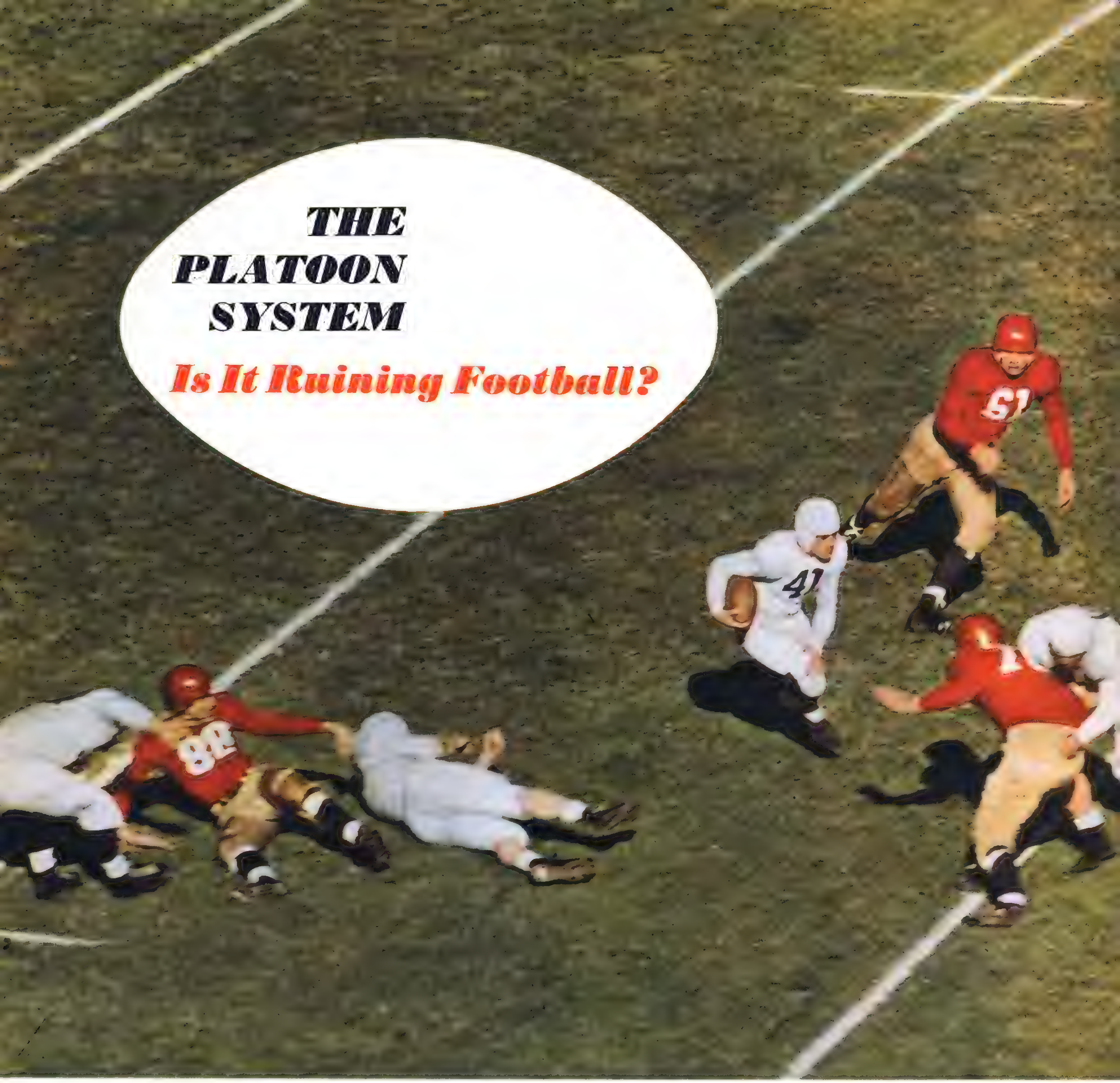
Very little has ever been written about the technique of cold reading. Those who know it have a stake in keeping it unknown by others. But in the catalogue of an occult supply house—dealing in crystals, ectoplasm, and brain (*Continued on page 137*)

EXIT
DEDINI

"Did you see anything of a foundation?"

THE PLATOON SYSTEM

Is It Ruining Football?



Yes!

Coach Harvey Harman, past president of the American Football Coaches Association, feels system destroys personal advantages of the game

HARVEY HARMAN, COACH, RUTGERS

College football may be considered a business by athletic associations, alumni, and cynics, but it is still a game to me. The free-substitution rule now in effect clears the way for the platoon-style of play in which you have two teams, one for offense and one for defense. Such specialization can change football into an entirely different game from the one we now know.

It might be faster, slicker, and theoretically more perfect. But I won't like it.

I want to be a coach, not a traffic cop.

My feelings are pretty well summed up in the remarks of a veteran who played an all-around game before the war and came back to find himself a defensive right tackle. One day, after shuttling on and off the field in orderly fashion all afternoon, he said, "Hell, this isn't a football team, it's an army. This isn't a game, it's maneuvers."

This is simply a personal and perhaps selfish attitude. If the platoon system continues, I won't like it because the pleasures and satisfactions that come to me through coaching will be partly taken away. I won't like it because the players will not be getting full benefit from the game. And, what's *(Continued on page 126)*

70
70
83
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14

KODACHROME BY DAVE AND HY PESKIN

No!

Army Coach "Red" Blaik defends specialization, holds that it will bring the fan better, faster games and give more boys a chance to play

EARL H. BLAIK, COACH, WEST POINT

The so-called platoon system of football has already improved the game markedly. It is here to stay and the game will be the better for it from everybody's point of view—that of the player, the coach, and the spectator.

It is a simple matter of efficiency. Even the die-hards who cling to old-fashioned techniques and customs will have to admit, sooner or later, that platoon play gives more athletes a chance to play better football. And if that isn't an achievement that's eminently worth-while, we might as well turn in our uniforms.

The reasons in favor of platoon (i.e., free-substitution) football are so numerous and obvious that it seems almost unnecessary to list them.

In the first place, more boys are able to play, not only because we can use two teams, offensive and defensive, but also because the fellow who is not a good all-around player, but is accomplished in a special phase of the game, can serve importantly. Previously, such men spent most of their time on the bench. Now there is a need and room for more and more specialists. Lots of fine football talent will be coming to light—talent that might have (*Continued on page 128*)

the deerslayer

by STEPHEN COLE illustrated by ROBERT OSBORN

Bow-and-arrow hunting? You can give it back to the Indians

The first time I went deer hunting with bow and arrow I couldn't find the forest; five o'clock in the morning is always a confusing time to me. I chased that elusive patch of woods for a fruitless hour. When it was light enough to see, I was driving aimlessly down a forgotten road, and there I came upon my first human being—a local character, I thought, presumably out to milk his cows or make corn liquor, or whatever those hillbillies do.

It happens, though, that I had stumbled on Bill Casselberry, and he soon set me straight in my directions. Bill knows every foot of the Bent Creek Watershed that I was trying to locate. It's his business to, for he owns a guest ranch in the neighborhood, and his riding trails wander through the whole game preserve. I was happy to see him.

He joyfully abandoned the trail-grading that he had possibly been thinking about doing and crowded into my car to act as pilot. As we clattered along, he indicated my archery tackle and asked, "You going hunting with those things?"

"Yes," I said, with considerable dignity.

Bill, I have since learned, often has nothing to do except needle inoffensive people. Right then, in any case, he grated out what might have been a laugh and said, "Well, aren't you the damn fool."

I was hurt; but I swallowed my pride and proceeded to lecture Bill. I reminded him of Creçy and Agincourt, when the English clothyard shaft penetrated armor front to back, including the unfortunate Frenchman inside. I told him that the American Indians used to kill buffalo—and not with their fists. I recounted the exploits of Art Young and Saxton Pope, who had successfully investigated the possibility of killing lions and suchlike with the bow. I stopped the car to shave my arm for him with the edge of a broadhead—and was rather pleased when the razor-sharp thing cut me. Warming to my work, I assured him truthfully that killing bear, moose, elk, panther, boar, and deer with arrows was a commonplace; that the hobby was respectable because Erle Stanley Gardner was an archer; and that Howard Hill had slain a fifty-foot sperm whale with one shot. I threw the whole book at him, but when I ran out of breath he was still unconverted.

"Deer move faster than whales," he said. "Besides, they're smaller. You're still a damn fool."

"I'll come back by your place and prove it to you," I told him as I put the car into gear.

"Don't need proof," he said, meanly. "Believe it already." Then—perhaps it was the hurt look on my face—he relented. "Tell you what," he stated. "I'll show you a couple of places to hunt. And you stay at my ranch until you get your deer."

I wish I had that offer in writing, the cost of living being what it is.

At the Ranger Station I handed over my hunting license. That license, incidentally, was North Carolina Permit Number One. And nobody had applied for Number Two—this was the State's first bow hunt. For three days I was to have the one-hundred-thousand-odd acres of Pisgah National Forest all to myself, with lots of deer thrown in for company.

I pondered that fact after Bill had put me on a stand in an open meadow and left me to my meditations. "There'll be a deer by here this morning, like as not," he had said, so I began to imagine the headlines that would appear under my picture in the paper: "Local man is first to kill deer with bow and arrow in Pisgah Forest since the day of the Cherokee Indians." That seemed somewhat long for a headline, but I thought they might possibly run it.

A couple of hours later, I remembered that Bill loves a practical joke. A brief walk put me on another stand of my own choosing, and there Bill found me asleep shortly before noon.

"There's a deer grazing in the meadow where I had you," he told me.

"Oh," I said.

Bill took me to another stand, near a salt lick, and this time he stayed around to keep an eye on me. About two o'clock he stretched and broke the silence. "Deer aren't moving much today," he said, sagely.

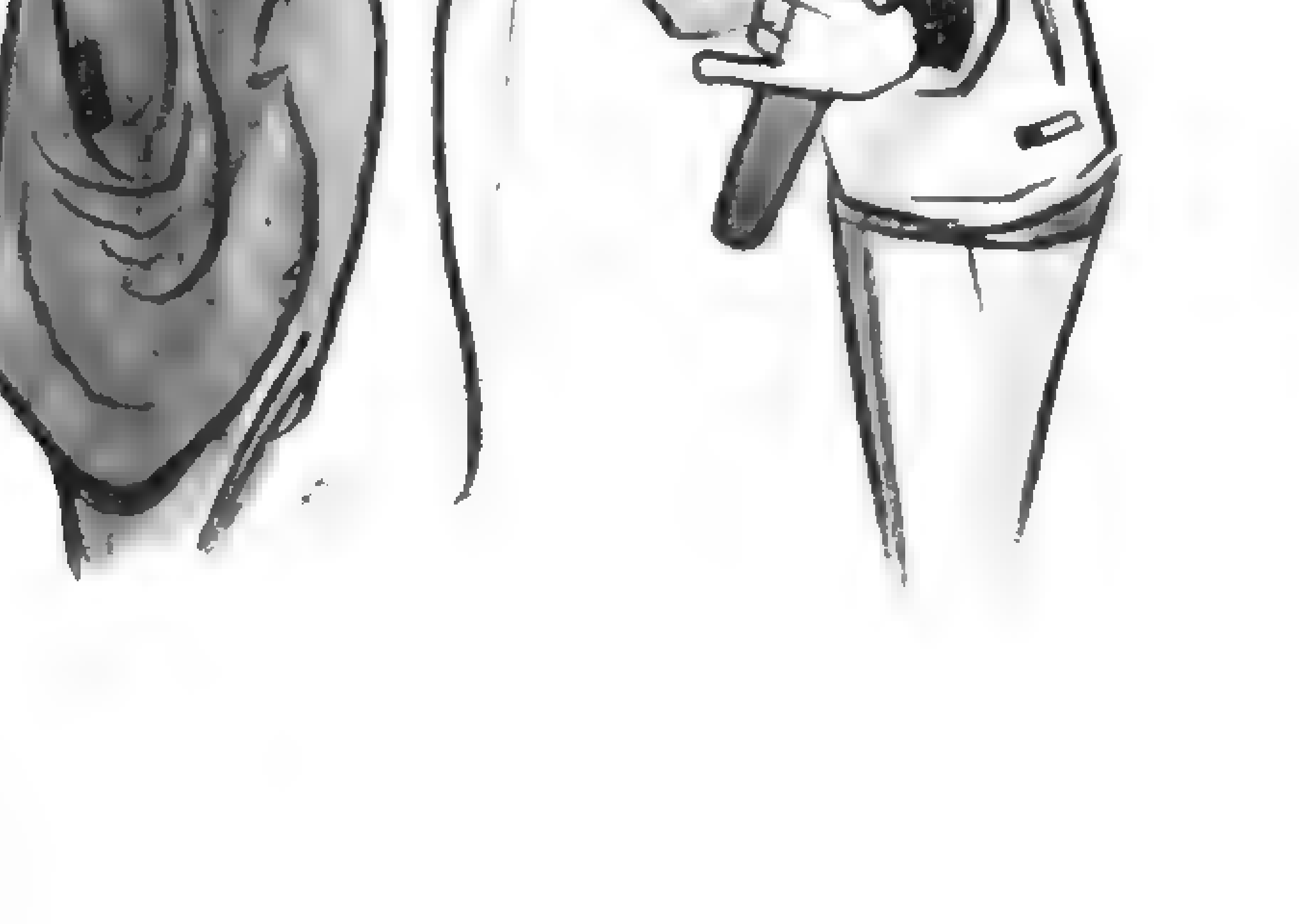
I agreed, in a tone that tried to put the blame where it belonged.

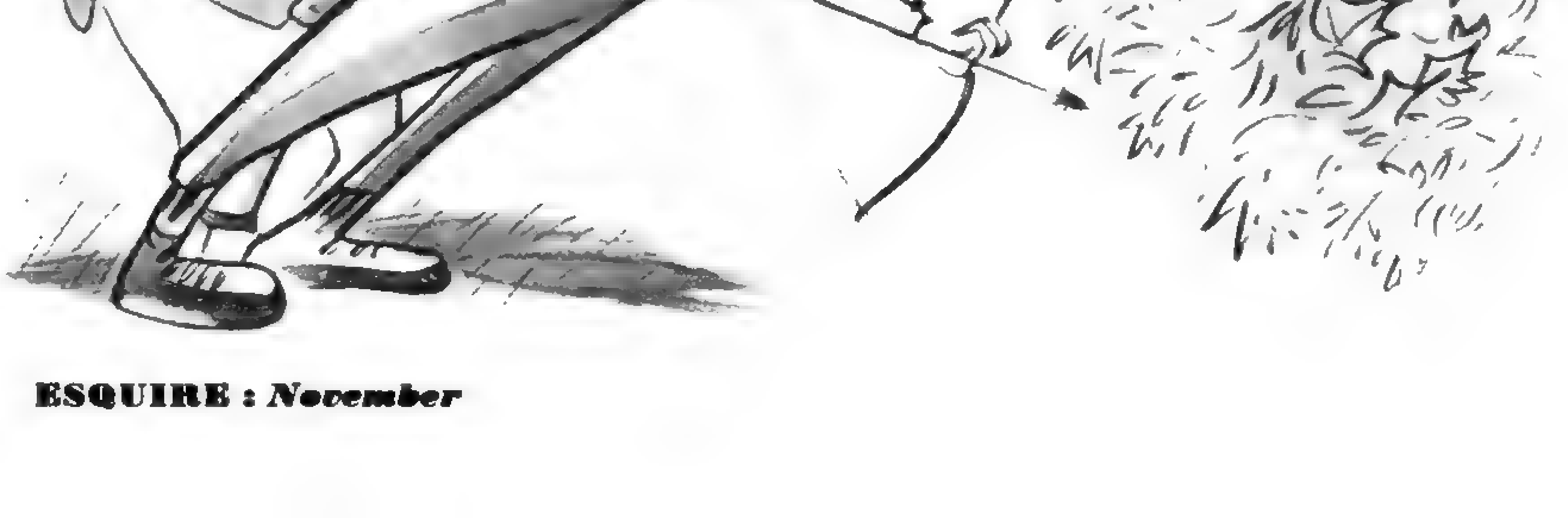
Bill blandly failed to get it. He sat up, scratched, looked my equipment over, and said, "Let's see you shoot." He pointed out a sapling fifty yards away, a sprout nearly two inches thick. "See the patch of grey about two foot up that dogwood tree?"

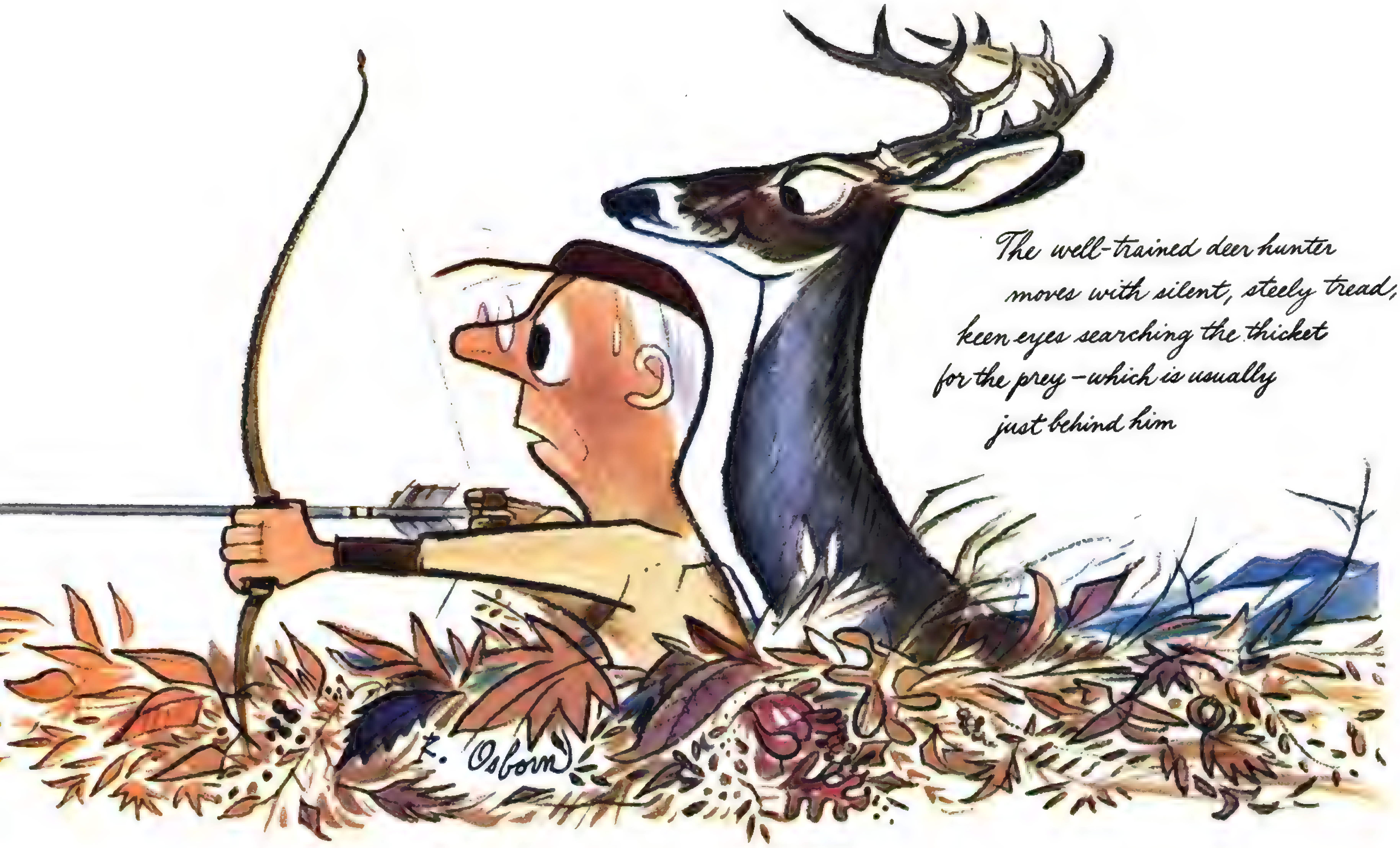
I could just make out the starveling weed itself, let alone the alleged spot of lichen, but of course there was only one thing to do. With Bill breathing over my shoulder, I took aim and loosed. The arrow sped true and struck home, obviously in the center of the proper spot.

Bill pushed back his moth-eaten hat. Although he said nothing, he seemed impressed, not to say amazed. So was I.

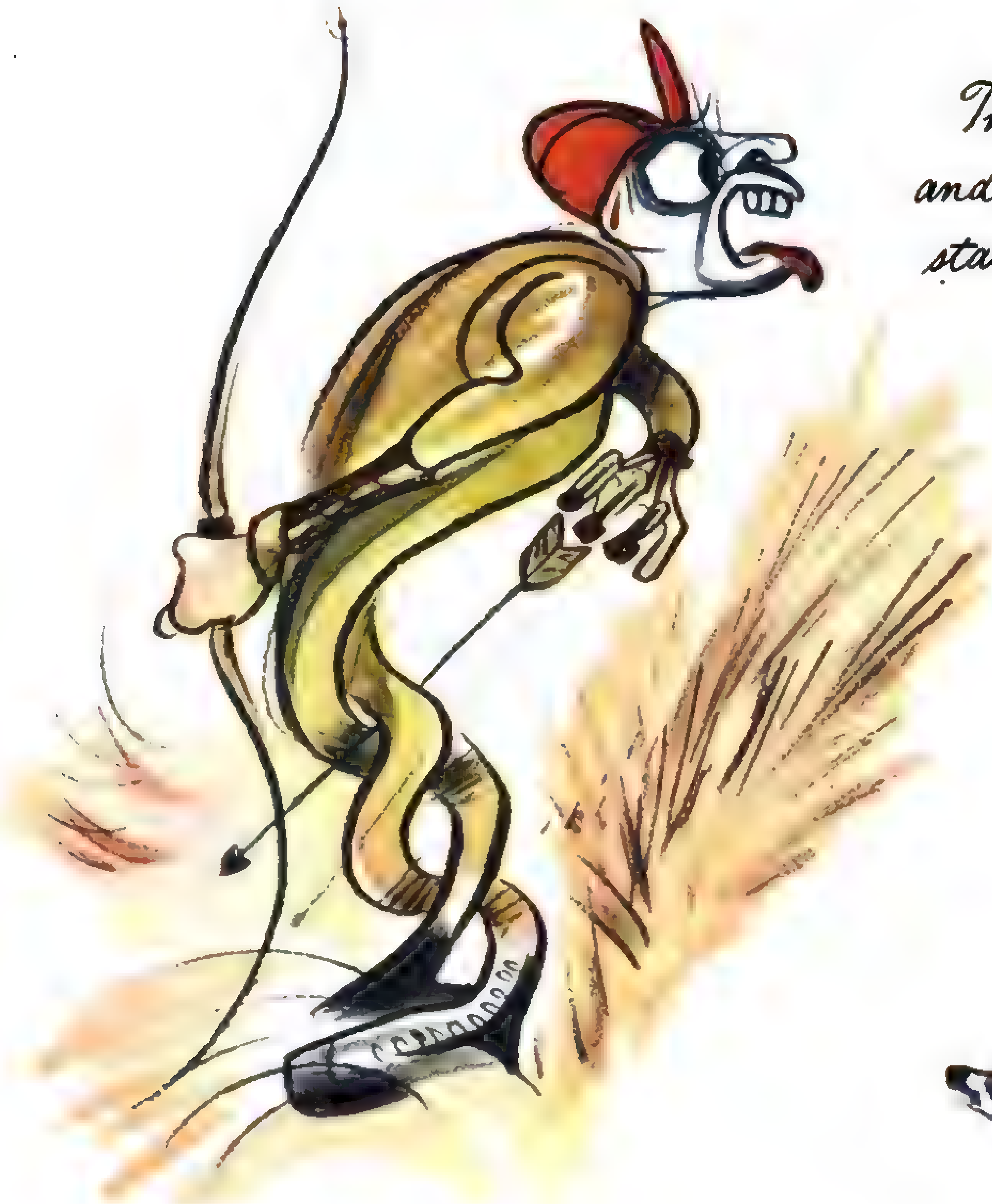
Happily, the little *(Continued on page 133)*



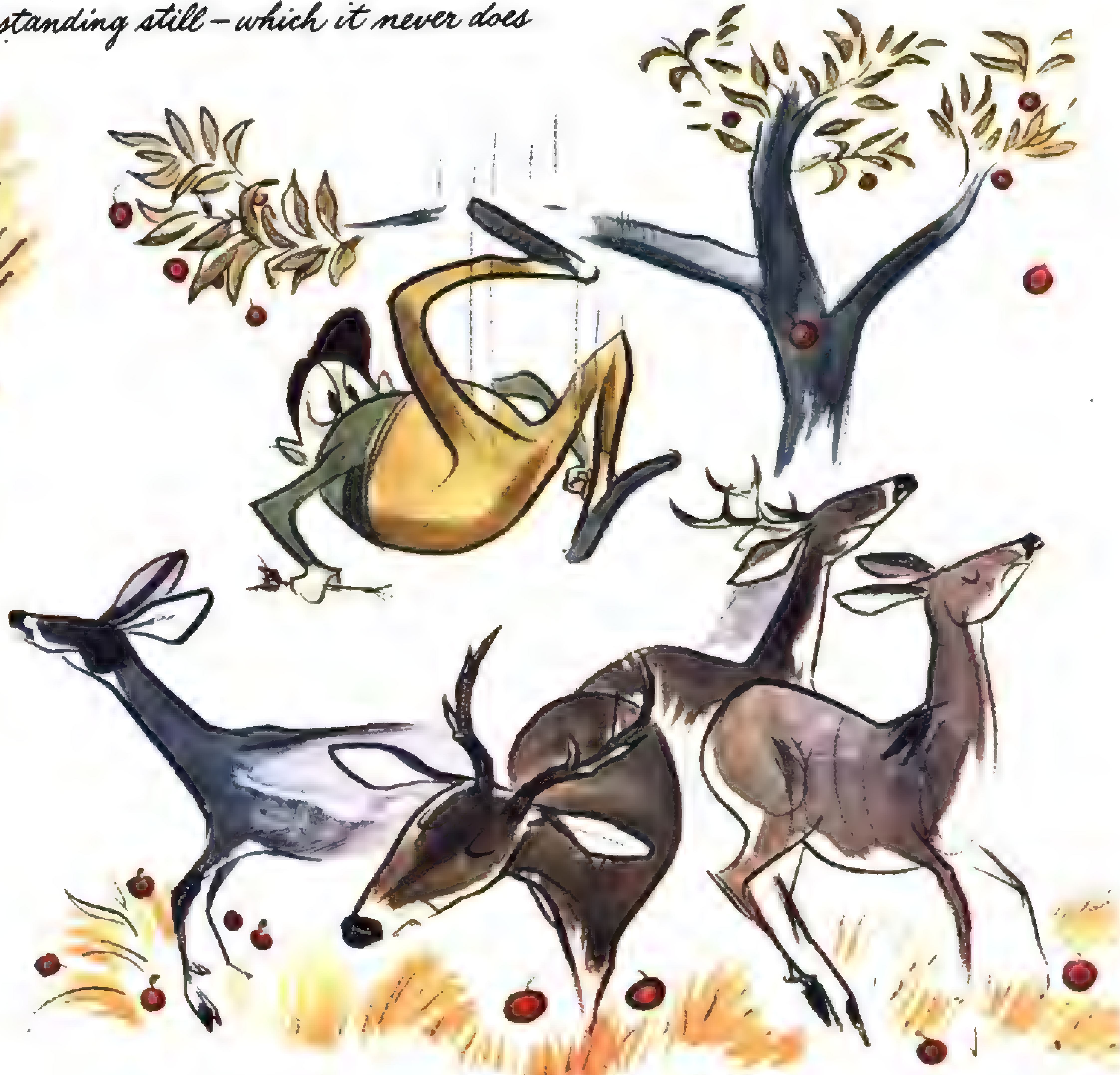




The well-trained deer hunter moves with silent, steely tread, keen eyes searching the thicket for the prey—which is usually just behind him



The American deer is a large animal and presents a simple target when standing still—which it never does



Deer love to graze in grassy dells. The hunter, if ensconced in a tree, is expected to kill them with a well directed arrow, rather than crushing them to death by falling down on them.

Life and Death of James Philpotts

The sad truth is that a good man is usually a crashing bore and life is brighter in the company of a rogue. But there must be some reward, even for a Philpotts

A Story by

BEL KAUFMAN

James Philpotts was a good man—a faithful husband and a dedicated commuter. That is why what befell him is particularly strange. All his life, James Philpotts yearned for the things he denied himself. His childhood and youth were uneventful. In grammar school he received a certificate for punctuality. In high school his only pleasure was playing the violin, in the school orchestra. His photograph in the Senior Yearbook bore this quotation: "They also serve who only stand and wait." He would have preferred something a bit more dashing, like the inscription merited by his classmate, Sanford Simms: "The will to do; the soul to dare." But Sanford was as unlike him as two people can be; he was happy-go-lucky, thriftless and self-indulgent.

It was Sanford who got James a job at the plant where he himself sporadically worked, and there James Philpotts remained for the rest of his natural life. There, too, he met and fell in love with Charlotte, whom he courted, according to custom, by inviting her to join him in eating a succession of luncheons and dinners and digesting them in darkened movie houses. To meet this expense, he sold his violin. Besides, Charlotte did not care for music. After the prescribed length of time and number of meals consumed and digested in unison, they felt they had sufficient community of interests to marry.

They moved into an apartment with an imitation fireplace and furnished it with a number of chairs, tables, lamps, draperies, and ash trays—no more, no less than those of their neighbors. In order to purchase these, he gave up cigars (which his wife detested) and his symphony subscription. Shortly, however, he realized he was disenchanted. Charlotte became slovenly and ill-tempered; but he took comfort in the knowledge that this sort of thing happened to everyone.

His life stretched into an uneventful routine. Every day except Sundays and legal holidays, he took the 8:17 to the plant, entered the gloomy elevator, nodded to one or two morose individuals caged momentarily with him, and exchanged a few words with the elevator operator. In summer the elevator man would inquire whether it was hot enough for him, to which he invariably replied, "It's never too hot for *me*," and the two would chuckle mirthlessly and politely. He got off at his floor, passed the office of Sanford Simms (who was less frequently in it than at the local bar), and entered his own cheerless cubbyhole.

He was now living in an apartment with a *real* fireplace and a reproduction of Van Gogh's flowers over the mantel. In the evenings he liked to ease himself with a little groan into the squeaking chair by the roaring fire, settle down with the evening paper, and feel the peace of the just. On Saturday nights he took his wife to neighborhood movies; on birthdays and anniversaries to movies downtown.

In James Philpotts' fiftieth year a testimonial dinner was given at the plant to celebrate Sanford Simms' promotion. There were speeches, toasts, and expensive cigars, from all of which James abstained. There was also the worst snowstorm of the year, and James was glad to accept Sanford's offer of a lift in his new car. He had to admit that success had left Sanford as friendly and jolly as it had found him. A bit too jolly, he thought uncomfortably, as Sanford drove erratically through the snow and sleet. His windshield was frozen, the road a white flurry, but when James asked him to slow down, he laughed. "You only live once," he said.

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when a heavy truck smashed into them. They were both instantly killed.

James Philpotts was puzzled to find himself in a large, bright waiting room. Sanford was sitting beside him. A number of other people were waiting and more were coming in constantly. It was not until a pretty receptionist handed them black-bordered application cards to fill out that he became uneasily aware of where he was. He made a quick inventory of his entire life and found it to have been almost blameless. True, he recalled his youthful indulgence in music lessons and cigars; on the whole, however, he felt he had nothing to worry about. At last he would be rewarded. It was his due; he hadn't been happy on earth.

The receptionist ushered Sanford and himself into an inner office. The man behind the desk wore a high-collared white jacket, a distinguished Van Dyke, and a look of authority. "Let's see now," he said. "Mr. Simms, Mr. Philpotts." He checked their application cards with a black ledger. "I'm afraid," he said "that you gentlemen are going to be separated. You are bound in opposite directions."

Mr. Philpotts coughed modestly.

"If you'll just sign these papers," he continued, "you, Mr. Simms, will be conducted upstairs. As for you, Mr. Philpotts, I'm afraid you'll have to go down."

It took James Philpotts a full moment to realize what had been said. "But, doctor—your honor—there must be a mistake. Surely, if you examine my record . . . "

"That is my function here," said the chief coldly. "I have examined your record most carefully. Unfortunately . . . " he shrugged. "Mr. Philpotts, did you enjoy your life?"

"Why, no, I wouldn't say—"

"How then," asked the chief, "do you expect to enjoy your afterlife? What do you know of happiness? What experience have you had in that line?"

"But, your honor, it's all wrong!" cried James Philpotts. It was the first time he had ever questioned authority.

From a huge index file, the chief pulled out a card at random. "This gentleman arrived here in the fourth century, B.C.," he said. "Like you, he had faithfully followed all the laws of his tribe. He killed his first-born son and ate no human flesh when the moon was full. Who is to say whether he was right or wrong? Here, Mr. Philpotts, we are concerned only with accommodating everyone. Our aim is to suit every taste. Have a cigar, Mr. Simms."

"But is there no justice, not even here?" cried James Philpotts in desperation.

"Certainly there is justice. What is more just than to give each client what he has been accustomed to? If we gave you the same accommodations as Mr. Simms, you would only be uncomfortable."

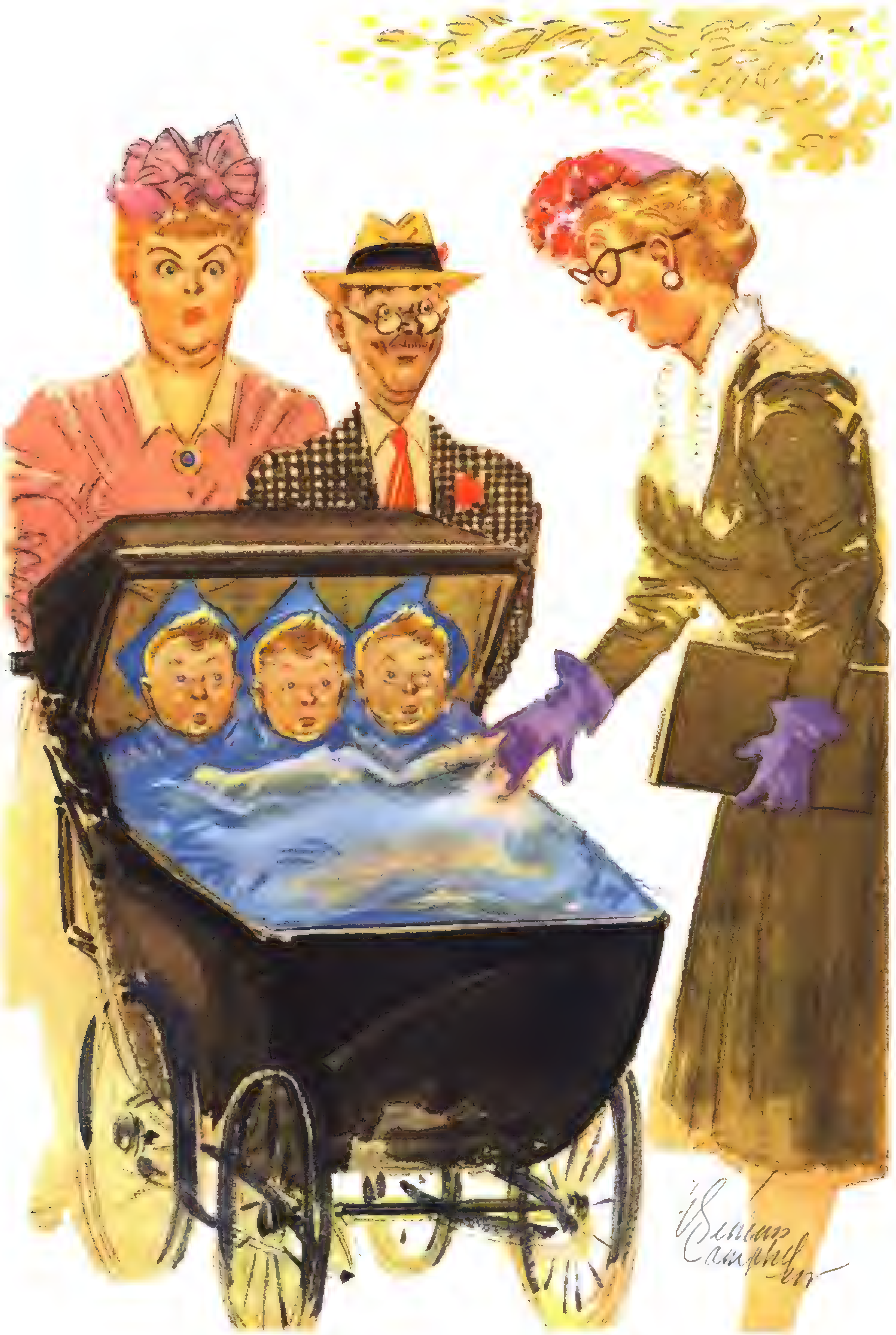
With these words he stamped their two cards and motioned them toward the exit.

A green light flashed over an elevator marked "Express"; its doors opened for a moment to reveal laughing people in evening dress inside. Sanford Simms stepped in and the doors closed. A red light flickered ominously and James Philpotts entered a gloomy cage of an elevator, with a few morose individuals sulking inside. The operator turned and grinned at him. "Hot enough for you?" he chuckled mirthlessly.

It *was* a bit warm in his new quarters—probably near the boiler room, he thought; but he was surprised at the neat furnishings, the reproduction of Van Gogh's flowers over the mantel above the roaring fire.

With a familiar groan of annoyance, James Philpotts eased himself into a squeaky chair. He saw a copy of a newspaper, picked it up, and moved closer to the fire. He began to feel quite at home. ⧺

POLICE
DEPT.



"And what a surprise package you turned out to be, Mr. Bromley!"

THERE WAS A MAN:

JAMES BOWIE

The Southwest's most terrific fighter was a man whose reputation with a knife turned cutthroats into gentlemen, made pistols seem like playthings

It is March 6, 1836. The place: the Alamo Mission, just across the river from San Antonio, Texas. A horde of Mexicans suddenly rushes the fort. Just 188 U. S. frontiersmen — Texans, Tennesseans, Kentuckians — meet them head-on. Fighting is bloody, furious, brief. Then silence. The Alamo is taken. Its defenders, dead.

Two Mexican soldiers, ragged, triumphant, rush inside and suddenly stop at what they see in one of the rooms. The long body of a hawk-faced frontiersman is lying on a cot. The rough cast on his broken hipbone shows that he must have waited for his enemies in that little room and fought from a sitting position on the cot. A discharged pistol is in one huge, muscular hand. And near the other—almost buried by the bloody bodies of nine Mexican soldiers, horribly carved—is the Knife. The two living soldiers draw back in sweaty fear.

The man on the cot is James Bowie. And even in death his Knife frightens his enemies.

* * *

JAMES Bowie and the Knife! Down in Texas, the eyes of old-timers will still glisten as they tell you of the Knife and the man who could use it at its terrible best. Forget the movie idea of an assassin rushing forward, arm uplifted, to plunge a knife into the back of his unsuspecting victim. James Bowie fought face to face with a deadly skill in a day when every man carried a blade with him. There were "Arkansas Toothpicks," pigstickers with a stabbing blade sixteen inches long; there were skinning knives that frontiersmen brought in from the woods; and there was the dreaded Bowie Knife, made especially for dueling, tempered and designed for the killing of men.

When you looked over the knife in James Bowie's hand, and into his cold eyes, the chances were you were looking your last. Three armed assassins, sent to murder him, learned that to their sorrow. Bowie simply beheaded, with one slash, the first of them he could reach from his horse. The second stabbed Bowie in the leg. He dismounted and disemboweled this irritating character. The third ran, but Bowie was after him like a catamount. The Knife split the man's skull to the shoulders. Bowie wiped the blade clean in the grass, smiling grimly. It was a good Knife.

The Knife was heavy and long. It had a sharp point for stabbing, a razor-keen edge for slashing; the top side was sharp for a few inches back from the point, and then the steel was covered with an alloy from there to the crossbars of the handle, so that a man might catch his opponent's cutting edge in the softer metal and thrust to kill, all in one motion. Bowie held his knife low, thumb along the handle, ready for underhand or sidearm slash, or a parry, before the final wicked onslaught that every man in Texas feared.

There is no telling where fact and legend meet in the tales of James Bowie. He was over six feet, he moved like lightning, his muscular co-ordination and power were remarkable even in America's toughest frontier. Yet they say he never fought as the aggressor. He was a gentleman who dueled only when he had to, for safety or for principle.

Raymond W. Thorpe's *Bowie Knife*, tells what James Bowie and his Knife meant to the Southwest:

> "Bowies were drinking blood from New Orleans to Dubuque and from Savannah to the Brazos. Because of the Bowie, Mississippi steamers were transformed into floating morgues, towns depopulated, whole families wiped out overnight.
>
> "The Bowie was used in the early western border wars and throughout the Civil War. It killed in Indian campaigns, and slashed along cattle trails. The Bowie served alike state legislator and blackleg gambler, formal duelist and stalking murderer—as well as professional soldier and hunter."

The artist, Mr. Fletcher Martin, has portrayed James Bowie in one of his most famous duels.

It is 1829. The place, Natchez, Mississippi.

Bowie has chanced upon a card game, in which a gambler has stripped the young son of one of Bowie's friends. Bowie has protested, and the sneering gambler has challenged him to prove his point with weapons.

When they meet next morning to settle the dispute, Bowie is stylishly dressed. But the hard look of the backwoodsman comes onto his face as he says: "We'll fight with knives. I am James Bowie."

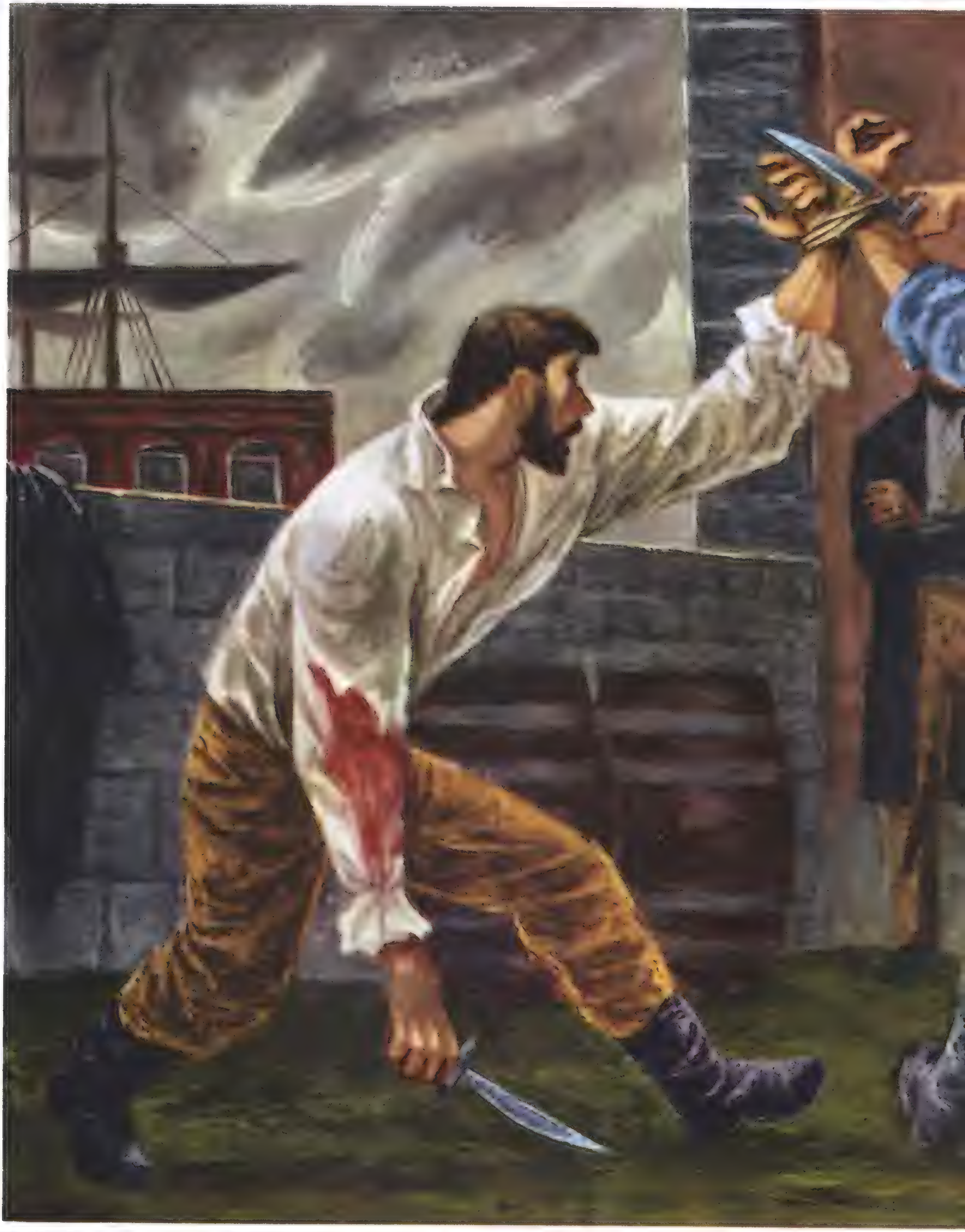
The gambler nearly drops dead with fright: but Bowie motions to the others. The duelists have their left wrists bound together. They draw their knives.

The gambler makes a desperate stab at Bowie. Parried. And—no one could see it—suddenly, Bowie rips his opponent's arm open. The man gasps, weakens, flinches. He waits for the killing thrust to his guts or his throat. Bowie lashes out with his terrible arm, the knife blade flashes in the air. The thongs are cut! Bowie has spared him.

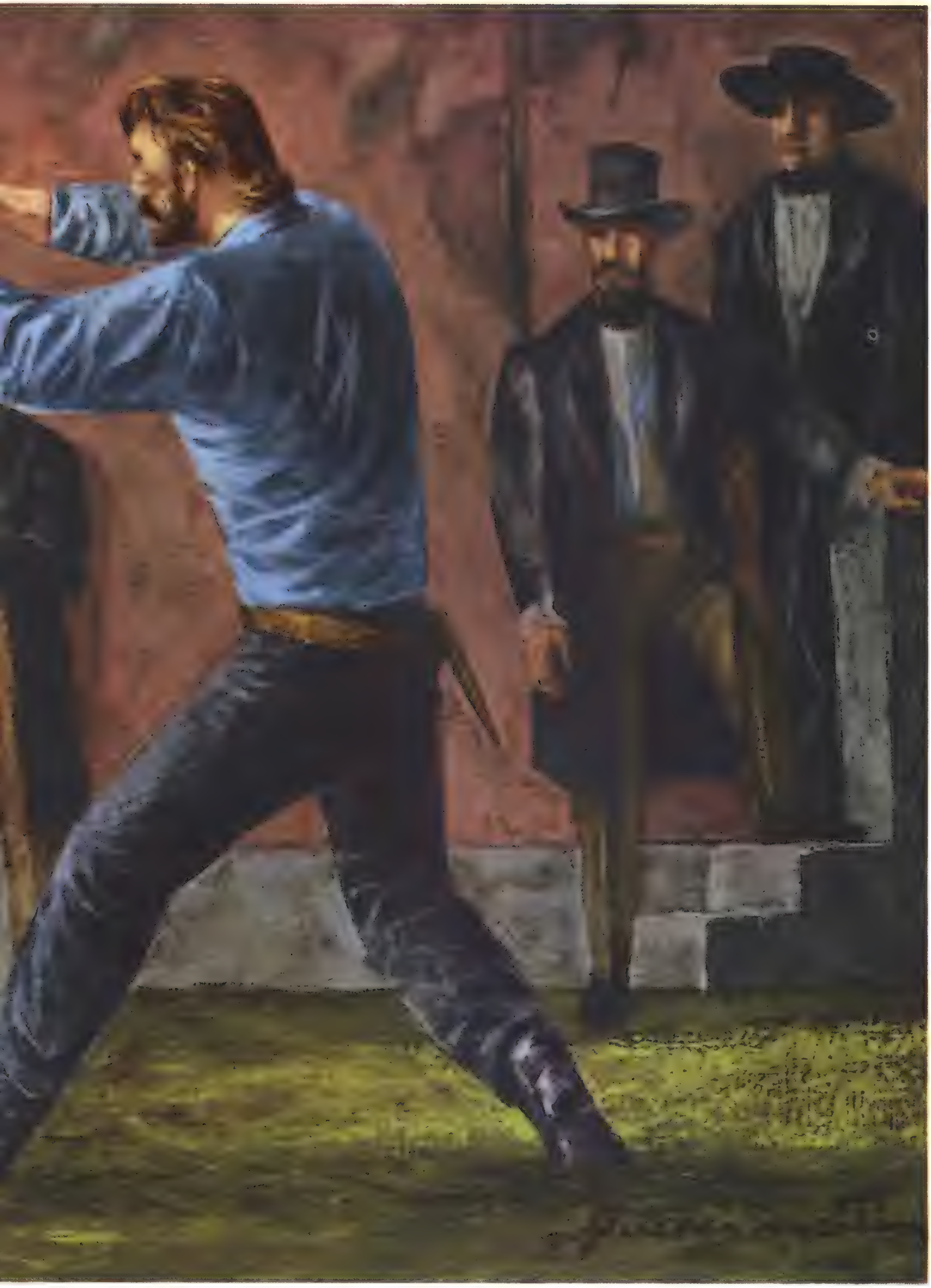
James Bowie looks at his enemy long and hard, then turns away. The gambler understands: no one cheats any friend of James Bowie. No one in the world.

A Knife and a Man: and that was a man indeed.

From Bowie Knife by R. Thorpe. Published by the University of N. Mex. Press; Albuquerque.



THERE WAS A MAN: JAMES BOWIE, CHAMPION KN



PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY FLETCHER MARTIN

NIFE FIGHTER, CUTS DOWN ANOTHER OPPONENT

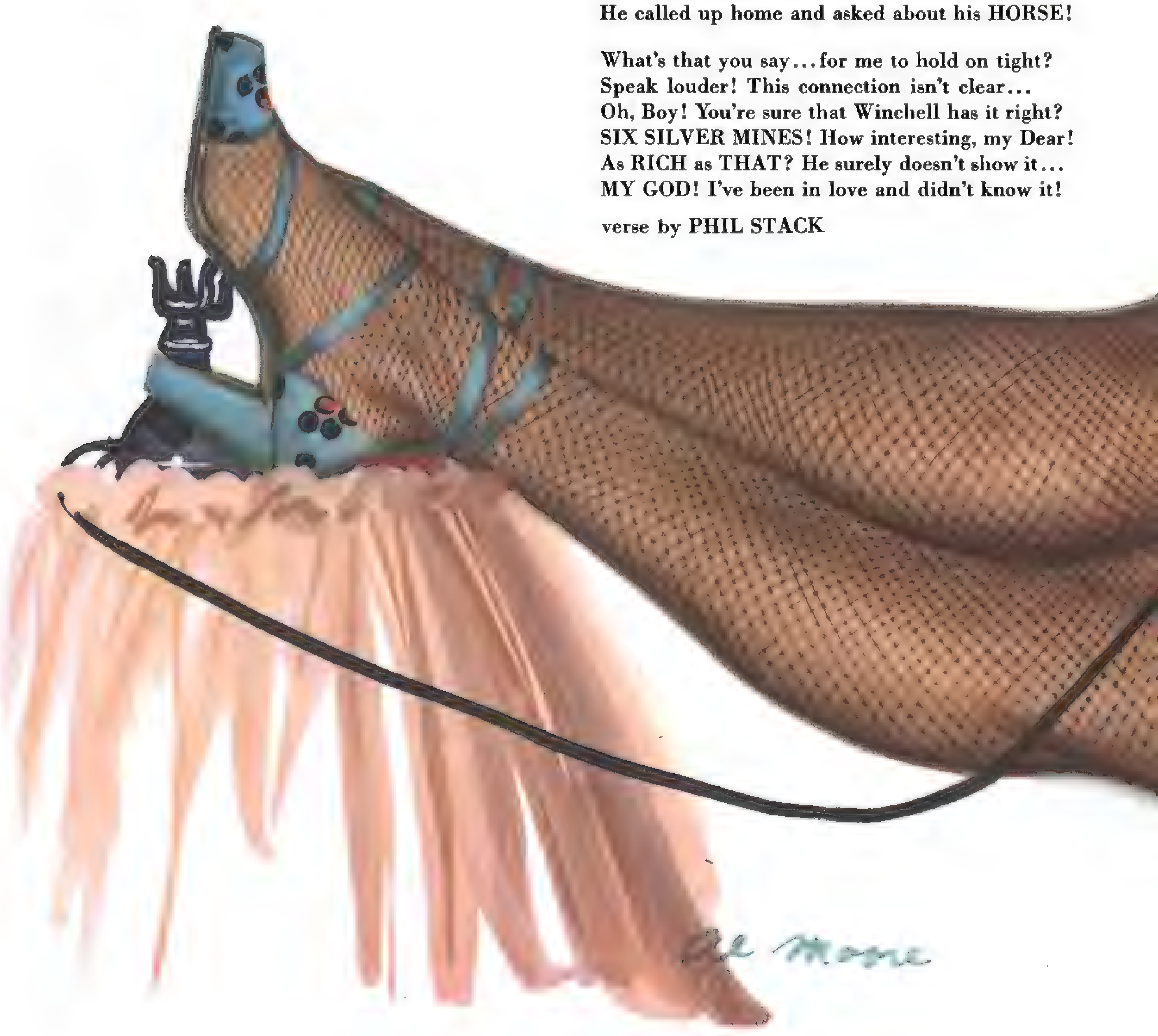
THE ESQUIRE GIRL
PAINTING BY AL MOORE

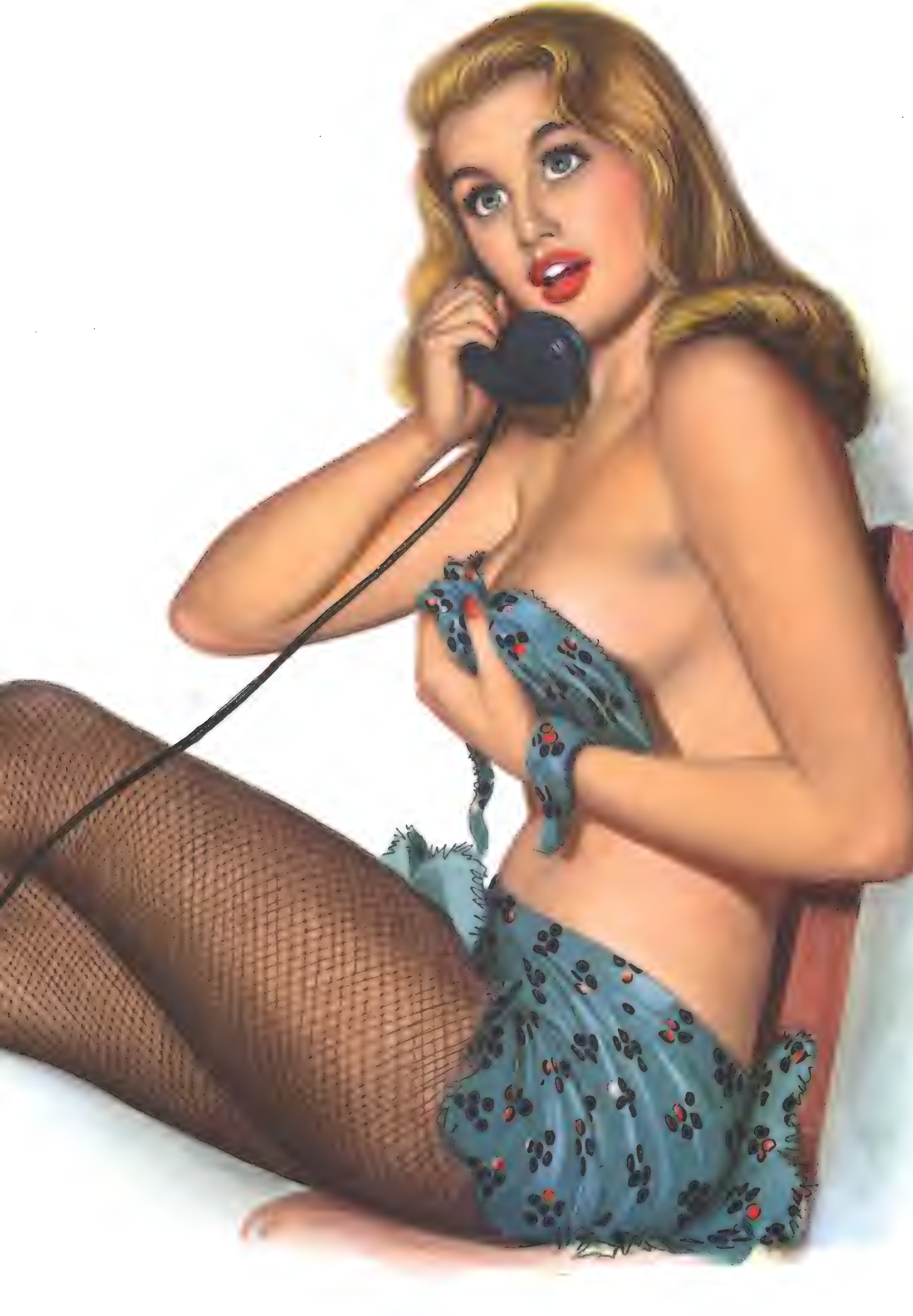
LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT

Irene, I just called up to let you know
That I am signing off that guy from Butte,
Though his intentions may be pure as snow
The way that cowboy rhumbas isn't cute!
He says it's pretty lonely in New York
I even thought the deal was set, of course,
The other night when we were at the Stork
He called up home and asked about his HORSE!

What's that you say...for me to hold on tight?
Speak louder! This connection isn't clear...
Oh, Boy! You're sure that Winchell has it right?
SIX SILVER MINES! How interesting, my Dear!
As RICH as THAT? He surely doesn't show it...
MY GOD! I've been in love and didn't know it!

verse by PHIL STACK





I See Your Face

His courage came from a cocktail, and his daring depended on the darkness; but who is to say what tricks a man should use when he gives beauty the brush-off

A Story by

THOMAS MORGAN

They entered together and took a table in the darkest corner of the room. A couple of mid-afternoon barflies shifted around on their stools to admire the girl's fine figure, but the light was so bad they turned back to their matchsticks.

Without being asked, the moon-faced waiter brought over two Manhattans. They had been regular customers up until a year ago, and you don't forget a couple like this. The waiter remembered that she had been just about the most beautiful girl that ever came into the place and the guy had always been an extremely generous tipper; it was unlikely, under the circumstances, that he would forget that they always drank Manhattans.

"Nice place," the man said to the girl, as he put his sunglasses carefully into a little brown case. He was dressed well. "It might have been only yesterday that I last saw him," thought the waiter, backing away.

"Yes, Dick, it always *was* a nice place. Now it's even better. Nice and dark." She sipped her drink for a moment and then lighted a cigarette.

"I have to tell you something," Dick said, "and I'm not sure I know how to do it. This may be a shock to you, but I—I don't think we should carry on this — this affair — any longer." He wished he hadn't said it so fast. There are some things you ought to go slow with — like, for example, telling a girl you aren't in love with her any more. She said nothing, so he went on. "I did a lot of thinking during that month after I got out of the hospital and you were still in there. And — well, things aren't the same, Martha." He picked up the Manhattan and drank deeply, without tasting.

In a steady voice, she said, "I'm a little confused about this. Yesterday you told me that everything was all right. I don't understand."

A year ago she would have been angry—might even have thrown her drink in his face—but now she had a way of taking everything in her stride that he suddenly found particularly annoying. *She can't possibly understand*, he thought. *How could she possibly know how I feel about this thing?* He drained his glass and crooked his finger at the waiter. She had hardly touched her drink, but he ordered two more.

"I've tried, honey, but I just don't think we'll get along, and it's best if we sort of—well, don't see each other any more." Before calling for her, he had had a couple of drinks. He had thought it all over again then, being very honest with himself, and had at last come to a decision. It took a few drinks to work up the courage for a job like this, but it was a job that had to be done. After all, he was still young and had plenty of money and all the time in the world to find the right woman. So why be a hero? The drinks began pounding in his ears, and he felt tired and impatient.

"This is a little surprising to me," she said. "I mean, we made so many plans. I thought . . . . " There *had* been a lot of plans. They had both agreed that they were going to honeymoon in the North Woods in his father's summer cabin. They were going to take a trip to South America before they were too old to enjoy it—and maybe, too, a trip to Europe. They were going to live in a six-room apartment with Chinese modern furniture and two servants. They were going to have at least three children . . . .

"Martha, after the wreck and everything, I started going out again with Liz, and she and I have been talking, and . . . " He was lying, and they both knew it. He had seen Liz only once since being released from the hospital.

They were silent for a minute while Martha finished her drink and pushed the cocktail glass away from her. Softly, she said, "Remember the time at the beach last summer, Dick? I'm old-fashioned enough to believe that what happened that day meant we were in love. I'm old-fashioned enough to believe that we're practically married already—even though you never gave me a ring." She was very calm, for a girl getting the brush-off. *She's changed a lot*, he thought. Before, she had always wanted lots of compliments and attention. She had expected him to say nice things—and he had said them gladly. Things like "Baby, you're the most beautiful, the most terrific . . . I'd love you if you were deaf, dumb, and stupid." He had meant what he said, too, and she had believed him. They had been very happy.

"Remember the wreck, Dick? I should have let you drive and I've said I was sorry. But I've suffered enough for it, haven't I? What happened to my face kind of makes me even. Plastic surgery isn't so marvelous, is it?"

She ran a finger over the tender red scars that covered her face. The waiter brought two more Manhattans just then. The girl was facing him and he was elaborately careful in setting down the drinks so he wouldn't have to look at her face. It was difficult for the waiter to adjust himself to the fact that this was the same girl. The figure was the same; same kind of expensive clothes too; but her face—it didn't seem possible.

"No," said Dick, "plastic surgery isn't so marvelous." He lighted a cigarette, and the burning match reminded them both, somehow, of the unforgettable unreal moment before they had lost consciousness together in the overturned, flaming car.

"Dick," she said suddenly, "we're still in love. We *are*."

"You aren't making this easy for me." He almost wished that something had happened to her beautiful voice, too. "Honey, I just don't have it any more. I did once, but ever since—well, I don't know. It just isn't there."

"But I still have everything I had before the wreck." She strained her lips into a smile and touched his hand. Quickly, he pulled his hand away. "Everything, anyhow," she said, "except a face."

"Martha, I'm trying to let you down easy," he said. "You've got to realize that I don't love you any more." He sipped his drink tentatively, and then emptied it. He shuddered.

"But what has changed, darling?" Her lovely voice quivered.

How do you tell a woman something like this? He was perspiring and his fingers felt stiff. He was even a little frightened. "Nothing has changed," he said. He kept looking at everything in the room but her. "Nothing has changed. Except—"

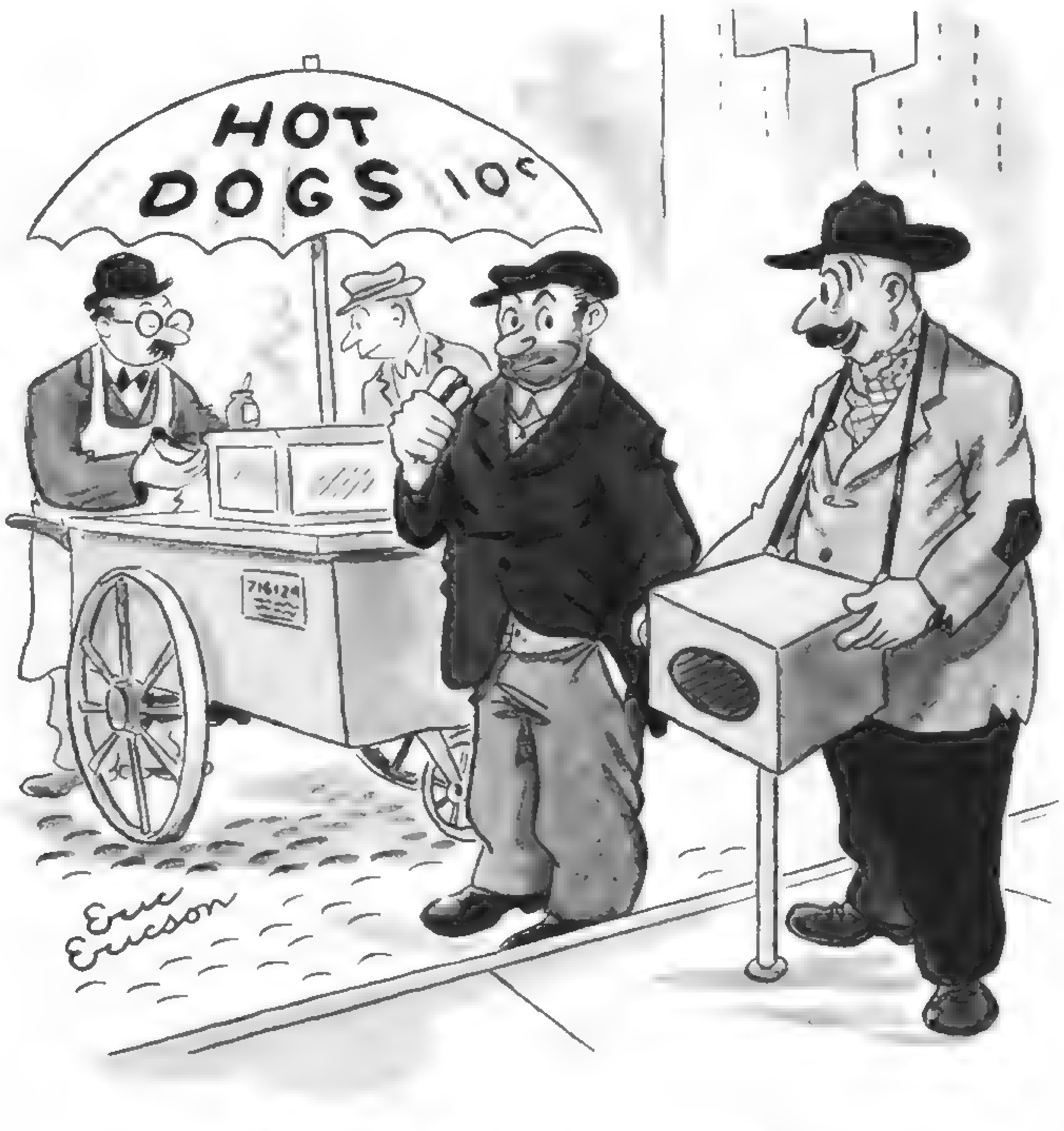
"Dick!" she cried. "You don't want me because you can't stand to look at my face!"

"All right, goddam it, all right!" He spoke in a furious, hoarse whisper that hurt his throat. It was her fault; she had made him say it. "Yes, it *is* your face. Your goddam face. Look at it!"

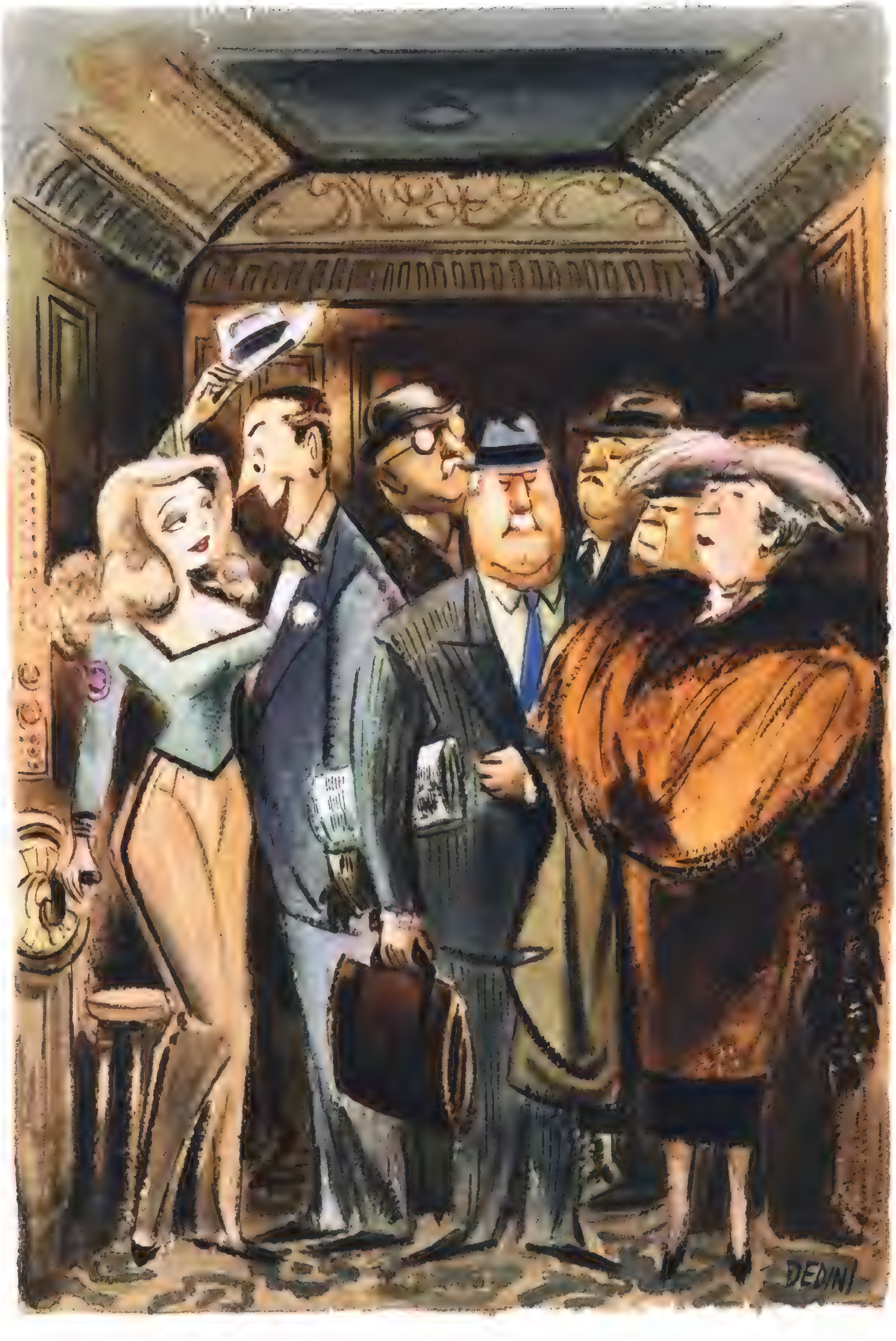
Immediately, he wished he hadn't been goaded into saying it. But Martha was already collecting her things. She rose swiftly, and, as she headed for the door, the barflies turned around again to look at her fine figure.

The waiter brought the check a few minutes later. Dick paid and left his usual generous tip. Then he got slowly to his feet and made his way to the door.

Outside, he adjusted the sunglasses on his crooked nose. A little girl, playing hopscotch on the sidewalk, glanced at his horrible, twisted face, turned away and started to cry. Aware that he was pretty tight, he walked carefully down the street. ###



"Some dinner music, sir?"



"I've discovered more movie stars this way . . ."

Wide-Awake Dreamer

Bill Zeckendorf, the real-estate operator who found a home for the United Nations, is a big, booming man with big, booming ideas about re-doing urban America

An Article by

STANLEY FRANK

It is a wry commentary on these muddled times that the United Nations' search for a permanent home ended in a gaudy night club on a surge of the good will that comes in champagne bottles. It also was characteristic of Bill Zeckendorf, a rather improbable young fellow, that he casually abandoned a $150,000,000 building project to offer to the United Nations one million square feet of choice New York City real estate at any price the U. N. cared to pay. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. promptly gave the U. N. a place to hang its hat by buying the property for $8,500,000—slightly more than it had cost Zeckendorf to assemble in painstaking, piecemeal lots.

This impulsive gesture interfered seriously with Zeckendorf's hobby, which is collecting pictures of deceased Presidents on greenbacks. Any altruism that inspired it was strictly in behalf of another pursuit, which, fortunately for the public interest, he follows with equal zeal: Bill Zeckendorf is the self-appointed leader of a crusade to lift and beautify the ugly, contorted faces of large American cities.

Some authorities, confounded by the scope and audacity of Zeckendorf's grandiose plans for urban redevelopment, call him overidealistic. Others, who have good reason to respect his talent for getting things done, predict that he will exert a profound influence on the next generation's living habits.

For the last decade, Zeckendorf, a forty-four-year-old real-estate operator, has been holding a stethoscope to the labored, congested breathing of our metropolises, and he is appalled at the alarming symptoms he finds. All leading centers of population and industry, he cries, are dying of decay and strangulation for lack of imaginative city planning. A silly fetish for bigness, nurtured by civic pride, had led to abuses that are exposing residents of large cities to mounting aggravations.

Zeckendorf has the faculty of describing a problem in a manner that suggests the solution. Witness his analysis of the parking situation, which is giving all cities the leaping fantods:

"We stack people vertically in skyscraper apartments and office buildings, but we're still parking cars horizontally in garages and lots. This dopey, archaic approach is largely responsible for the current mess. Property in downtown areas is so expensive that operators of parking lots, to break even, must charge as much for a car as a moderate-priced hotel asks for a room. Space is at such a premium that people willing to pay any price for parking can't be accommodated."

Why, then, don't we build skyscraper garages?

"Do you want to wait a half-hour to have your car delivered to you?" he demands. "That's how long it would take with the devices we have now. There are only two methods for getting cars in and out of garages—the ramp and the elevator. The ramp was conceived by the Egyptians and the elevator is a nineteenth-century invention that's too slow to do the required job. We need something that will whisk cars away and return them in a few minutes."

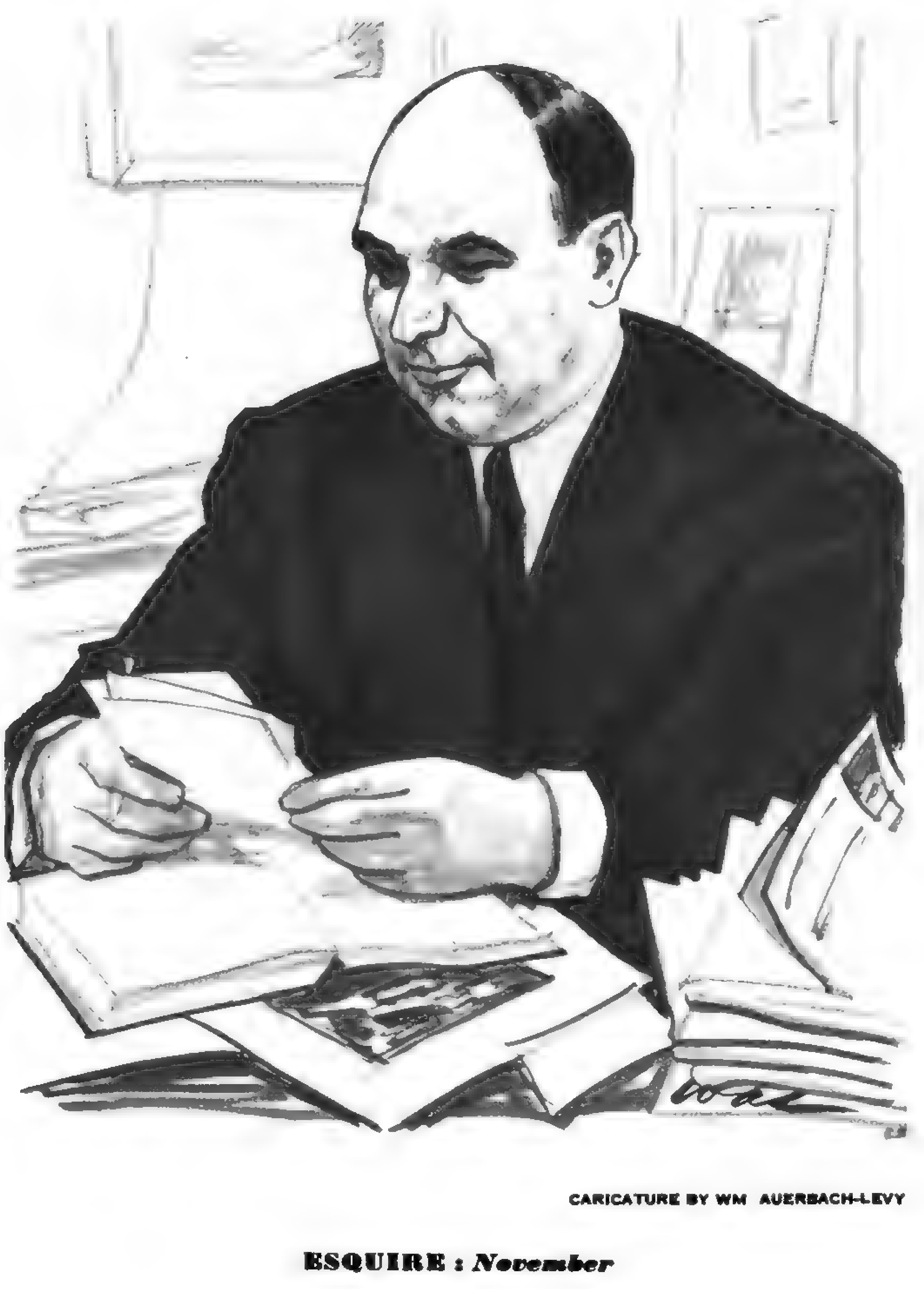
What's the answer?

"If I haven't got it," he says blandly, "I sure as hell have wasted a lot of time and money on a new gadget. If we can get a few bugs out of the thing, you'll be able to lock your car, have it carried ten stories above the street by pressing a button, and get it back by pushing another button."

A working model of this revolutionary garage, built at a cost of $250,000 over a three-year period, recently was shown to certain civic authorities, who were so enthusiastic that they began talking of municipal subsidies to launch it. The feature of the contraption is a vertical conveyor, like a Ferris wheel, equipped with dollies. A customer drives his car onto a dolly at street level, then gets from a switchboard operator a perforated disk that is literally the key to the location of his car. The conveyor takes the car to the proper floor, where it is carried to the designated place by an overhead trolley. When the owner retrieves the car, he puts the disk in a slot machine, which indicates how much is owed and also starts the return process automatically. The car is returned—washed—within an average of three minutes.

Zeckendorf suffers from acute claustrophobia when he is toying with any proposition whose cost runs to fewer than seven figures. Three years ago, he staggered the New York City Planning Commission with blueprints for a municipal airport covering 144 blocks along the Hudson River in midtown Manhattan. He proposed to build two-mile runways on top of ten-story buildings, and the buildings themselves would include a vast industrial center and a co-ordinated terminal for truck, bus, shipping, and rail lines. Estimated cost of the project: about $3,000,000,000. That's right; three billion.

When the city fathers came out of their trance making feeble passes at the air, Zeckendorf bounced back with a more modest scheme for a fifty-million-dollar shopping center in Flushing, a suburb of New York. Mayor William O'Dwyer and James Burke, Borough President of Queens, endorsed Zeckendorf's designs for elevated parking lots, moving sidewalks, and a subsurface transportation terminal, but again the City Planning Commission turned thumbs down. Although he hopefully expects the green light to go ahead with a modest $8,000,000 shopping center in Flushing, Zeckendorf ranks short-sighted city officials as greater menaces to the national welfare than the common cold.



CARICATURE BY WM AUERBACH-LEVY

Zeckendorf likes to talk about what he calls "the destinies of American cities." He predicts, for example, that Houston, Texas, will be the nation's third largest city in fifty years. "It can't miss," he says. "Houston is in the center of the greatest oil and mineral deposits in the world. It has a deep-water port for shipping the agricultural and livestock products it processes. Tremendous industries are being attracted by its fine climate the year round. All it needs is a comprehensive master plan for the expansion that's coming.

"Los Angeles will be the biggest city in the world. It's paying the penalty for cockeyed planning with a terrific rate of deterioration and obsolescence, but that's a tribute to its virility."

New York and Chicago? New York is fast fading as a manufacturing center, but its gain can be greater if it concentrates on cultural advantages that will make it the nation's office center and creative capital. Chicago, like St. Louis and Kansas City, can thrive as a trading, wholesale, and redistribution center. Pittsburgh, according to Zeckendorf, is one of the few cities that is alive to the necessity for revamping outmoded plans, and it will remain a great industrial center. The city most likely to resist decentralization because of

(*Continued on page 143*)

THE ucky MARLIN

EVERY FISHERMAN SHOULD KNOW THIS ONE THING—THAT THE FISH DON'T GIVE A DAMN HOW MUCH YOU HAVE IN THE BANK

by STEVE APRIL

Although Nick Chalom has spent all his life sailing, fishing, and boxing, you'd never call him a sportsman. In fact, except for what happened off Southwest Key recently, I wouldn't have thought Nick knew what the word "sport" meant. Nick's a rough customer: short, squat, and strong as a horse. Boxing left him with a flat nose and a lumpy right ear. During the war, Nazi bullets added to his rugged ugliness by creasing his head and body.

Nick first came to Key West when he was twelve. His old man was a Greek who'd been a sponge diver till too much booze had cut his wind all to hell. The old guy had one of those big, heavy, wooden, double-ended boats the Greek divers use—nothing fancy, but a strong sea boat—and so he started taking out fishing parties. Most of us kids around the keys were practically born with a fishing rod in our hands, and we'd usually fish a little every chance we could, either for food or merely for the sport of it. Not Nick, though; he fished only enough to feed himself, or for as much as he could sell. Same with his boxing; he never fought amateur. When he was sixteen, he was a rough kid and started fighting pro around Miami rings. He was a good club fighter, but he didn't know how to box, and I guess he would have ended up slug-nutty if the war hadn't put an end to his fighting career.

After the war, Nick returned to the keys. His old man had drunk one bottle too much, and Nick inherited the boat. He had saved a little dough, so he put in a new motor, cleaned up the boat, and chartered it out to these rich characters who go in for big-game fishing.

There wasn't much about a motor Nick didn't know, but he wasn't any great shakes as an open-sea sailor, so he cut me in for a percentage and we became partners. We made out okay. Plenty of big boys with dough don't mind shelling out a hundred bucks a day for what they call "relaxation and sport."

Our best customer was a guy named Joe Phillips, a hard-drinking, bald-headed fat man, who was some kind of big shot in Detroit. Every time he read that the marlin and tuna were running, he would drop down in his private plane. And sometimes he brought a friend along. That's how Nick and I met Mr. Page. Mr. Page was hitting forty-five; he was a big guy, but all soft, and he was a buddy of Mr. Phillips. He didn't look like much of a big wheel, but from the way Mr. Phillips laughed at Mr. Page's corny jokes, you knew Page had more chips than Phillips—which must have been plenty.

It was a sunny day, with not much of a sea running, and I was at the wheel looking for tuna. Nick, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Page were drinking beer in the cockpit. Nick was trying to tell Mr. Page how to fish the big ones. But Mr. Page said, very seriously, "I never go in for sports. When men compete against themselves, for the sheer sake of competition, that's a stupid waste of energy. And when you hunt or fish animals—well, an animal can't compare with human intelligence, so what's the point in it?"

"Well," Nick said, "you get a ray or a marlin, a couple of hundred pounds of fighting fish at the end of your line, and you'll see some point to it. The man doesn't always beat the fish."

"That's what I been telling him," Mr. Phillips said. "No thrill like landing a big fish."

"Nonsense. Anybody can fish," Mr. Page said.

Just then, I saw a school of flying fish take to the air off our portside. That was a good sign that something big was around, so I shouted back to Nick and headed the boat to cut across a few hundred feet ahead of the flying fish. Mr. Phillips already had his harness on, and he put out a line quickly and stuck the rod butt into the socket of his chair. Nick asked Mr. Page if he wanted to put a line out, and Mr. Page said okay, but he wouldn't put on a silly harness—he wasn't any horse.

So Nick put a mackerel on a hook and gave the rod to Mr. Page. "Look, Mr. Page," he said, "if a big one strikes your bait, let him have the line. You can't hold a real big one, even with a harpoon line. Keep the drag off, so he can have the slack when he takes the bait. I'll tell you when to smack him. Keep your hand off the reel spool."

"You don't have to tell me anything," Mr. Page said, a little steamed.

"Mr. Page is one of the greatest engineers in the country," Mr. Phillips said, trying to smooth things over.

Nick just shrugged his thick shoulders. "Play it your way, Mr. Page," he said. "Only, if you lose the tackle, it ain't my risk—you'll have to pay."

We got nearly in front of the flying fish and Mr. Phillips got a tuna on the end of his line—a little one, weighing maybe fifteen pounds. Well, these flying fish were really making time, and I knew the tuna wasn't chasing *them;* something big was chasing the tuna—and I mean big!

For a while nothing happened. Mr. Phillips had the time of his life

(*Continued on page 146*)

Esquire FINDS

FOR NOVEMBER

Tobacco,
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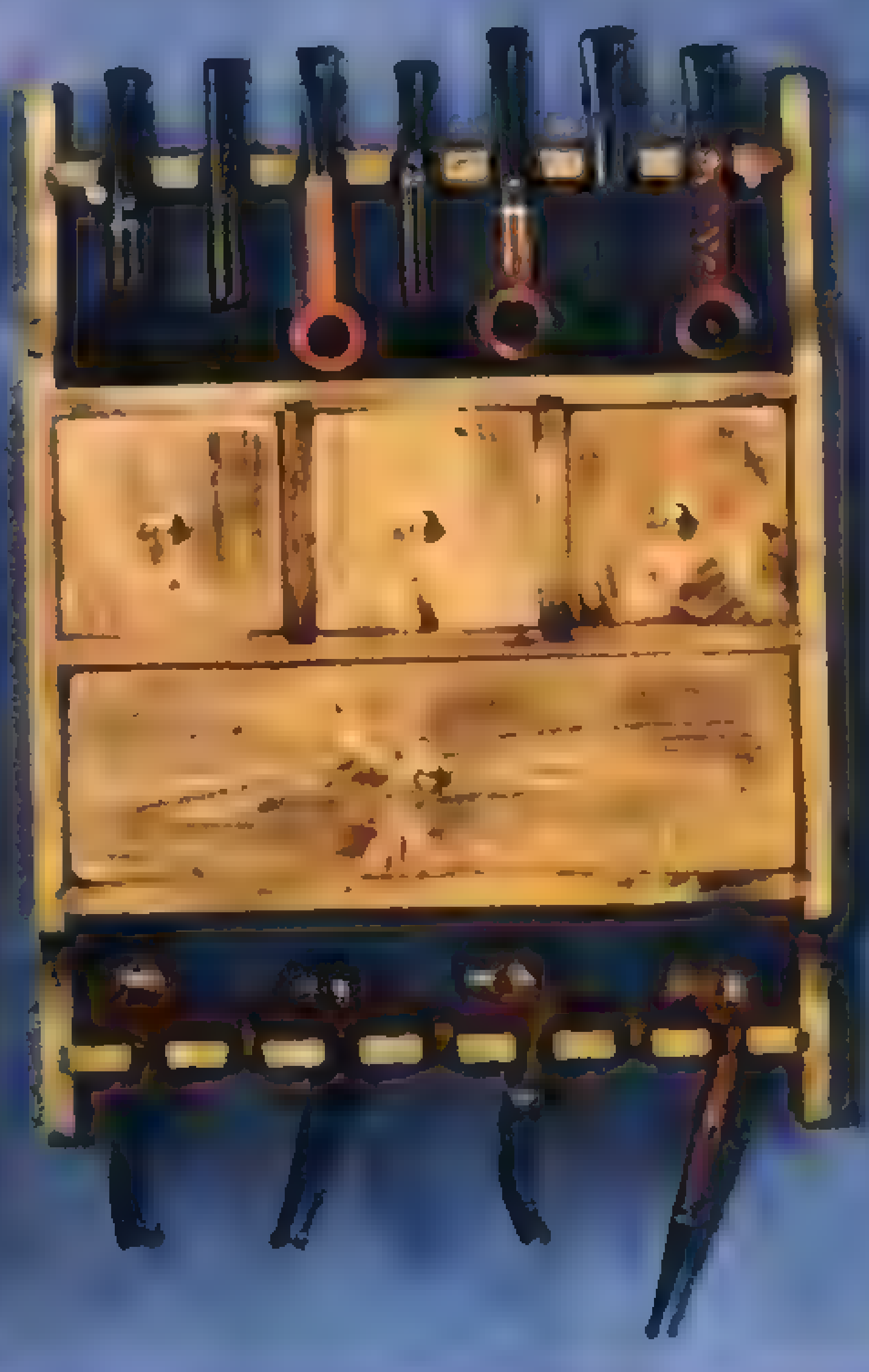
THE COMPLETE TOBACCONIST holds 12 pipes, has drawers for tobacco, cigarettes and cigars.



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Rican Rum Recipes

Three Hot Ones for Harvest Time

Hot Rum Sling:

2 lumps sugar dissolved in boiling water; add 1 dash Angostura bitters, juice ½ lime, 2 oz. dark rum and boiling water. Stir.

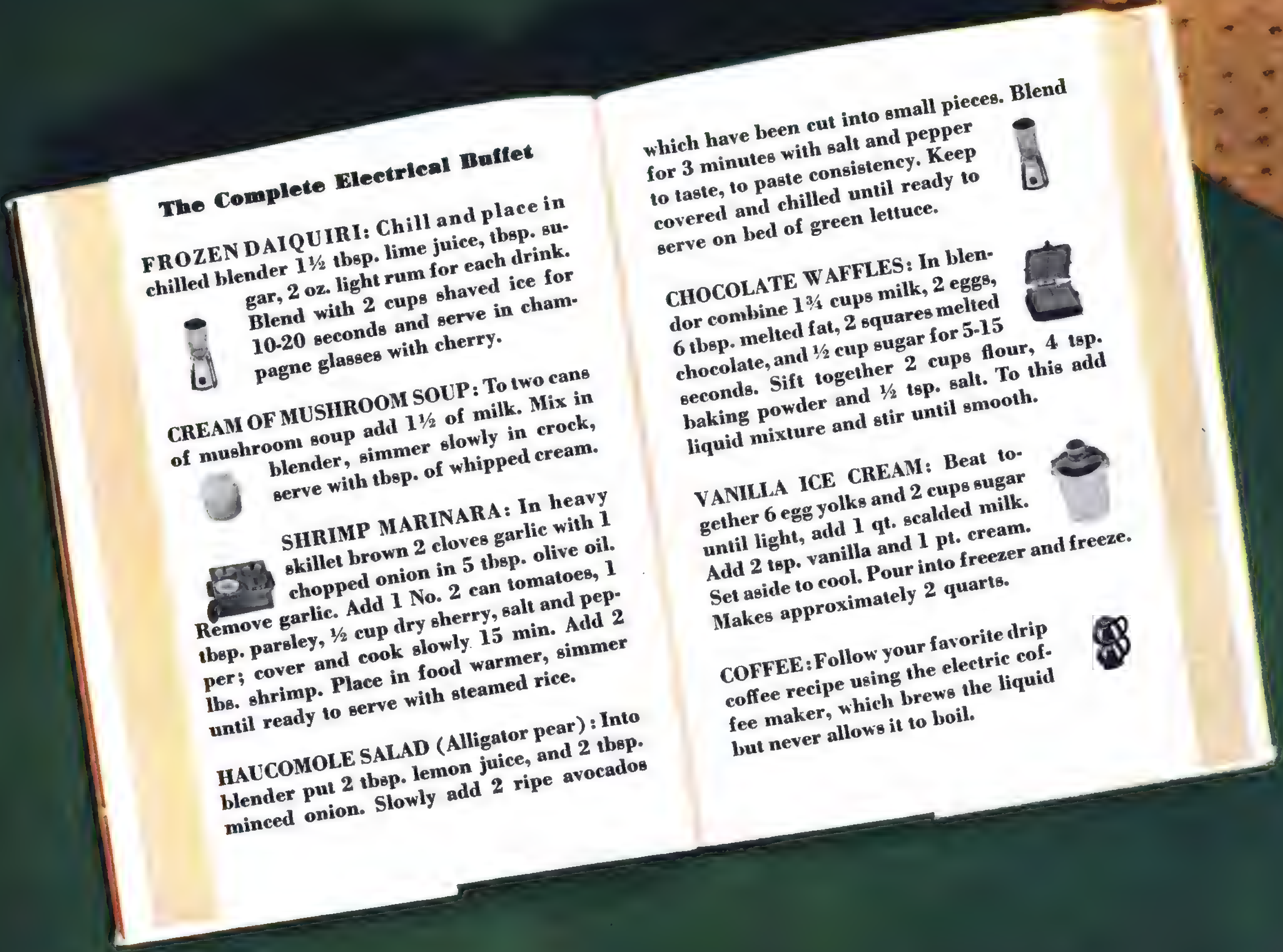
Hot Rum Cow:

Put into mixer 1 tsp. sugar, 1 dash Angostura bitters, 2 oz. Rican rum, ½ pt. hot milk; pour into large heated mug. Serve with nutmeg.

Hot Rum Toddy:

Mix in Old-fashioned glass 1 tsp. sugar, 2 oz. Rican rum. Fill with boiling water and serve.

CRUISING SOUTH FOR THE SEASON? Go in this 4-cabin, 16,000-pound ship which sleeps seven, travels up to 23 mph — or take a cruise to the West Indies or South America on a luxury liner.



The Complete Electrical Buffet

FROZEN DAIQUIRI: Chill and place in chilled blender 1½ tbsp. lime juice, tbsp. sugar, 2 oz. light rum for each drink. Blend with 2 cups shaved ice for 10-20 seconds and serve in champagne glasses with cherry.

CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP: To two cans of mushroom soup add 1½ of milk. Mix in blender, simmer slowly in crock, serve with tbsp. of whipped cream.

SHRIMP MARINARA: In heavy skillet brown 2 cloves garlic with 1 chopped onion in 5 tbsp. olive oil. Remove garlic. Add 1 No. 2 can tomatoes, 1 tbsp. parsley, ½ cup dry sherry, salt and pepper; cover and cook slowly 15 min. Add 2 lbs. shrimp. Place in food warmer, simmer until ready to serve with steamed rice.

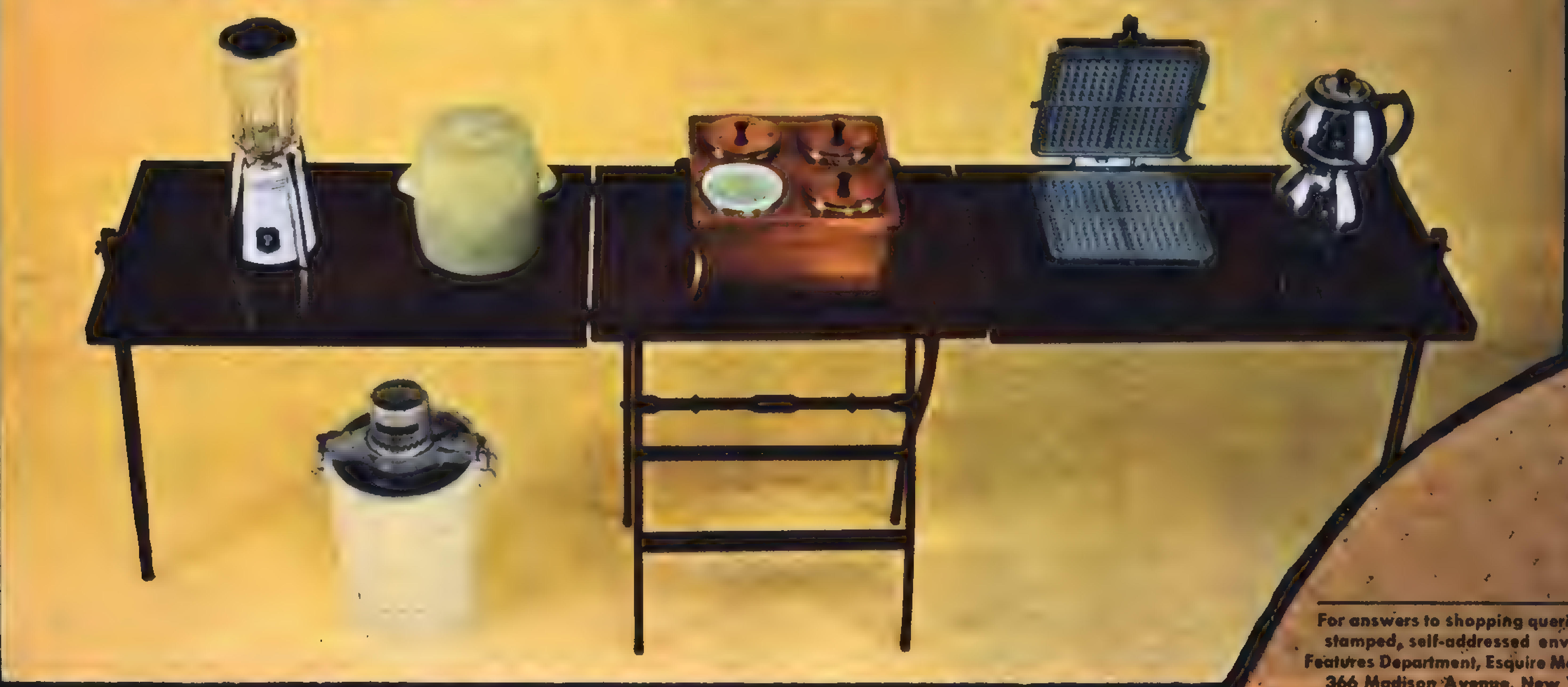
HAUCOMOLE SALAD (Alligator pear): Into blender put 2 tbsp. lemon juice, and 2 tbsp. minced onion. Slowly add 2 ripe avocados which have been cut into small pieces. Blend for 3 minutes with salt and pepper to taste, to paste consistency. Keep covered and chilled until ready to serve on bed of green lettuce.

CHOCOLATE WAFFLES: In blendor combine 1¾ cups milk, 2 eggs, 6 tbsp. melted fat, 2 squares melted chocolate, and ½ cup sugar for 5-15 seconds. Sift together 2 cups flour, 4 tsp. baking powder and ½ tsp. salt. To this add liquid mixture and stir until smooth.

VANILLA ICE CREAM: Beat together 6 egg yolks and 2 cups sugar until light, add 1 qt. scalded milk. Add 2 tsp. vanilla and 1 pt. cream. Set aside to cool. Pour into freezer and freeze. Makes approximately 2 quarts.

COFFEE: Follow your favorite drip coffee recipe using the electric coffee maker, which brews the liquid but never allows it to boil.

THE COMPLETE ELECTRICAL BUFFET: On these six electrical appliances an entire meal may be cooked and served. The mahogany buffet table on which they are placed can be folded up into the corner of a closet.



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Birdmen, Farewell!

When science moved into the cockpit, most of the fun of flying moved out. Today's pilot may be a skilled technician, but the old boys went up and really flew

An Article by

BURT SLOANE

If you're harboring any doubts about the arrival of the Air Age, I suggest that you whisk out to your municipal airport. There you'll find the great birds trundling smoothly to their loading positions, where several score travelers will casually enter each machine's belly and drop themselves into the lushest upholstery this side of Radio City. In a moment, the craft will be rocketing down the runway and soaring aloft, wheels tucked cunningly inside, propeller blades set at their most efficient angle, a battery of radium-coated dials tracing the systole and diastole of the monster. What you're watching is several million dollars' worth of ingenuity, training, and know-how on the wing, and this scene is repeated many times a day at airfields around the globe.

However, it does not please *me*. I view it with regret and more than a tithe of nostalgia. The Air Age may be here, but the Airman has departed. Oh yes, there are likely to be a couple of cleanly shaven young men riding in the nose of each ship, but they're not the aviator birdmen of old. They're technicians—skilled operators performing for hire a trade learned by rote. They are as colorless as they are efficient, and every time I watch their kind clamber aboard with a few pounds of data stashed away in their brief cases, I dab at my tear ducts and yearn for the birdmen of old.

In the early days—before Lindbergh negotiated the Atlantic in return for a little less than seven dollars a mile—flying was a craft, not a trade. The old pilot had all the money-making instincts of a strolling minstrel. He flew because he loved to be in the air, and something incalculably pleasant happened to his hands, head, and feet when he was at the controls. He had as much occupational kinship with a modern air-line pilot as a concert virtuoso has with a piano tuner. He was earthy, unpredictable, and, above all, incurably afflicted with the urge to fly.

Learning to fly, before Bill Boeing and Donald Douglas squeezed all the romance out of the craft, was informal and direct. Ground-school attendance consisted of standing around with the old hands and keeping an ear cocked for anything useful. There were no licenses and no physical examinations. If you were tall enough to look over the instrument panel and lived through the first solo, you were a pilot. The next step was to pick up a ship and start touring the country. In the early twenties, surplus Army trainers were available in the crate for fifty dollars, and most barnstormers made their rounds in these Jennies.

They flew passengers on joy rides, carried pay rolls into the oil fields, dusted crops, and occasionally provided straight point-to-point transportation for hurried travelers. But the take seldom exceeded the cost of gas and the inevitable replacements necessitated by landing in cow pastures. Formal landing areas were rare, and the mark of a pilot's skill was his ability to select a clearing, divine the location of ruts and stones, and then guide his plane into it. A companion skill was the ability to ease yourself out of an inverted cockpit. When a ship went over on its back, there were no government forms to be executed. You enlisted the help of a farmer, righted the plane, and then assessed the damage by applying tension to the major surfaces. If everything felt right, you were ready for take-off. If there was evidence of excessive play, you took out a strong ball of cord. No barnstormer ever got under way without a length of strong cord tucked behind his seat. Cracked axles, strained struts, broken spars—all were subject to the therapy of a few turns of string.

There were no constricting regulations then. Most pilots took off into the wind and sat facing the front of the airplane, but the controlling factor was inclination. Taxiing was accomplished with much dash and was almost as stimulating as flight. Passengers came aboard with the understanding that the aviator was a creature of whim, and they endured all in quiet terror. When a pilot was overtaken with the urge to loop, he pulled back the stick and let her go.

Navigation was fairly uninhibited, too. Planes were frequently equipped with compasses, but the pilot's preference was for railroad tracks, which provided an unfailing guide to the next town. Toward dusk, he selected a pasture or golf course, set down, and inquired where he was. Perhaps he'd traveled north instead of west, but since his destination was picked at random and he was in the air because it pleased him to be so, the error was of little consequence.

The early birdmen probably showed to best advantage when they flew in the overcast. Lacking the instruments that serve the modern air chauffeur in poor weather, they maintained the trim and direction of the ship by analyzing the pressure of the seat on their buttocks. This is known as flying by the seat of your pants, and any air-line pilot will tell you that it is impossible and nothing more than witchcraft in aeronautical dress. The fact of the matter is that flying by the seat of one's trousers is an act of faith as well as skill, and it's symptomatic of the difference between the old and new approaches to flying. Another puzzler performed by the ancients was the curious practice of landing at night without illumination.

Just as pilots were of a different mold before the surge of scientific advance, so the planes they flew were simpler, too. I will always retain an undiminished affection for the awkward honesty of the old biplane. There were few supports concealed within its surfaces, and a practiced eye could estimate the craft's strength by noting the number of struts and wires. The fabric covering was live and responsive; and the engine contained a modest number of cylinders, simply arranged.

The process of manufacture was also in the easy tradition of the day. Without referring to wind-tunnel tests, the designer sketched something that seemed reasonable and efficient and then passed the drawing on to his workmen. These artisans had a decent sense of craft and a feeling for wood and fabric. I stress the use of wood and cloth because I reckon the moral decline of aviation as having begun with the introduction of metal as a substitute.

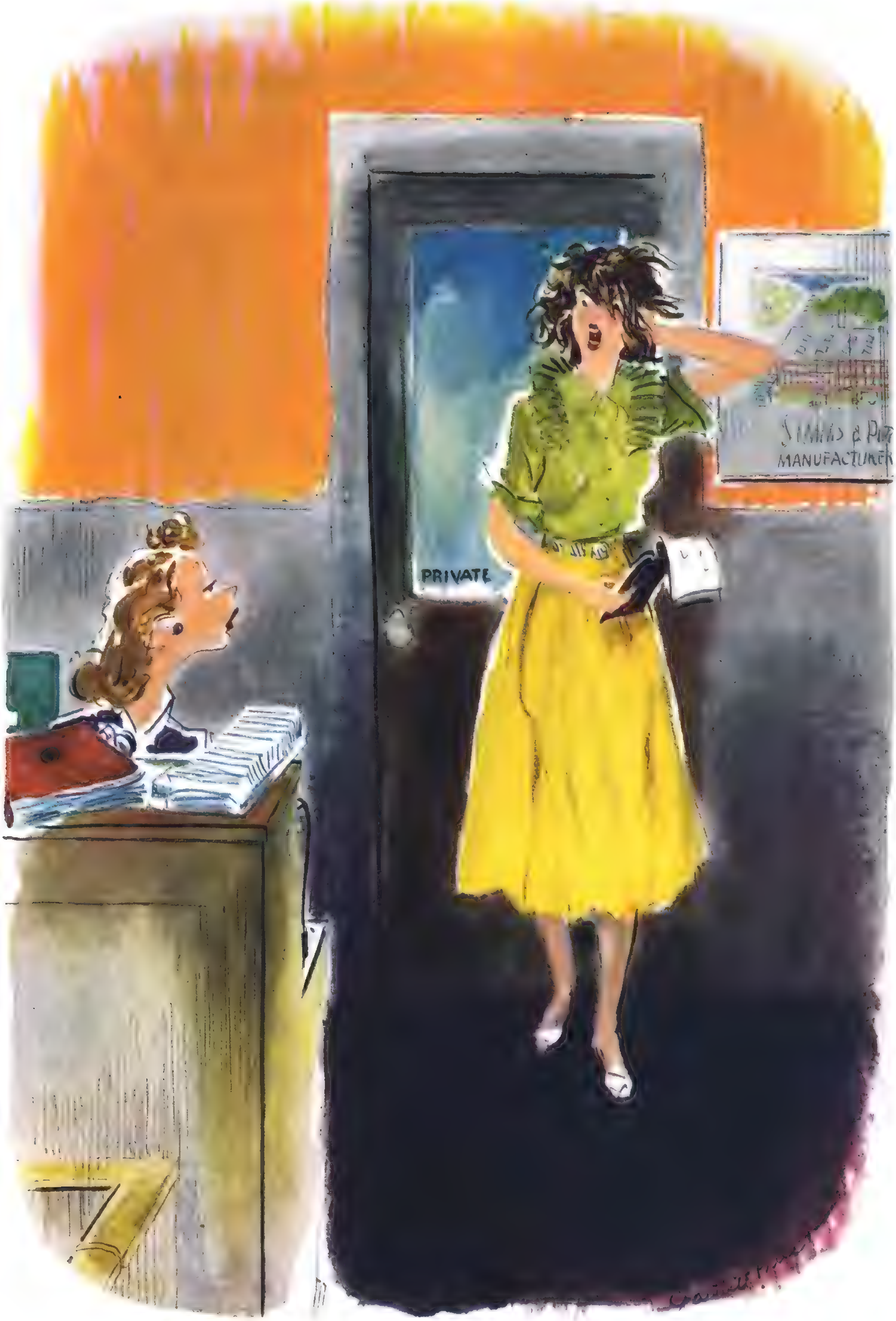
With the arrival of metal planes, the day of the pilot as a human entity came to a close. Those who stayed on were deprived of their open cockpits and jammed into Plexiglas enclosures where a complex of instruments now supplants their instinct and judgment. Behind them ride the busiest, best-heeled, and most hurried people in the land, while tidy young women serve lunch on paper trays. Brooks Brothers has taken away their leather jackets. They've slicked their hair down, cultivated tepid smiles, and become machined parts of a bigger machine.

Some time ago, I saw a newspaper account of an over-ocean flight performed from take-off to landing without a human hand touching the controls. If I interpret this properly, it can only mean that the disciplined bone and flesh of the modern pilot is on the way out, and these dapper automatons must soon turn to some other trade.

In the First World War, it was the custom to wave to airmen going down in flames. I don't know if they can see me out at LaGuardia now, but I'm waving the kiss-off. They were fine boys in their day. ╫

MARSHMELLOW CO.
MARSHMELLOW Co.
Frank Beaven

"Oh boy!"


PRIVATE
SIMMS & PI
MANUFACTURER

"I could certainly tell that guy Kinsey a thing or two!"

What Is the Most Beautiful Body in the World?

by PAUL WING

A photographer informally discusses the arts involved in portraying "Classic Still Life" on facing page

To begin with, all photographers are crazy. This is no news, of course, to photographers, who knew it all the time, or to the public, which has begun to suspect the truth. But such a situation permits the photographer a pleasant and relaxed naturalness in his work which is unknown in trades where dignity or predictability, for instance, are necessary to success. Either might ruin a good photographer.

From the beginning, if a photographer is a man, he is man—by which I mean his mind is concerned with women as well as lenses. Personally, I feel the search for ultimate feminine beauty—the most beautiful body in the world—is one worthy of any normal, curious individual interested in the world about him, and I have good company in this private exploration of mine. The unknown genius who molded the Venus found at Milo without her glorious arms, Raphael, Titian, all are my fellow explorers, and we consider the chase and the occasional prize well worth the long trail.

If I may sound overserious in contemplating the art of the nude, and invading the province of a Goya, it is with a modest appreciation of how silly a man can look with a box in his hand, greatly concerned over how much light he is going to let in there through a little hole in it. But it is a fascinating quest, particularly with a lovely model in front of you.

My first picture was of a ship, a four-master I spied on the Hudson River. Although the model stayed in one place for nearly a day, I took almost that long to compose the picture, an ambitious schedule for a twelve-year-old. But David Morton's lovely lines—"Beauty is the thing in Women, like speed in Ships"—must have been true in my case, for I have always enjoyed the endless challenge and variety of working with the human form.

Every photographer has his own tricks, or perhaps none at all, as he will. I have worked for days composing a studio shot, and then never took it at all, because it wasn't "right."

Each photographer picks his model for a different reason: I happen to be interested in sculpture, I like to work with clay, and so I look at a model abstractly, as a creature of form, perhaps, more than of spirit. That is why the lovely girl in "Classic Still Life" is facing away from the camera. Her body, in its relationships, tone, and its own expressiveness of form, is what I was most interested in. This particular model is quite young, tall, and actually a willowy person (she's nearly six feet tall) rather than the softly voluptuous creature that the camera lens saw in this Kodachrome. But I had selected the bowl of fruit for a certain reason—it was *form* reduced to its simplest elements, it had color and natural texture—and I wanted the human model to reach the same plane of meaning in the picture. Fruit is an artistic cliché, of course: the handicap was deliberately self-imposed, to make the job harder, and (hopefully) more effective.

If I may digress from the fascinating subject of the nude girl, it is to note the infinite variety of the human mind, and how many interpretations can be given to a single subject by a group of photographers. For example, the Society of Photographic Illustrators recently released to its members the idea "Freedom" and it was our interesting task, purely for the fun of it, since photographers as a group just can't stop taking pictures, to interpret this as we wished, each in his own terms.

My own try at this, done strictly in the bare and abstract forms I like so well, is shown in black and white on this page. I sincerely don't know whether it is a good or a bad shot, but it seems to me to illustrate the idea of freedom about as simply as can be done under the heavens: yet my friends and associates in SPI all had a different thought and a different result, altogether one of the most amazing (and amusing) collections of prints you have ever seen. Incredible variety: one idea.

And so that becomes your challenge as you take any picture. With the model, you note with relief that she is the usual objective sort, a little given to chatter and smoking about the studio, in between shots, but all told a co-operative and interesting person. This blonde young lady was smartly dressed when she arrived, with her hairdo sadly sophisticated for the simple classic shot I had in mind. We fixed that, and almost broke her heart, by a few gentle wrenches at her hair, before we bound it again in the timeless manner of any girl, in old Greece or new Great Neck, putting it back and out of her eyes.

Then she settled herself in the wonderfully relaxed and womanly pose you see in the picture, and we started shooting. We worked for hours. The print you see here was by far the best of all. It was the very first we had taken.

The Seven Pillars of Wisdom

In this classic episode, Lawrence tells a true story of capture and of torture that hits like a rubber hose. An excerpt that is not for the squeamish

by T. E. LAWRENCE

EDITOR'S NOTE: "ONE FOR THE BOOK"
Lawrence of Arabia fought a war alone—and won it. His book is just as remarkable

A GREAT soldier who was also a great spy, Thomas Edward Lawrence, was the author of a great book, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, a book to which I have returned again and again with ever-growing admiration. Lawrence was born in Wales in 1888 and died before he was forty-seven. Early in youth he determined to become an archaeologist and, until his mid-twenties, he traveled about the Near East, dug in Syria, Mesopotamia, and Egypt, studied the native languages, and lived among the Arabs as though he were one of them. During the First World War he was a captain and a secret British agent; his job was to unite the various Arabian tribes which, for years, had been fighting each other, and to induce them to join in a common revolt against the Turks. After incredible adventures, he succeeded in accomplishing his mission. The victory at Deraa, which opened the way to the taking of Damascus in 1918, was largely due to Lawrence; his Arabian contingents arrived ahead of the British troops.

Seven Pillars of Wisdom is the extraordinary fruit of Lawrence's extraordinary experience. Its history is almost as astonishing as its author's. Lawrence began his account of the Arabian revolt in Paris in 1919; it turned out to be, far more than a report of military exploits, the autobiography of a highly sensitive, deeply philosophic thinker, the record of a genius. When the work was nearing completion, he lost most of the manuscript. He began all over—without his rough notes, which he had destroyed. A new draft of over 400,000 words was rejected by him and burned. Eight copies of a third version were set up, and only three or four, at fabulous prices, found their way into the market. When the book appeared for general sale, it was again revised, cut down by one-fourth, and sold for $150 a copy. Later, a popular edition, less than half the original length, was published under the title *Revolt in the Desert*.

Back in England, Lawrence went into retirement. Feeling that England had let down the Arabs, he refused the Victoria Cross as well as a proffered knighthood. At thirty-four he enlisted in the Royal Air Force under the name of Ross. When admirers discovered he was really Lawrence, the hero refused to be lionized. Changing his name again, he joined the Royal Tank Corps as a private. He sought danger and loved risks; he always drove at top speed; friends said he had a death-wish. In 1935, he killed himself, thrown off his motorcycle in an attempt to avoid a collision.

The passage I have chosen from *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is not for the squeamish. It is a picture of capture and of torture, and as such it is, at times, almost unbearable; but it is a powerful, even unforgettable, piece of writing. What's more, it is a portrait which is also a key to a man whose greatness lay not only in what he did, but what he was.

—LOUIS UNTERMEYER

PROPERLY to round off this spying of the hollow land of Hauran, it was necessary to visit Deraa, its chief town. We could cut it off on north and west and south, by destroying the three railways, but it would be more tidy to rush the junction first and work outwards. Talal, however, could not venture in with me since he was too well known in the place. So we parted from him with many thanks on both sides, and rode southward along the line until near Deraa. There we dismounted. The boy, Halim, took the ponies, and set off for Nisib, south of Deraa. My plan was to walk round the railway station and town with Faris, and reach Nisib after sunset. Faris was my best companion for the trip, because he was an insignificant peasant, old enough to be my father, and respectable.

The respectability seemed comparative as we tramped off in the watery sunlight, which was taking the place of the rain last night. The ground was muddy, we were barefoot, and our draggled clothes showed the stains of the foul weather to which we had been exposed. I was in Halim's wet things, with a torn Hurani jacket, and was yet limping from the broken foot acquired when we blew up Jemal's train. The slippery track made walking difficult, unless we spread out our toes widely and took hold of the ground with them; and doing this for mile after mile was exquisitely painful to me. Because pain hurt me so, I would not lay weight always on my pains in our revolt: yet hardly one day in Arabia passed without a physical ache to increase the corroding sense of my accessory deceitfulness towards the Arabs, and the legitimate fatigue of responsible command.

We mounted the curving bank of the Palestine railway, and from its vantage surveyed Deraa Station: but the ground was too open to admit of surprise attack. We decided to walk down the east front of the defenses: so we plodded on, noting German stores, barbed wire here and there, rudiments of trenches. Turkish troops were passing in curiously between the tents and their latrines dug out on our side.

At the corner of the aerodrome by the south end of the station we struck over towards the town. There were old Albatros machines in the sheds, and men lounging about. One of these, a Syrian soldier, began to question us about our villages, and if there was much "government" where we lived. He was probably an intending deserter, fishing for a refuge. We shook him off at last and turned away. Someone called out in Turkish. We walked on deafly; but a sergeant came after and took me roughly by the arm, saying "The Bey wants you." There were too many witnesses for fight or flight, so I went readily. He took no notice of Faris.

I was marched through the tall fence into a compound set about with many huts and a few buildings. We passed to a mud room, outside which was an earth platform, whereon sat a fleshy Turkish officer, one leg tucked under him. He hardly glanced at me when the sergeant brought me up and made a long report in Turkish. He asked my name: I told him Ahmed ibn Bagr, a Circassian from Kuneitra. "A deserter?" "But we Circassians have no military service." He turned, stared at me, and said very slowly, "You are a liar. Enroll him in your section, Hassan Chowish, and do what is necessary till the Bey sends for him."

They led me into a guardroom, mostly taken up by large wooden cribs, on which lay or sat a dozen men in untidy uniforms. They took away my belt, and my knife, made me wash myself carefully, and fed me. I passed the long day there. They would not let me go on any terms, but tried to reassure me. A soldier's life was not all bad. Tomorrow, perhaps, leave would be permitted, if I fulfilled the Bey's pleasure this evening. The Bey seemed to be Nahi, the Governor. If he was angry, they said, I would be drafted for infantry training to the depot in Baalbek. I tried to look as though, to my mind, there was nothing worse in the world than that.

Soon after dark three men came for me. It had seemed a chance to get away, but one held me all the time. I cursed my littleness. Our march crossed the railway, where were six tracks, besides the sidings of the engine shop. We went through a side gate, down a street, past a square, to a detached, two-storied house. There was a sentry outside, and a glimpse of others lolling in the dark entry. They took me upstairs to the Bey's room; or to his bedroom, rather. He was another bulky man, a Circassian himself, perhaps, and sat on the bed in a nightgown, trembling and sweating as though with fever. When I was pushed in he kept his head down, and waved the guard out. In a breathless voice he told me to sit on the floor in front of him, and after that was dumb; while I gazed at the top of his great head, on which the bristling hair stood up, no longer than the dark stubble on his cheeks and chin. At last he looked me over, and told me to stand up: then to turn round; I obeyed; he flung himself back on the bed, and dragged me down with him in his arms. When I saw what he wanted I twisted round and up again, glad to find myself equal to him, at any rate in wrestling.

He began to fawn on me, saying how white and fresh I was, how fine my hands and feet, and how he would let me off drills and duties, make me his orderly, even pay me wages, if I would love him.

I was obdurate, so he changed his tone, and sharply ordered me to take off my drawers. When I hesitated, he snatched at me; and I pushed him back. He clapped his hands for the sentry, who hurried in and pinioned me. The Bey cursed me with horrible threats: and made the man holding me tear my clothes away, bit by bit. His eyes rounded at the half-healed places where the bullets had flicked through my skin a little while ago. Finally he lumbered to his feet, with a glitter in his look, and began to paw me over. I bore it for a little, till he got too beastly; and then jerked my knee into him.

He staggered to his bed, squeezing himself together and groaning with pain, while the soldier shouted for the corporal and the other three men to grip me hand and foot. As soon as I was helpless the Governor regained courage, and spat at me, swearing he would make me ask pardon. He took off his slipper, and hit me repeatedly with it in the face, while the corporal braced my head back by the hair to receive the blows. He leaned forward, fixed his teeth in my neck and bit till the blood came. Then he kissed me. Afterwards he drew one of the men's bayonets. I thought he was going to kill me, and was sorry: but he only pulled up a fold of the flesh over my rib, worked the point through, after considerable trouble, and gave the blade a half-turn. This hurt, and I winced, while the blood wavered down my side, and dripped to the front of my thigh. He looked pleased and dabbled it over my stomach with his finger tips.

In my despair I spoke. His face changed and he stood still, then

(*Continued on page 141*)

From The Seven Pillars of Wisdom, *by T. E. Lawrence. Copyright 1926, 1935 by Doubleday & Company, Inc*

the Quality of Elegance

The day you tried on your first Sunday suit—don't count back over the years, it's too hard on the heart—you admitted what we're talking about, the need for elegance in your wardrobe. Please don't confuse the word with gold engraved umbrellas, sealskin spats, or chinchilla nightshirts: those, fortunately, have been chased to the attic with grandfather's elegant mackintosh and the inlaid zither he brought back from the Pan American Exposition. We mean a major effort, call it what you will, a quality of elegance, a maximum of good taste, a perfect sense of fitness in what you are wearing.

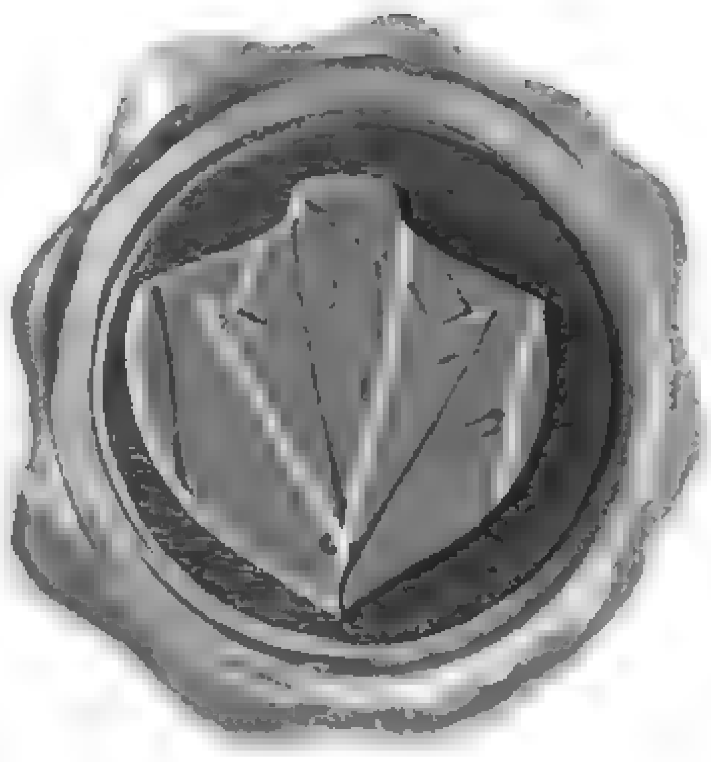
You certainly wouldn't play golf in tails. Just as surely you must live up to certain important occasions in your life when extra smartness is needed and you must dress in your best, but without ostentation.

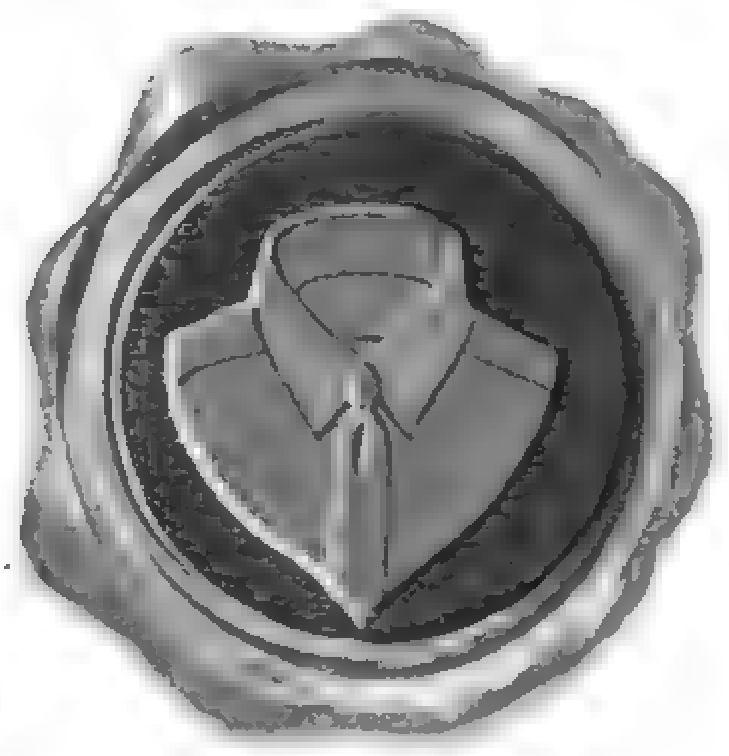
Are you a host this week-end at your home or up at the Club? Then you will want to look so much the host that even a stranger brought along by one of your guests will recognize you unmistakably. Are you conducting a meeting in your office or calling on the big account? Just as unmistakably you must look like top man to be fair to your own business talents. Elegance suddenly becomes just good common sense.

The Quality of Elegance, today, is not strained—rather it is reserved, relaxed and distinguished. And the news is good on what to select for yourself; the new fashions for the top-drawer occasion have aristocratic distinction and an American informality. The new dark colors, for instance, *charcoal* blue, brown, and grey, have a conservative air of well-being and distinction that make them acceptable for business and evening wear as well. The *Dangent* suit is another good example of the quality that is the keynote of the latest fashions. In plain slanted weave or with an overplaid, the Dangent suit with peaked lapels is a sure sign of affluence. Men who know the value of correct clothes are dressing more frequently than ever before with this touch of elegance. It can be seen in their white pique shirts with the innovation of *spread* tab collars and solid color, narrow satin ties. So dressed, they are ready for anything whether it is an important luncheon at 21 or a board meeting in a skyscraping conference room. And again, notice that this new emphasis on elegance refers to quality. Even in accessories, the idea is to express your achievements and goals through a quiet richness that speaks for itself without the air of loud-talking and gaudy colors Therefore, palladium and the new color, *galleon*, silently give you this luxuriant look. The level of quality in wearing apparel, as a result of the demand of men who know and want the best, consistently has gone up. They are asking for and getting finer fabrics and tall-T designs that carry over into their overcoats. Elegantly and expertly, they coordinate muffler, gloves, and hat with smart new *Chester* overcoats. The pace-setters demand quality down to the strap on their wrist watches and in so doing they set the style for the nation. There is a democracy about the new elegance—an attitude on the part of the people by which they accept a man for what he has produced and not for his coat of arms. The *quality of elegance* is for the man of achievement at his peak.

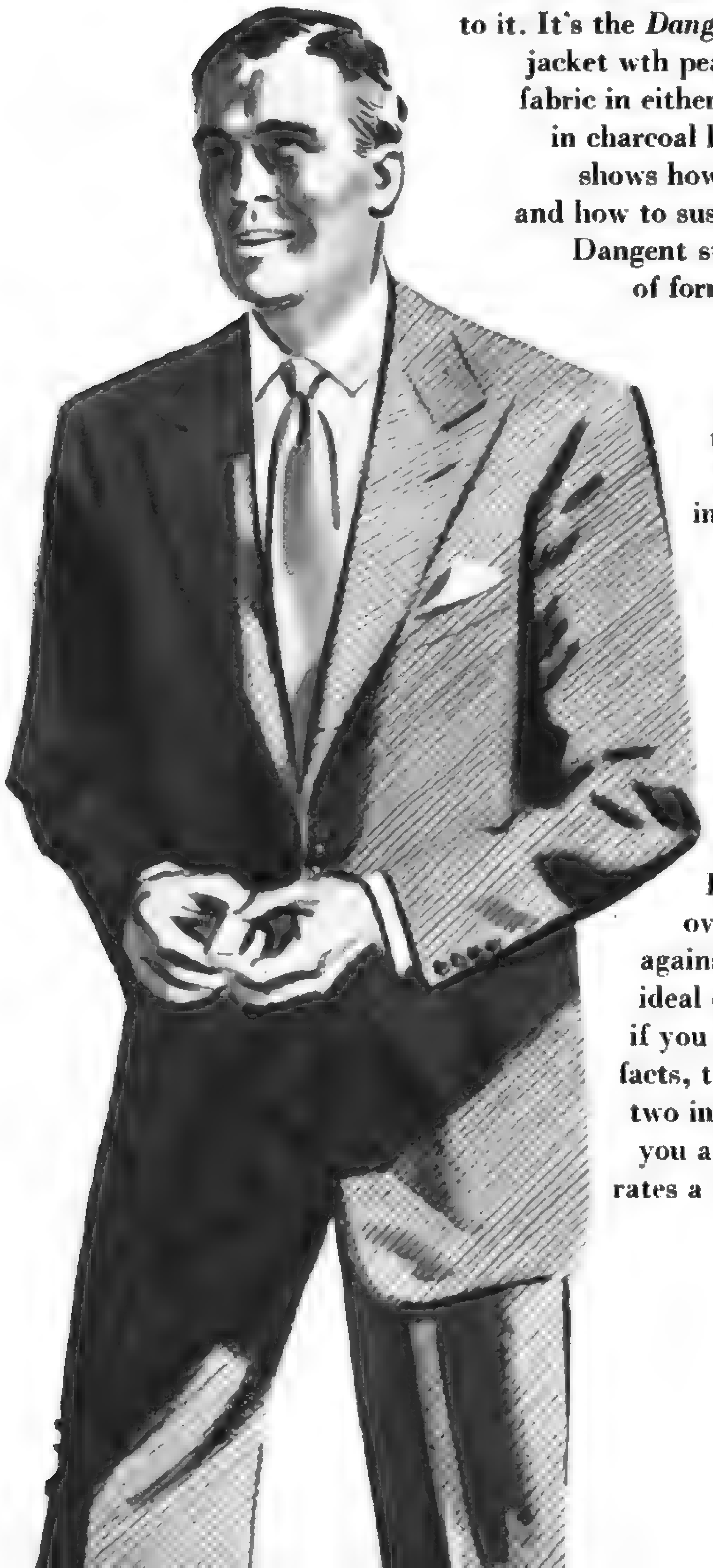
a new men's coat THE CHESTER

This new coat is so magnificent and distinctive in its answer to the big occasion that just to slip into it gives you a kingly feeling. Yet we predict that after you've worn it a couple of times, you'll be making excuses to bring it out for every possible occasion. The Chester is smart as the beloved old Chesterfield, but it's huge, it's capacious, and it's built like a fullback, and you can say good-bye to the primpy patness of the Chesterfield with a will as the Chester takes over like a Cadillac passing an old T. If you'll look at the illustration on the left, you'll see what we mean about the Chester. It's a big coat for big guys. Note the half belt in the back, the inverted pleats, the very wide shoulders and big peak-lapels. This is the kind of a coat they mean when they put up signs to keep your eye on it. And this superb design picks up one of the finest fabrics ever made, a soft Cashmere that has quality in every easy fold, in a dark blue color that will have people asking you who your tailor is. We were saying something about being elegant. These two men have the touch in everything they're wearing. On the left, his muffler is in the rich new Galleon, and the color is picked up again in the iridescent gold-flecked band of his grey hat. His companion, about to get in and take the wheel, gives a front look at the new Chester. His accessories are also prize new fashions that express the quality of elegance—palladium grey muffler and gloves, and grey hat with a light grey binding and a midnight blue band. Beneath the comfortable weight of the Chester, he wears a dark blue Dangent suit and straight-tipped town shoes.

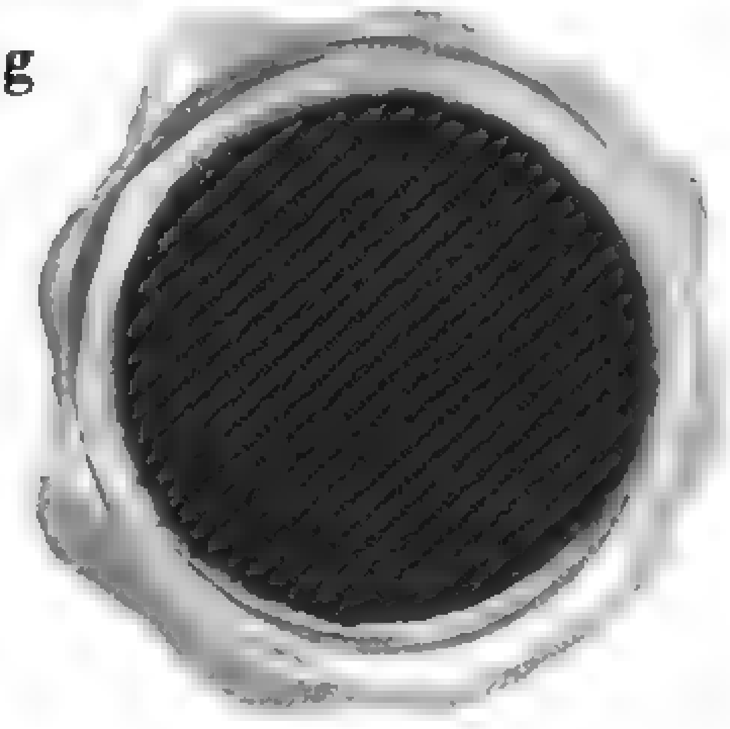




a new men's suit THE DANGENT



OK: so you have tweeds and pin stripes and Glens and solids. Here's a new one, to give you breadth, and style, and the look of a man whose taste is alert to a fashion with a custom look to it. It's the *Dangent*. Especially adapted to the single-chested jacket wth peaked lapels, the Dangent is made of a worsted fabric in either a slanted weave or an overplaid and comes in charcoal brown, blue, and grey. The figure at the left shows how the Dangent captures the quality of elegance, and how to sustain this tone with accessories. With his Dangent suit, he wears a white pique shirt: a fabric of formality. The narrow tie has been revived from another era and gives him a slim, long look. Plain satin, it is now worn in galleon and palladium grey besides the usual colors. In the four seals at the right are close-ups of the ever-important details that helped our man win his "E" for Elegance. At the top, the outline of the peaked lapel demonstrates how the tall-T vertical effect is achieved by the style of the jacket. The second shows a spread tab collar in white pique and the narrow, solid color satin tie. The third seal contains a piece of the plain slant Dangent while the fourth shows the Dangent weave with a contrasting overplaid. Dark red against blue, rust against brown, and blue against grey are ideal combinations for the overplaid. And if you are the type that wants all of the facts, the plaids are 1¾ inches wide and two inches deep. Dressed in Dangent you are right almost anywhere. It always rates a seal of elegance.



DRAWINGS BY MARTIN BURNISTON

DRAWINGS BY EDWARD MCCOURT

a new color
GALLEON
bold and gold

When Esquire picks a new color for men, we're talking about men who can take on the club pro for a few sets of tennis, guys who are handy with their dukes as well as their dates. That's Galleon: solid gold for your basic color when you want the quality of elegance. And here, for the first time, you gents are going to be able to coordinate the color of Galleon in everything you wear, without sending the store salesmen rummaging back among the celluloid collars to find something to help you put the theme together. Note how Galleon has been planned for you: shirt, tie, handkerchief, coordinated in subtle variations. Socks, garters, braces. The nearest grouping (top right) is for wear with your greys. The palladium grey shirt with Command collar backs up a screen-patterned maroon and Galleon narrow tie, and coordinates with the maroon, Galleon, and black bordered handkerchief. Alternate tie has small dots and a large Galleon oval. Tie clip and cuff links are rope edged with an alligator center. Others are finished like gold nuggets. With your dark blue suit wear the accessories at the top right. Palladium blue shirt, blue and Galleon gold tie, and blue, Galleon, and black-bordered handkerchief are a perfect team. Again the Galleon tone is in the cuff links, tie clasp, and cigarette lighter. At the far right, pieces of tie fabric in screen and now chevron patterns incorporate the Galleon bold gold. Similarly the group of accessories at the bottom of this page are united by Galleon. The extra long muffler, iridescent hatband, and chamois gloves take their cue from Galleon. At the lower right are chevron paneled ribbed socks in Galleon on blue and Galleon colored satin garters and braces. Galleon is your color cue this fall: ready and waiting up and down the line in everything you wear.

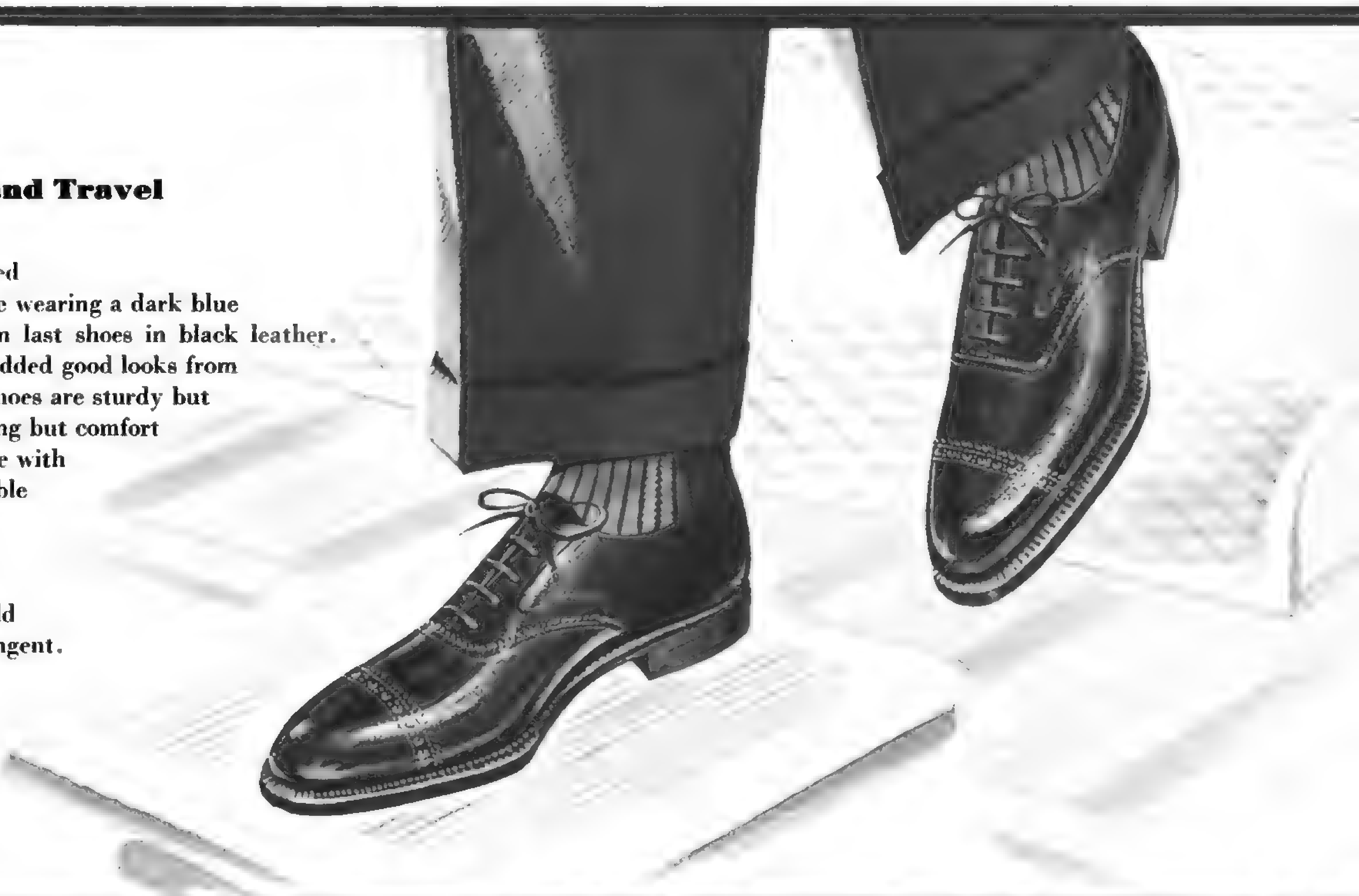
new strides in FOOTWEAR

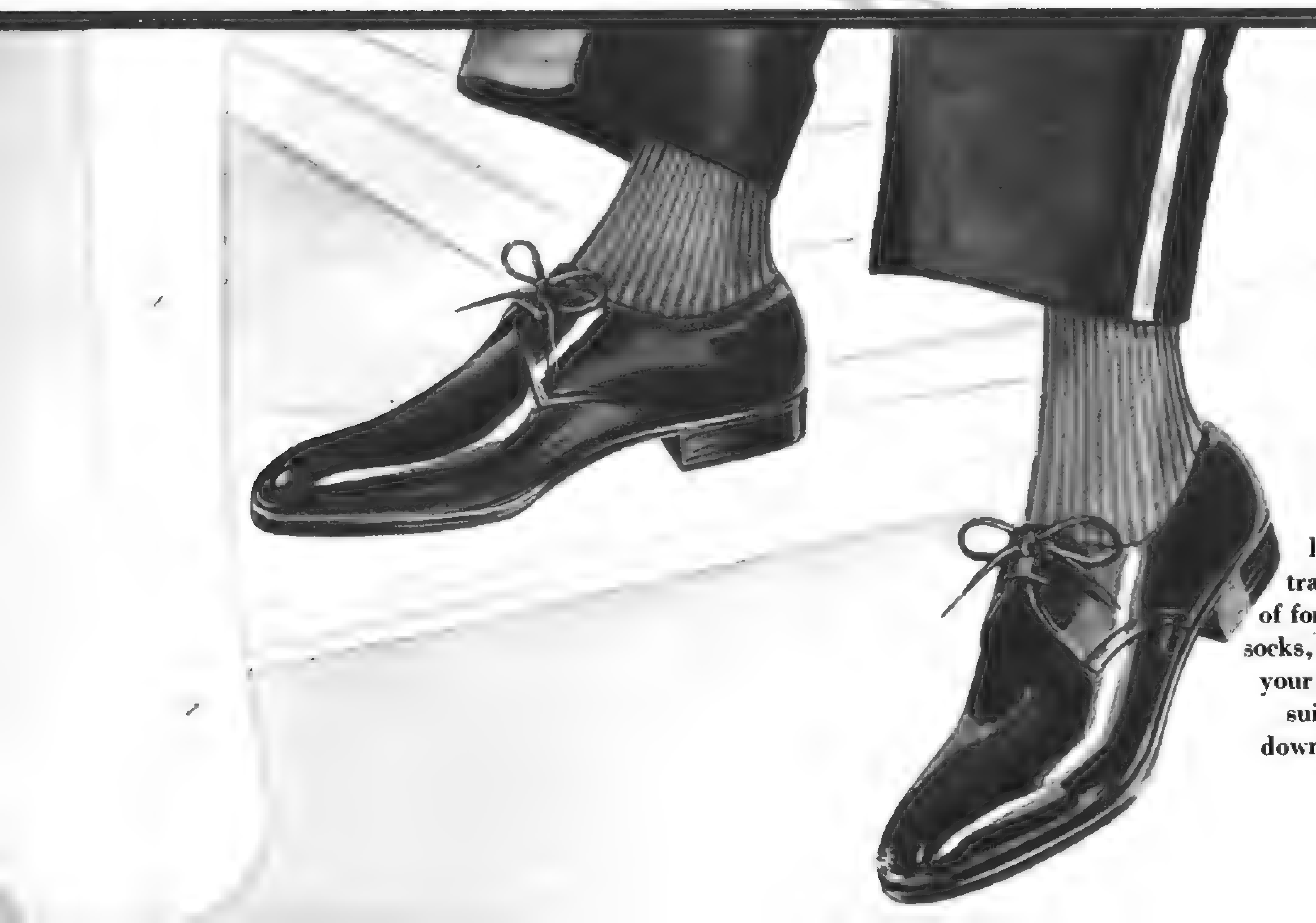
Things have been happening from the ground up, and these five new shoe styles have top standing for this fall

You may not have known it, but shoe makers are doing more than just turning out millions of pairs like the old ones. There are many new styles, some of the well-worn favorites have been worked into new designs. and your shoes this year will serve the occasion far better than ever before. By that we mean, for example, that town styles have been worked over until your new version brings you a relaxing lighter-weight job that's perfect for your taxi-and-office-and-cocktail routine; they'll wear well for you, of course, but the main point of these shoes is to give you a sophisticated elegance which shows you know your way about town. Conversely, styles for country have been built up to a point where you can beat through heavy brush without worrying about them giving way at the seams; and, just the same, these rugged styles are good-looking enough to keep you out of the pick-and-shovel brigade. Rubber soles are back, and once more you can spring along on that cushion you always enjoyed for your relaxing moments, this time improved with new designing on the upper part of the shoe. No need to tell you how pleasant and economical it is to have a shoe wardrobe: the big news is that from one end to the other, from occasion to occasion, the new styles are worth checking over.

Custom Black for Town and Travel

Stepping off the 20th Century Limited you'll be dressed for action if you are wearing a dark blue Dangent suit and these new custom last shoes in black leather. They have a simple design and get added good looks from the moderately extended sole. The shoes are sturdy but not overly heavy, so they give nothing but comfort during a full day at the office. In line with the trend toward lighter, more sensible shoes, they will last longer if you have at least one alternate pair for town wear and use a shoetree. The blue ribbed socks have a Galleon gold chevron panel. Suit is dark blue Dangent.



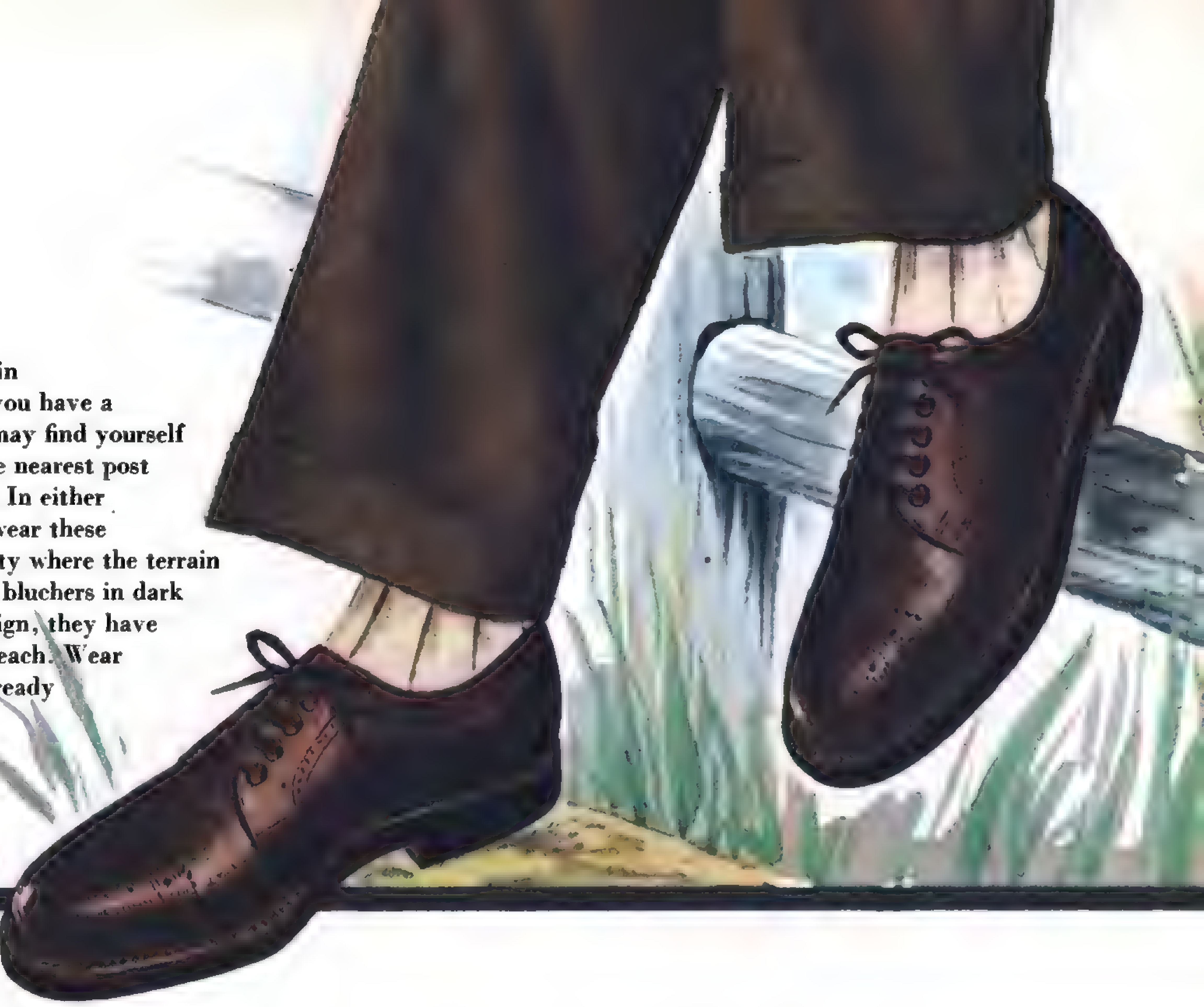


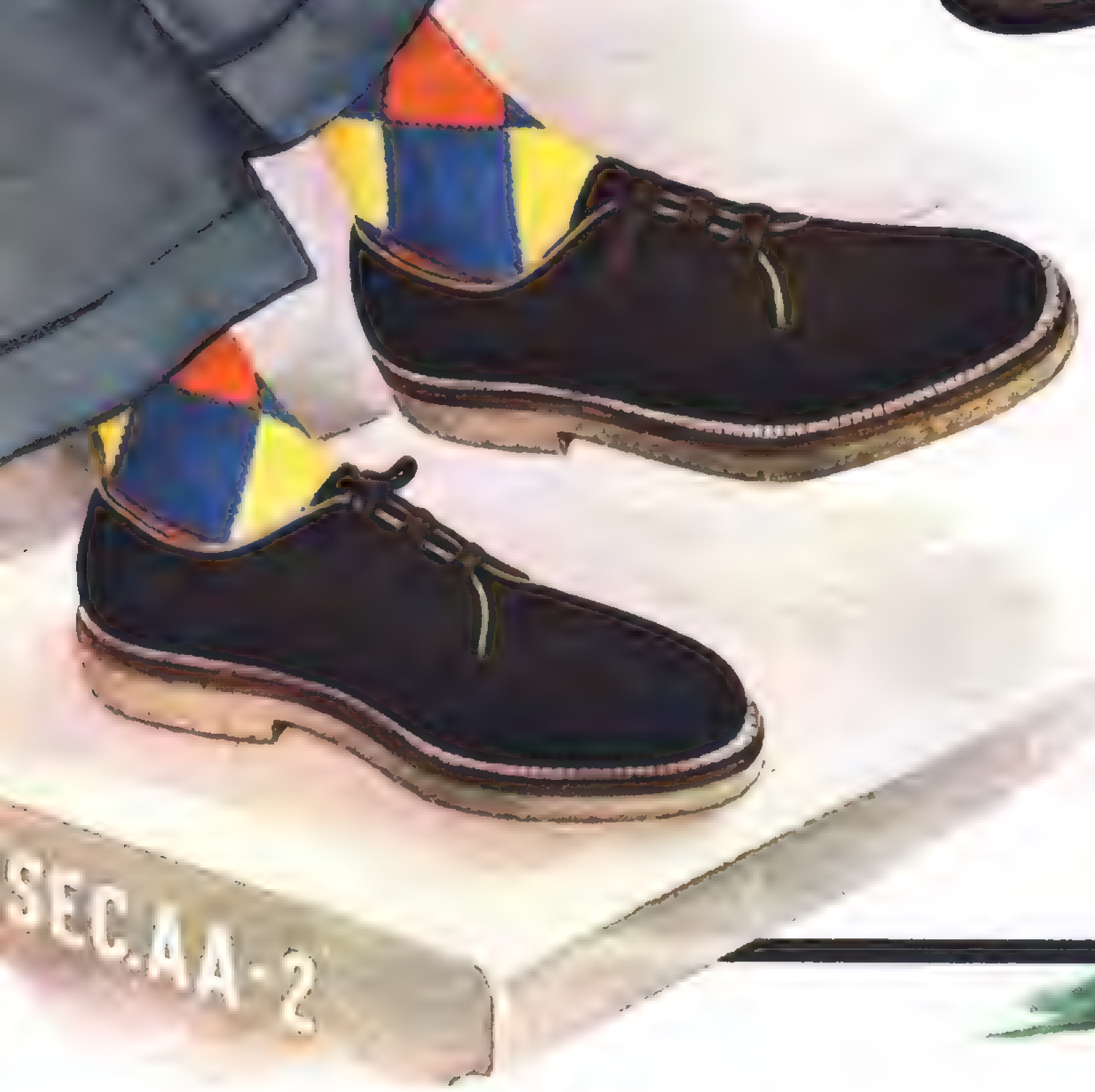
Formal footing

In dinner jacket or tails, with the little woman on one arm and these patent leather evening shoes on your feet, you're set for a great evening. Chances are, if there's music, you'll have to dance with her—this two-eyelet model specializes in comfort when you're in the midst of a forgotten two-step. The long line from the vamp is a traditional fashion characteristic of formal shoes. With ribbed nylon socks, they are the finishing touch for your midnight blue tropical evening suit with a conventional braid down the side.

Blucher in the backwoods

When you take out the Harris tweeds for a weekend in the country or a trip to the track make certain that you have a rugged pair of bluchers in your shoe wardrobe. You may find yourself taking a long walk in the woods or merely kicking the nearest post when your horse decides to take a nap in the stretch. In either case, you need shoes that can take it. You may not wear these as often as the town shoes but they are a real necessity where the terrain is other than concrete and carpet. These heavy soled bluchers in dark heavy grained leather are made for service. Plain design, they have storm welt medallion toe caps and five metal eyelets each. Wear a wide ribbed bold sock and the tweeds and you are ready for the healthiest kind of a weekend.



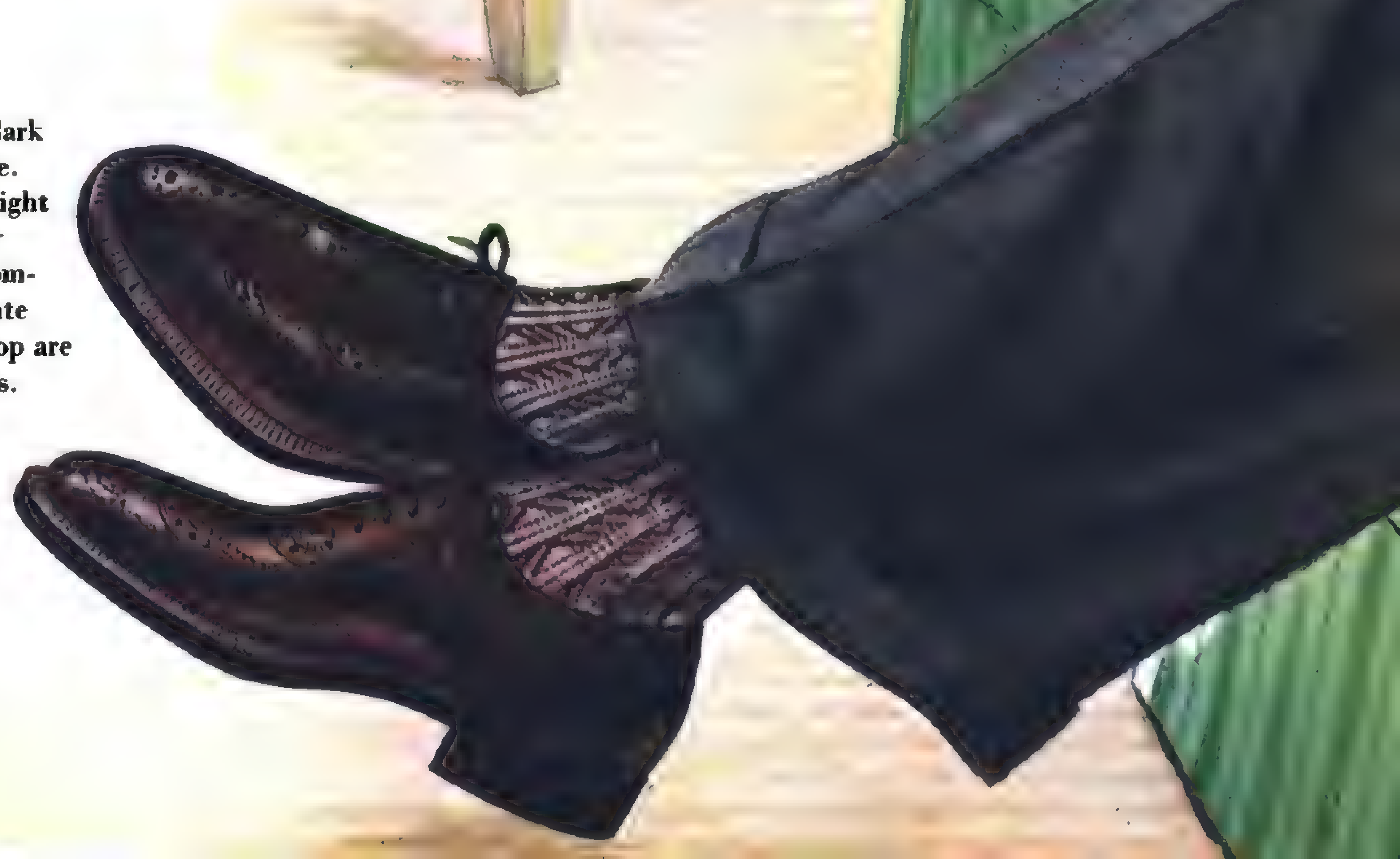


Sportsmen in Brushed Leather

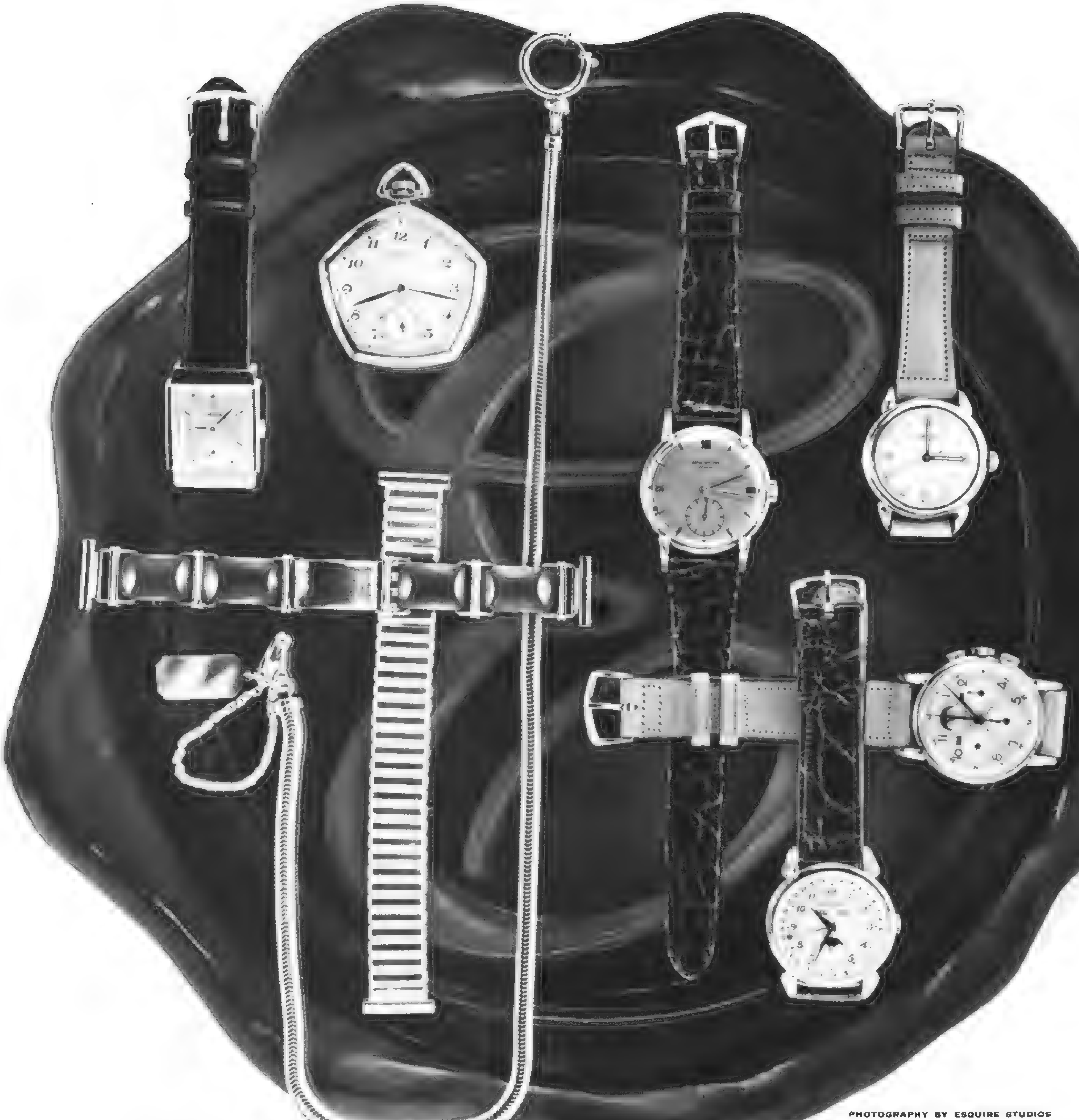
A tough pair of shoes for just about any activity in the great outdoors are these brushed leather bluchers. You can be strolling around the grounds at the club just before the first snow or taking in the local high school football game on Friday night. These plain-toed huskies will take a real beating and come back for more. Each has three eyelets and a strap fastener plus crepe rubber soles that are tops for comfort. They even make good wearing when you are loafing around the old homestead. Because of their multi-purpose value, there has been quite a fashion trend recently toward these brushed leathers. The wool socks with bold diamonds of red, blue, and yellow add a dash of color at the ankles. They are offset by the old reliable plain grey flannel slacks. A quality combination.

Wing-tips from five to nine

In good taste practically anytime during the day, dark wing-tips are especially elegant around cocktail time. Ease yourself into the softest chair in the vicinity, light up, have a drink. Relax. The body is clad in a grey worsted suit with blue overplaid and the feet are comfortably shod in a grained leather shoe with elaborate perforations and seam-edge decorations. Over the top are patterned maroon and palladium-toned ribbed socks. The wing-tip is also a good business shoe when used as an alternate with the black leather town and travel oxfords on the opposite page—especially for younger men of affairs. Long-wearing, good-looking, the wing-tip has been a fashion favorite for years.



DRAWINGS BY MERRILL HARVEY



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ESQUIRE STUDIOS

Esquire fashion TIME TABLE

Your watch is your personality. You look at the time: your companion looks at the watch. It tells you something: it tells something about you. It used to be that everyone carried the same kind of watch, more or less expensive. Now, you can pick from a number of styles, you can even vary the accessories. The selection shown here does not exhaust the field, but these are very much in keeping with the idea of elegance in your apparel and accessories. These, too, have been selected for their fine masculine styling. It is not at all extreme to suggest that if you wish to dress the part perfectly, for example, in the evening, that a special watch should be worn for the occasion. The same watch you'd wear on the golf course will tell you the time, but is by no means as well suited to your desire for flawless grooming. So, for the man who likes to study faces, this Esquire time-table: At top left is a wristwatch with black suede strap for wear with your dinner jacket or tails. The pentagon-shaped pocket watch stands up-right in the pocket of formal evening trousers. Next is a watch for wear during the business week, followed clockwise by a steel watch with a sweep second hand and leather band for sportswear. Below is the amazing chronograph with a stop watch and recording dials that tell everything except stock market listings. Finally, the calendar watch has a sweep second hand also. Watches have obviously come a long way since the day of the pocket turnip. And remember when buying a watch band like the horizontal ebony and gold one at the left or the expansion band (vertical), the color of the wristband or key chain should harmonize with the gold of the watch. Coordination applies here just as it does to clothes and accessories.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

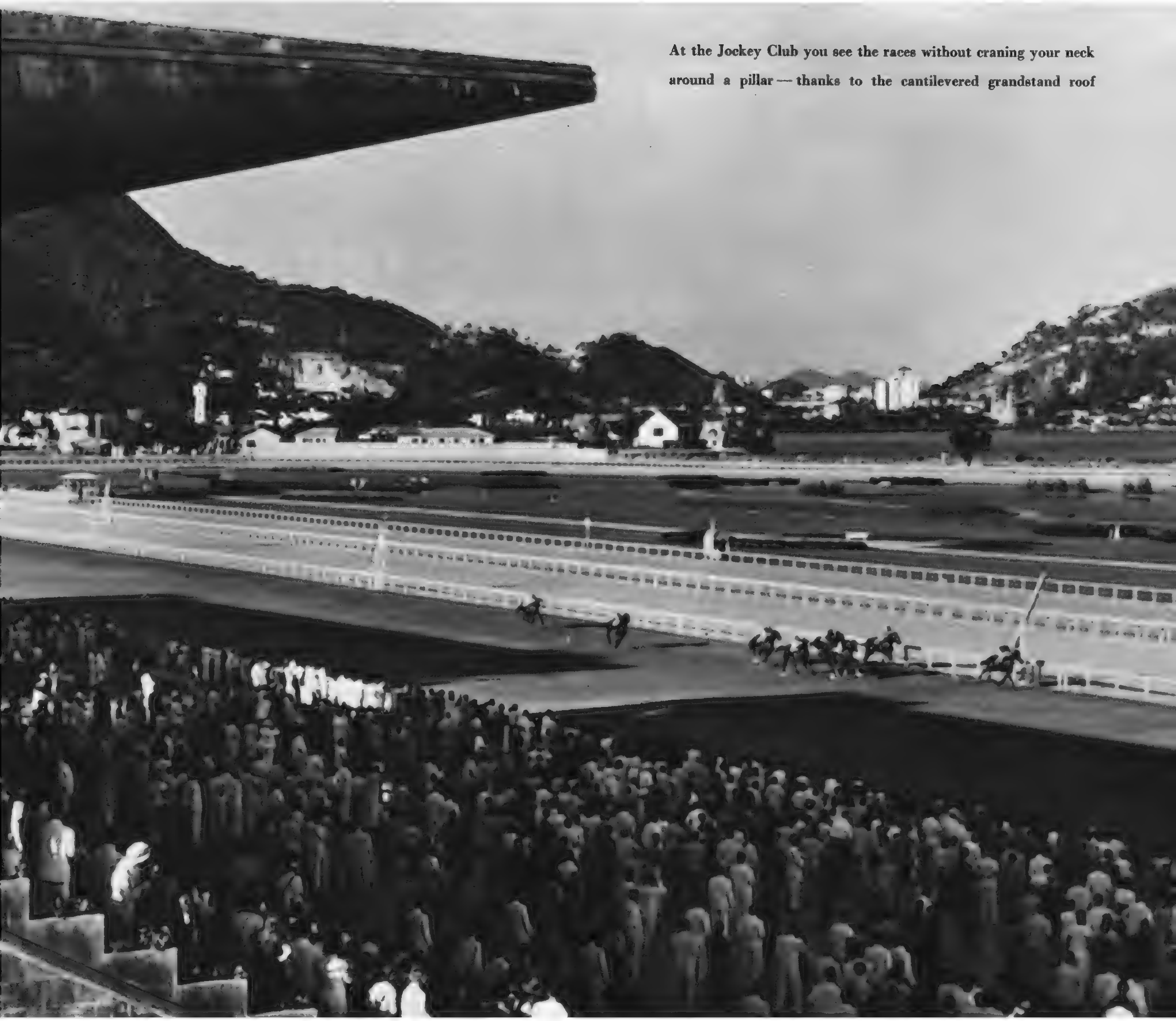
THE PARIS of SOUTH AMERICA

Rio de Janeiro

by RICHARD JOSEPH

To the sensitive traveler, the great cities of the world are just cities only until he has discovered them for himself. They then cease to be cities and become something else. Paris and New Orleans are beautiful and sophisticated women; London, Boston and San Francisco are dignified old gentlemen sipping sherry in a distinguished club; Naples, Marseilles and Shanghai are raffish ladies you'd like to see again sometime, when you're in the mood.

For this sort of voyager, Rio de Janeiro is a song—a rhythm, rather—a musical beat you pick up from your plane's four motors as you swoop down over Corcovado and reach out to touch the diamond necklace which is Rio in the moonlight. It is a samba that stirs out of the cafés along the Avenida Rio Branco, bounces along the mosaic sidewalks, grows stronger and more intoxicating as it sweeps out over Copacabana's white sands and reaches its climax in the magnificent crescendo of Carnival.



At the Jockey Club you see the races without craning your neck around a pillar — thanks to the cantilevered grandstand roof

The fabled sophistication and loveliness one encounters in Rio grace the boxes at the Jockey Club

The Jockey Club is Rio's Most Beautiful Showplace

Carioca society flocks to Gávea Park during the season

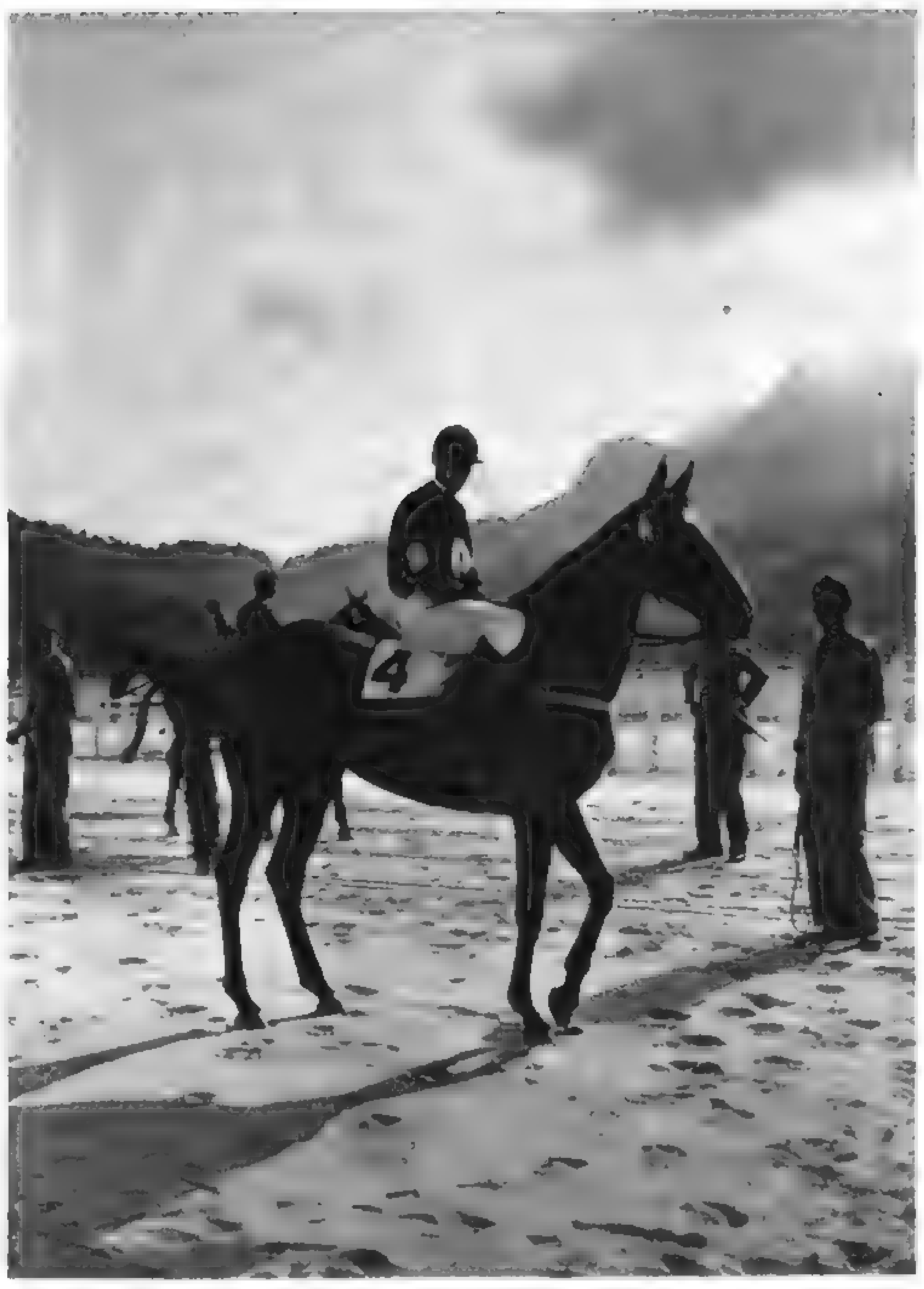
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil's beautiful capital, has been one of man's great playgrounds almost from the moment the Portuguese explorer, André Gonçalves, sailed into the magnificent harbor on New Year's Day, 1502, decided it was the mouth of a great river, and named the place River of January. You can swim, fish, sail, hunt, golf, play tennis or watch soccer or boxing. Best of all, though, is the racing.

Rio's Jockey Club, in the smart Gávea residential section, is all the fashionable tracks of the world—with something extra thrown in. It's Saratoga, with lovely Latin women. It's Auteuil, with palm trees; Epsom Downs, with the fiery South American temperament crackling through the grandstand.

More than that, it's a focal point in the lives of most Cariocas, as all Rio residents are called, during the season. Comes high noon on Saturday or Sunday, and Rio society finishes its last

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PIX INC.

It is hard to focus on "os cavalos" with the distracting background of some of the world's most beautiful women milling about



In the big races, millions of cruzeiros sometimes ride on the noses of Brazilian equine favorites

"Largaram!" is the shout that goes up when the barrier lifts in front of a dozen thoroughbreds

morning dip or the last game of peteca on the beach at Copacabana, changes into something cool and fashionable, and drives out to the track in its expensive American, British, French or Italian car. Or perhaps it is finishing a round of golf at the superb Gávea course, which is right near the track.

Meanwhile the other Rio swarms over its busses and streetcars like ants over layer cake, and rides out to the track, stranger embracing stranger to keep from plummeting off into the streets.

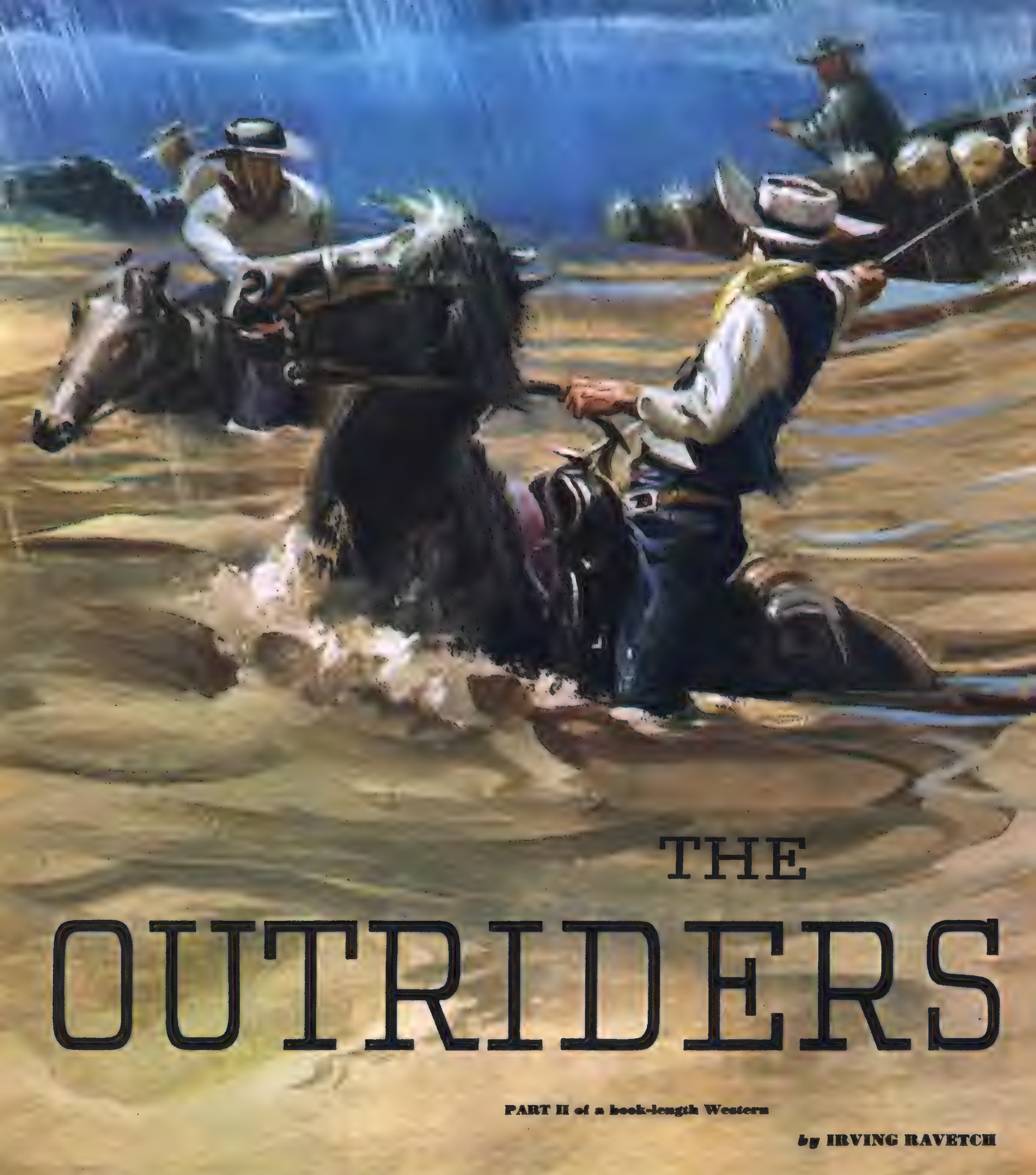
The general admission to the track is a half-dollar, and most of Rio—the dark, singing, gay, suffering, patient Rio that makes its carnival one of the world's most colorful celebrations—seems able to scrape up the ten cruzeiros from some place or other—plus a few more to lay on the line.

For gambling is epidemic in Brazil, ranking with the purchase of pills and self-doctoring as a national mania.

The Saturday afternoon races set the tempo for the week-end program of Rio society—one of the richest and gayest of any on earth. The Brazilian millionaire has supplanted the tax-ridden American as champion spender at Monte Carlo, Biarritz, Cannes, St. Moritz—and nowhere is his opulence more evident than at home.

The more informal cocktail parties at clubs and private homes are frequently set up at the track. Leaving the Jockey Club, your Brazilian social lion will head for the cocktail parties, then dinner, a game of high-stake Pif Paf at somebody's home, then the Golden Room of the Copacabana Palace Hotel for dancing and the floor show. After midnight the smart crowd streams across the foyer to the hotel's Meia Noite, or midnight room, until closing—about four in the morning. ⵌ

This thoroughbred is being pointed for the Grande Prêmio Brasil, the racing high spot of the season

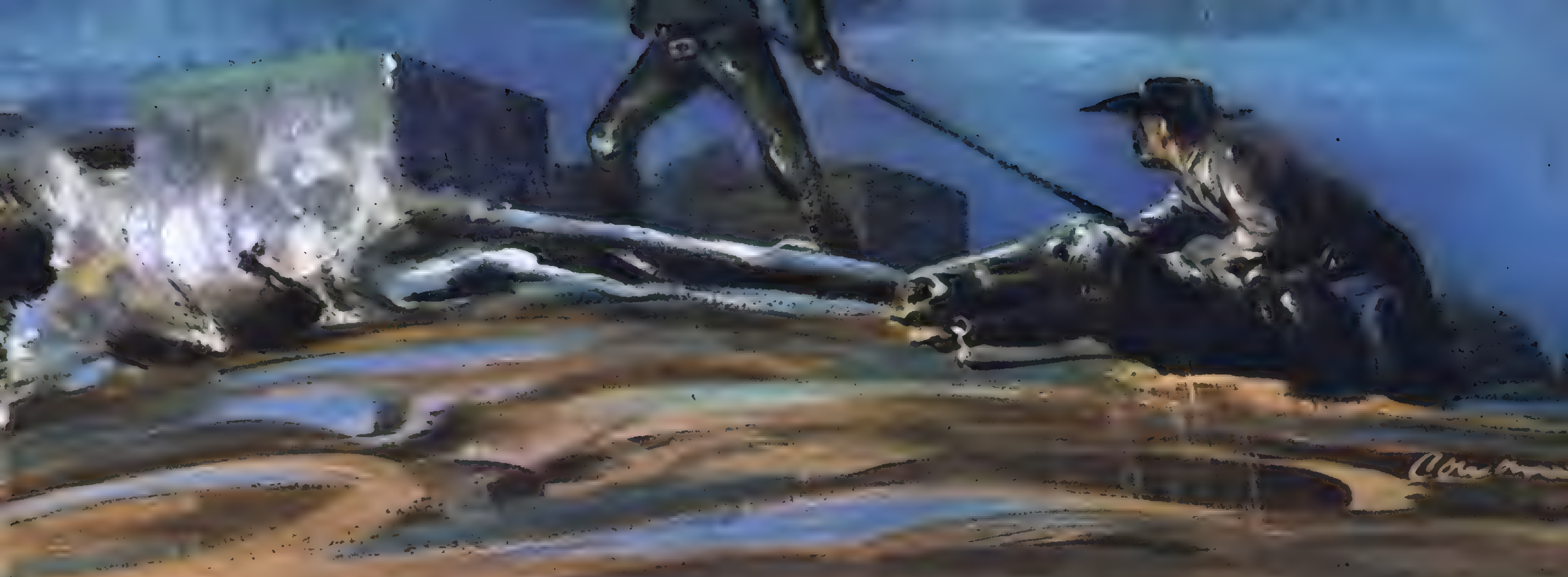


THE OUTRIDERS

PART II of a book-length Western

by IRVING RAVETCH

LEADING a wagon train into an ambush is a little too much like murder for Will Owen's taste. But Will is a Confederate soldier in wartime, and he has his orders—rig a pay roll for the staggering Greys with this exploit. Will, old Clint Priest, and Jesse Wallace, Will's boyhood friend, have escaped from a Union stockade, and have been persuaded to join Keighley, leader of a band of Confederate marauders operating behind the Union lines. Because Will knows the territory, he and his buddies are selected to be a "Trojan Horse" in a wagon train organized by Don Antonio Chaves to carry one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold coins from Santa Fe across Apache and Comanche and Pawnee country to St. Louis. Keighley has outlined a plan for them by which they are to lead the train into an ambush laid by Keighley's men at Cow Creek, four days' ride beyond the Arkansas River. Will, Clint and Jesse work their way down to Santa Fe, are refused permission to join the Chaves train, but later are taken on by Don Antonio, whose crew is short-handed after an Apache attack. For their help, Will is made trail boss. In the train are Father Damasco, a Mexican priest; Mrs. Getty, a beautiful young widow; and Roy, her kid brother-in-law. Both Will and Jesse are attracted to Mrs. Getty, but Jesse seems to be making more progress. Will is thinking about the ambush. Now pick up Will's story there.



Where does a soldier draw the line between murder and war? Will Owen wasn't sure

he knew until the shooting started—and then it was almost too late

We left the desert and the Apache country behind without any further incident, and the weather turned colder. Whether it was our sudden presence in the train that kept them off, or the fact that the war party had been hurt by Don Antonio's new Winchesters, there was no way of telling. Anyway, we saw no more of the Enemy.

But we still posted sentries at night, in addition to the night watch, and during the march we kept the train closed in tight, because there were Comanches ahead and Pawnees beyond them. Near Cow Creek I would announce us out of danger and call off sentry duty, and I'd probably get the thanks of the guards for being able to sleep a few nights through. Even for a Judas their words would be hard to take, but I knew that Keighley would thank me, too.

Roy quit Don Antonio's coach and rode in the point with Jesse and me. He rode well and for the first time began to look as if he were enjoying himself.

Jesse was perverse as ever—if the boy seemed happy, he would try to shake him out of it—and he talked Indian all day.

"Maybe it's the way they eat that makes them so mean. They yank the liver out of a buffalo while it's still breathing and they down it raw. Their idea of real plush is to spread the gall on top to make a sauce."

"Gives me cramps thinking about it," the boy said.

"When they're hungry they'll go on a hunt," Jesse went on, "and when they're bored they'll fight. Most of the time they're bored. You've already seen it happen once, and you're going to see it again. Oh, sure, sonny, you'll see it again. They paint themselves blue at night, and they can stand fifteen feet away without your seeing them. If you're lucky and look real close, maybe you'll make out the glint of his blade. But by then it's usually too late, because an Indian can cover fifteen feet in a jump, and when he lands, your throat has been laid open to the wind and trouble has passed you by. Am I right, Will?"

"Leave him alone," I said.

Roy smiled. "Yeah, quit it. You're scaring me to death."

It struck me that Roy had joined us up front without anybody asking him. It was the most dangerous place in the train and he knew it. He kept looking around, twisting in the saddle, and the cords stook out on his neck. But he was game. I think he knew what was coming before I said it. He'd seen every man in the outfit pulling more than his weight, and he knew no man could do another's share.

"Tonight's your watch, Roy," I said to him. "I'll be on with you."

He nodded a few times, but he didn't say anything. I thought he was relieved that it had finally come.

That night he ate with Mrs. Getty, and after I'd checked the herd with one of the guards I came over to pick him up. He got to his feet.

"Ready?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Getty was staring up at him. "Maybe I could sit it out with you," she said.

"No, Jen. That isn't a woman's work."

She said carefully, "Roy, you don't have to pretend with me. And I'm sure Mr. Owen—"

"Stop it!" He turned away from her.

"All right, Roy," she said quietly. "I'm sorry . . ."

I liked her for that. I knew it was hard for her to watch him walk to the edge of the camp site. I noticed that she was still straining through the dark to see him when everyone else was fast asleep.

It began to rain when we took up our positions. I kept my gun dry under my poncho, but water trickled down the back of my neck, and when I tilted my hat back to stop it my eyes were blinded. The next three hours would be long ones, and I wondered how Roy was doing over on the other side.

But he was standing beside me, his eyes wide. "Was that you, Will?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

His mouth worked. "I . . . I thought I heard a noise."

"Well?"

"Well—I figured maybe you were in trouble . . ."

"No. You'd better get back, Roy."

I watched him pick his way through the huddled figures on the ground and take his stand once again. He had heard a noise. He had heard the pelting rain and the uneasy stirring of our herd, and they were sounds he didn't want to listen to alone, so he had come to stand next to me. I cursed Jesse for it—he hadn't scared the boy in broad daylight, but he was paralyzing him now. The men would hate to see a hand go idle all through the night, and they'd be right, but this would have to be young Mr. Getty's first and last watch.

I shifted a little so I could keep an eye on him. I tried to translate the sounds he heard into the fears he felt. The rain was twigs snapping underfoot, the animals were the close, heavy breathing of savages, the night was plain bottomless terror.

His back was straight and he kept his arms rigid at his sides. He was holding himself, coiled like a spring. Then, while I watched, he was suddenly taking a few stumbling steps back, clawing his slicker aside. I jumped up when I saw the gun in his hand, but I was too far away. He pointed out into the darkness and his gun flashed.

The herd went.

It was one jump to their feet and another to hell. The ground shook under me as they pounded out into the dark, screaming and scattering as they went, and a minute after the sound of the shot their hoofs were stilled, swallowed in the rain. The oxen and the whole herd of ponies were gone.

The next sound to be heard was men still half-asleep airing their lungs. I hadn't heard such cursing since the day a drunken gunnery sergeant sent a ball through our colonel's H.Q. because of a peeve.

Our own mounts had wanted to go, too, but they'd been tethered too securely to break away. As it was, they took a little calming down. We left four men behind to hold the camp, though an attack in that kind of weather was too much even for Indians who painted themselves blue. The rest of us rode out, slipping like eels on the hard, wet saddles.

We were at it all through that raining night, scouring the countryside and the brush, taking them back, one at a time, riding out as far as twenty-five miles from the camp site.

It stopped pouring at dawn, when the last ox was rounded up and our work was over, and we came back in the grey morning with all but five ponies that had been too fleet for the fastest of us. They had coffee for us in camp, but most of the men just dropped to catch a little sleep before we were ready to pull out again.

The others stood around Don Antonio angrily, their arms waving. He quieted them with a single word and came over to me by the fire.

"It's been a stupid night," he said. "So needless. The men want to know who fired the shot."

"I did," I said. "I thought I saw something."

"You, Will?"

I walked past him toward the men. "I fired the shot," I told them.

Nobody spoke for a minute, and then Jesse turned over wearily on his side and said, "All right, Will, you know there's nothing around us for thirty miles (*Continued on page 150*)

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK COWAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT S. HARRAH

Stravinsky Conducts

One of music's greatest legends is surprisingly alive

It is a puzzling thing to nonmusic lovers, and a great boon to quizmasters, that Stokowski, Tschaikovsky and Stravinsky are great musical names found frequently on our concert programs. But to serious listeners it is doubtful if Mr. Hands or Mr. Hermit are rated today as highly as Mr. Firebird, whom you see in these photographs conducting his works. For Igor Stravinsky was already a "great" of music 40 years ago, and has hardly stepped down in the meantime.

His life has included all the traditional failures and triumphs of a master. In the glamorous heyday of the world-famous *Ballet Russe*, the heady mixture of command performances, wild triumphs, and champagne parties put on by this famous company caught up artists like Matisse and Picasso, dancers like Nijinsky, choreographers like Fokine, Massine and Balanchine, but the musical prophet of them all was Stravinsky. When they gave his *Firebird* suite, even Claude Debussy was proud to shake his hand: when they gave his *Rite of Spring*, Paris' gendarmes had to be called out to save him from physical violence.

Even today, Stravinsky faces the same extremes. He recently was awarded the supreme accolade of being made over into a juke-box classic, and Hollywood has offered him $100,000 for three pieces a year, which, incidentally, he refuses to do. Sam Goldwyn was reported to have offered him $25,000 for a piece, although explaining to the celebrated composer of symphonies and ballets that the fee for an "arranger" would have to come out of the twenty-five! Stravinsky has also written for Paul Whiteman, Billy Rose and Woody Herman. But in spite of this diversity of success, his recent *Mass* and *Symphony* were received with only polite applause.

The reason for all this is probably not the fickleness of public taste, but the impish seriousness bottled up in the little composer's head. With his beaky nose, large eyes and protruding ears, Stravinsky does not look unlike a firebird himself. There was a day when his disrespect for conventional harmonies and his primitive rhythms were considered the height of individuality: yet today, by-passed in revolutionary shockers by the moderns, Stravinsky has reverted to the most classical and rigid musical forms and delights in expressing himself in the musical terms of a Bach. A Russian, he despises Soviet composers almost as much as Wagner's heavy romanticism. He lives simply and studiously in Hollywood, of all places. Those who know him can only guess at what he will do next: and it is a safe bet they will be wrong. ⵌ

Stravinsky pauses during a rehearsal to exchange a few words with one of his musicians. A chronic draft-worrier, the maestro likes to snuggle into a couple of massive sweaters while conducting for rehearsals; a fur-lined overcoat gives him proper protection during rest periods.

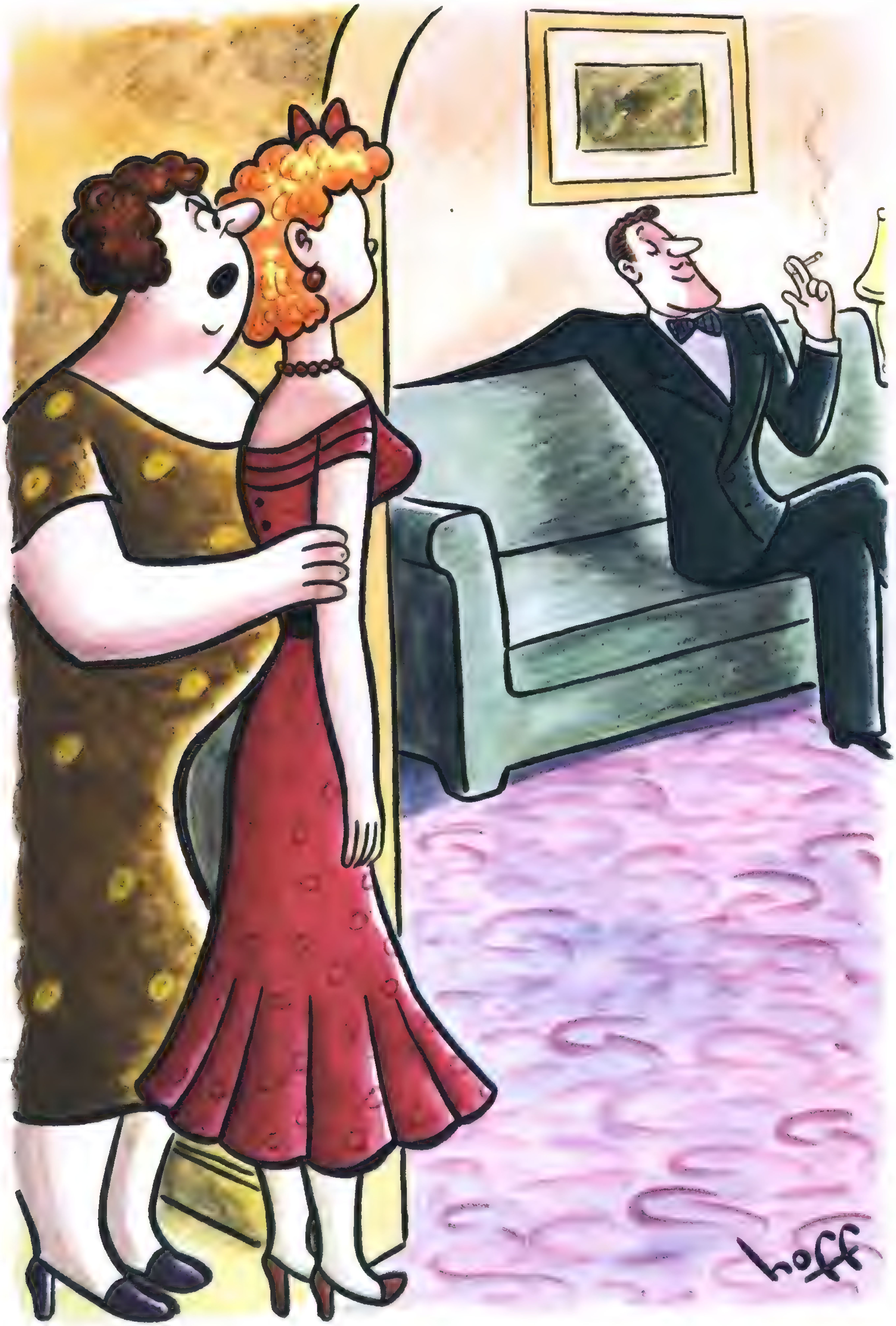
The composer runs over his own score before a recording. Top musicians say Stravinsky's music is hard enough to play, much less compose, and the image of the master, waving his hands to the rhythms in his mind, mentally orchestrating the score, leaves them limp and respectful.

Rendezvous with harpists. This intriguing shot was taken during the recent recording of Stravinsky's ballet *Orpheus*. The flashing colors and rich tapestry of a Stravinsky score call for expert and agile plucking, and it is not surprising to catch an intense huddle like this one.

Stravinsky makes a point before asking his orchestra to play over a passage. A brilliant conductor, he nevertheless considers that the maestro's job is to follow the music as it was written, and not to superimpose his own personality and interpretation over the original score.

The Stravinsky beat. A short, spare man, Stravinsky nevertheless has a mental and physical muscularity which brings a Spartan ideal to his work. He labors as intently as the veriest conservatory pupil, still composes at the piano and, once ensconced in his workroom, is unreachable.

A playback of the recording. Stravinsky's newer works have all the hard, clean architecture of music by Bach or Haydn and he expects his orchestra to respond with the same perfection. Considered by many to be the greatest of living composers, he is still happy to experiment.

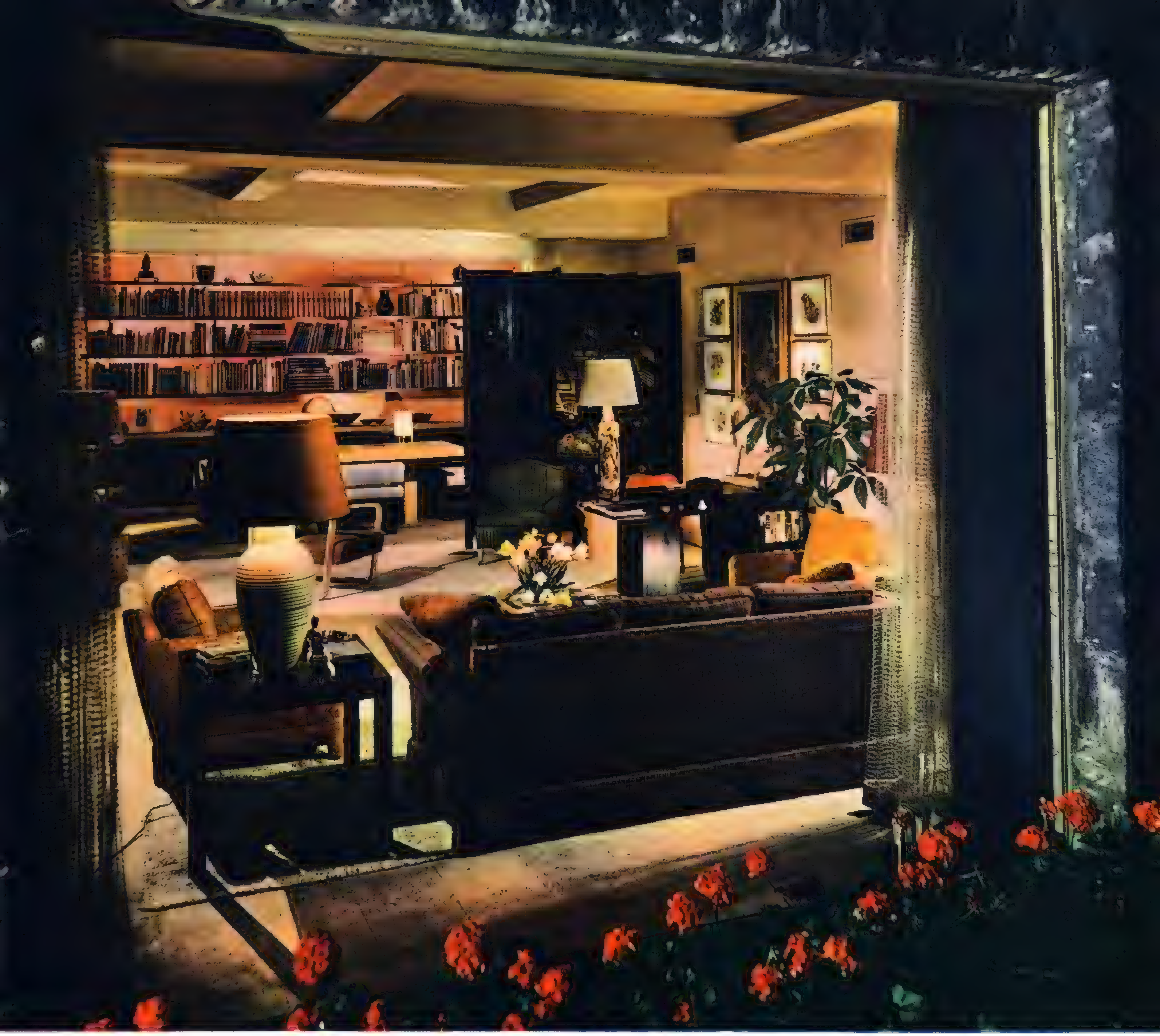


"Now get in there and fight!"

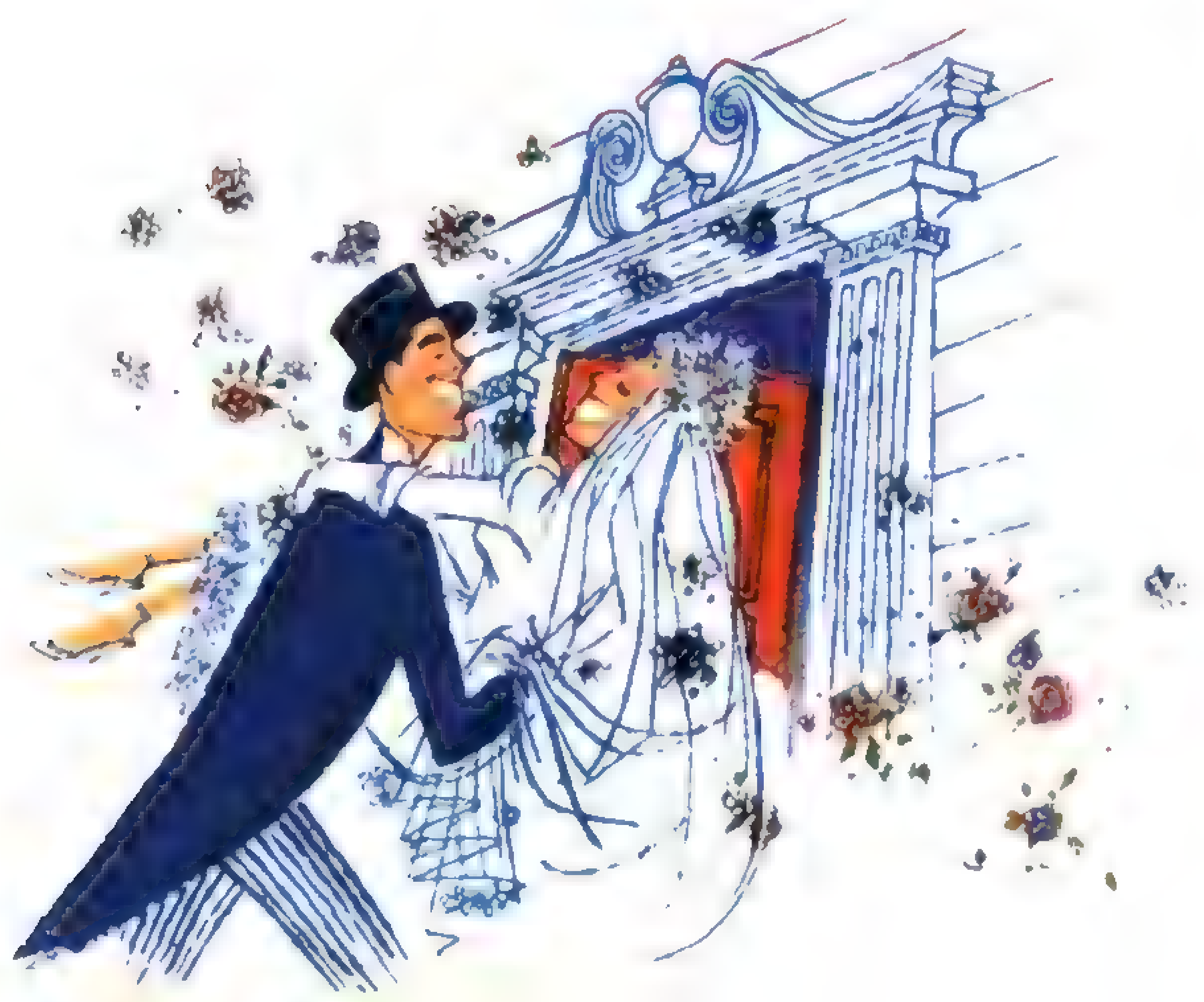
Esquire's BRIDEGROOM

Winter, TOO, *is Wedding Time!*

June is traditionally the merry month of marriage, but in the fall and winter months, millions of American bridegrooms will say, "I do," travel millions of honeymoon miles, receive untold tons of gifts and get set generally to support the grand old institution referred to as wedded bliss.



"'Tis custom, sire, that points the way . . ."



Carrying the bride across the threshold of their brand new home, cutting the cake, drinking from the marriage cup, and who stands where in the receiving line—the bridegroom acts against a background of traditional etiquette and form in a pattern of graciousness and good taste

According to age-old custom, the bridegroom carries his bride off to their first home, in this case, his bachelor studio apartment (see photo above), redesigned in the modern manner to blend quality of traditional values with functional living for two.

Custom formalizes wedding etiquette. Today's wedding ceremonies, aged and blended with customs from different societies and times, not only give the wedding charm and significance, but form a pattern of correct procedure. All that is left for the bridegroom to do is learn what's expected of him when and how.

You'll get your real briefing at the wedding rehearsal. Throughout the church ceremony, the male members of the wedding party perform their duties as did their counterparts centuries ago. For the "father to give the bride away" dates back to the time she was a commodity for purchase, though today it indicates she is leaving his household for her husband's. Your best man is the strong-armed warrior friend of old and is still the guy you are most dependent on.

At the reception, the bride's mother is first in line to greet the guests. Next to her stands the groom's mother, then the groom's father, then the bride and groom, maid of honor and bridesmaids. When the last guest has been received, the bride and groom take their places at the bridal table.

As soon as the first course has been served, champagne is poured. The bride's glass is filled first, then the groom's, then on around the table, ending with the best man. If the *coup de marriage* is used the couple stand and the bridegroom drinks first, then the bride from the same silver marriage cup. Whatever type is used, however, the best man rises and proposes the toast, and after it is drunk the groom stands and thanks the guests for them both.

The custom dates back to the time when the wine was drunk from separate but connected cups. The couple would drink from the cups at the same time, and tradition claimed that the one who finished first would rule the household. Today, however, the toast is drunk to wish the couple health and happiness.

The wedding cake, probably the oldest and most universal custom, is cut after the main course has been served. Just as in the days of ancient Greece and Rome it is supposed to secure abundance of material wealth for the couple.

After the wedding cake has been cut, and the couple have shared the first piece, the dancing begins.

Throughout, it is a day of memorable moments made for gaiety and laughter, waltzes and well wishes—a day you and your bride have waited for and dreamed about.

RECESSIONAL. Mr. and Mrs. Hubert J. O'Gorman, New York City, head the recessional, her left hand through his right arm. Best man hands the groom his hat, gloves at church door, sees couple to their car.

RECEIVING LINE. Mr. and Mrs. Gray Morrison II, New Orleans, greet their guests. Below, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Staley, Jr., Los Angeles, cut WEDDING CAKE. They share this first piece to symbolize readiness to share each other's lives.

FINALE. Mr. and Mrs. William Walker Williams, Los Angeles, take off for their honeymoon. Best man has made all preparations, and as a final duty, sends a wire, in groom's name, thanking bride's parents for reception.

FIRST WALTZ. Mr. and Mrs. John Chrisman Hughes start the dancing at reception in Los Angeles. Bride's father cuts in, followed by groom's father, best man, ushers. Groom dances second dance with bride's mother, then his mother.

Winter, too, is TRAVEL *time*

The sea lanes and skyways lead to far-away places with schedules, rates and accommodations tuned to all tastes, ~~from top-drawer de luxe to informal junkets for the more casual minded~~

PRIVACY, seclusion, the chance to be alone together—those have been honeymoon essentials since man first possessed his mate merely by cutting her out from the rest of the tribe and carrying her off to an inaccessible cave in the mountains.

Today's more conventional couples still want seclusion but with comforts, conveniences and, if possible, luxuries on the side, and they're finding the practically ideal combination in the hotel cottage.

Among the winter and fall resort areas, famous Williamsburg Inn, Williamsburg, Virginia, has transformed ancient slave-quarters into a splendidly equipped "honeymoon house," that offers complete privacy yet which is close to the Inn itself and the historic old town of Williamsburg.

In the Southwest, winter honeymooners will find detached cottages at the Arizona Biltmore, Phoenix. The Cloisters, Sea Island, Georgia, has detached living quarters for two, specially designed to emphasize that "alone together" feeling, while in California, Çasa de Manana, La Jolla, the Santa Barbara Biltmore, and the Beverly Hills Hotel are among the best of the honeymoon-home-of-your-own spots. The Hotel Del Monte also has excellently planned and appointed detached cottages, though the hotel itself is still controlled by the Navy.

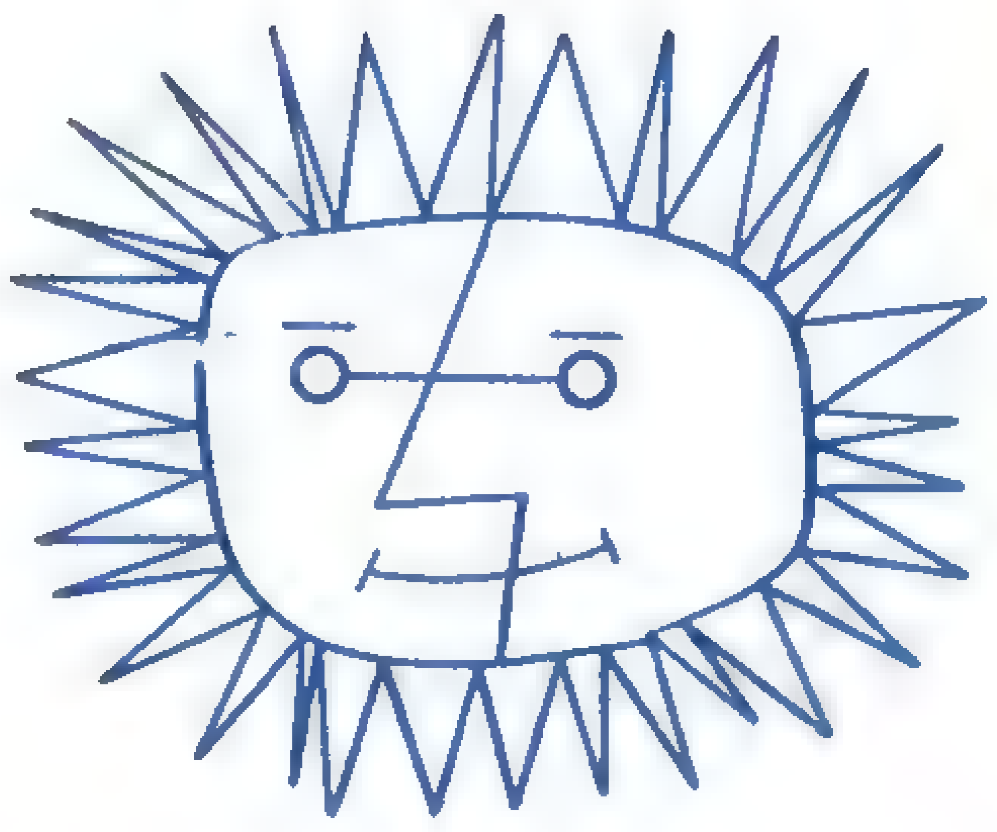
Farther afield, the Princess Hotel, Bermuda, has cottages that your bride would probably call "dreamy." Bermuda's Harmony Hall, a well managed, less expensive resort colony, offers detached suites, each decorated and named after a Bermuda flower, fish or typically Bermudian motif.

Down Mexico way, you can't beat Acapulco for all around fun, hot sun and good swimming, with a cottage of your own to retire to at El Mirador, Las Americas, or Papagayo hotels, when you begin to feel that the world is too much with you.

All guest cottages at hotels of the type noted here, supply service on exactly the same basis as you would get in your own suite or room in the main

hotel building. Arrangements for meals vary. In some, you eat in the hotel dining room, but in most cases you can order breakfast, luncheon or dinner and between meals snacks simply by calling "room service," that boon to mankind when you don't feel like stirring out of your own quarters.

Rates vary so by location, season and hotel that you'd do well to check prices with the hotel itself or your travel agent. At Acapulco, you can rent cottages for $7 a day, per person, American plan, while in this country, you'll pay from $40 a day up, double, American, with approximately $26 a day, per person, American, at the Princess, Bermuda, as a top in that enchanted isle.



QUEEN OF BERMUDA
LONDON

Top, left: Mt. Ixtaccihuatl overlooks Mexico City where Reforma Hotel offers smart atmosphere, with Acapulco a short plane ride away. Top, right: Ipanema Beach, Rio de Janeiro, is less crowded than Copacabana, is easily reached from residential section where apartments may be rented with complete service for a month or more.

Opposite page: Uruguay's beaches are superb and attract visitors from all parts of the world. Pocitos Beach is over a mile long and is backed by a row of apartment hotels in which terraced suites are available on transient basis. Well appointed cabanas are rented by the day or season. All reservations must be made well in advance.

Above: Bluebeard's Castle, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, was once a fort. It has been converted to luxury living and, standing on a high hill overlooking the town of Charlotte Amalie, affords a magnificent view of hills, harbor and colorful streets and rooftops. Breakfast for two on the terrace is a memorable occasion.

Left: The luxury liner "Queen of Bermuda" is back in service after a heroic wartime career, and thousands of couples prefer her as a "honeymoon ship." You leave New York on a Saturday afternoon and arrive at Hamilton early Monday. The Princess Hotel and Harmony Hall have individual guest suites and cottages.

Briefing the Bridegroom's Attendants

Who does what at the ceremony and reception? There's plenty of information to guide the girls but the men usually have to figure it out for themselves. Here, then, is who, what, where and when for the male contingent.

THE duties and responsibilities which make up the pattern of form followed by the male members of the wedding party have one purpose: to make the wedding a happy, gracious, smoothly functioning occasion. Best man, chief usher and ushers work to see that all arrangements are in order.

The Best Man

THE bridegroom and his best man work out arrangements together from the time plans for the wedding are first started. The best man is usually the bridegroom's best friend or his brother. After discussion with the bridegroom, he helps in inviting the chief usher and ushers to act, making out bridegroom's guest list, assisting in last-minute "things to be done" before the wedding and generally acts as the bridegroom's representative.

One of his important duties is to organize arrangements of chief usher and ushers. Just before the ceremony, he takes over the ring, gets the minister's fee from the bridegroom, helps the bridegroom dress and, above all, sees that the bridegroom gets to the wedding on time. In the meantime, he has checked travel, hotel and luggage arrangements and seen that flowers sent by the bridegroom to his bride and her mother and grandmother, if there is one, are in order.

After the wedding he helps speed guests and attendants to the reception. He delivers the first toast to the bride and groom. When it is time for the newly married couple to leave the reception, he follows the bridegroom and sees him through changing, returning to his bride and getting away on schedule. After they leave, he sends a wire to the bride's parents, in the groom's name, thanking them for the reception.

Chief Usher

AS his title implies, he is the supervisor and head man in charge of the ushers. He helps put the ushers through their paces at the wedding rehearsal. He should make himself familiar with seating arrangements and check the guest list to be sure that he knows members of the family, friends, special guests. He is the one who escorts the bride's and bridegroom's mothers to their respective seats and escorts both from the ceremony as well. He designates duties of each usher, such as removing aisle carpet covering in church and removing aisle ribbons. If there is confusion, error in seating arrangements he is the diplomatic arbiter and "smoother-outer."

Ushers

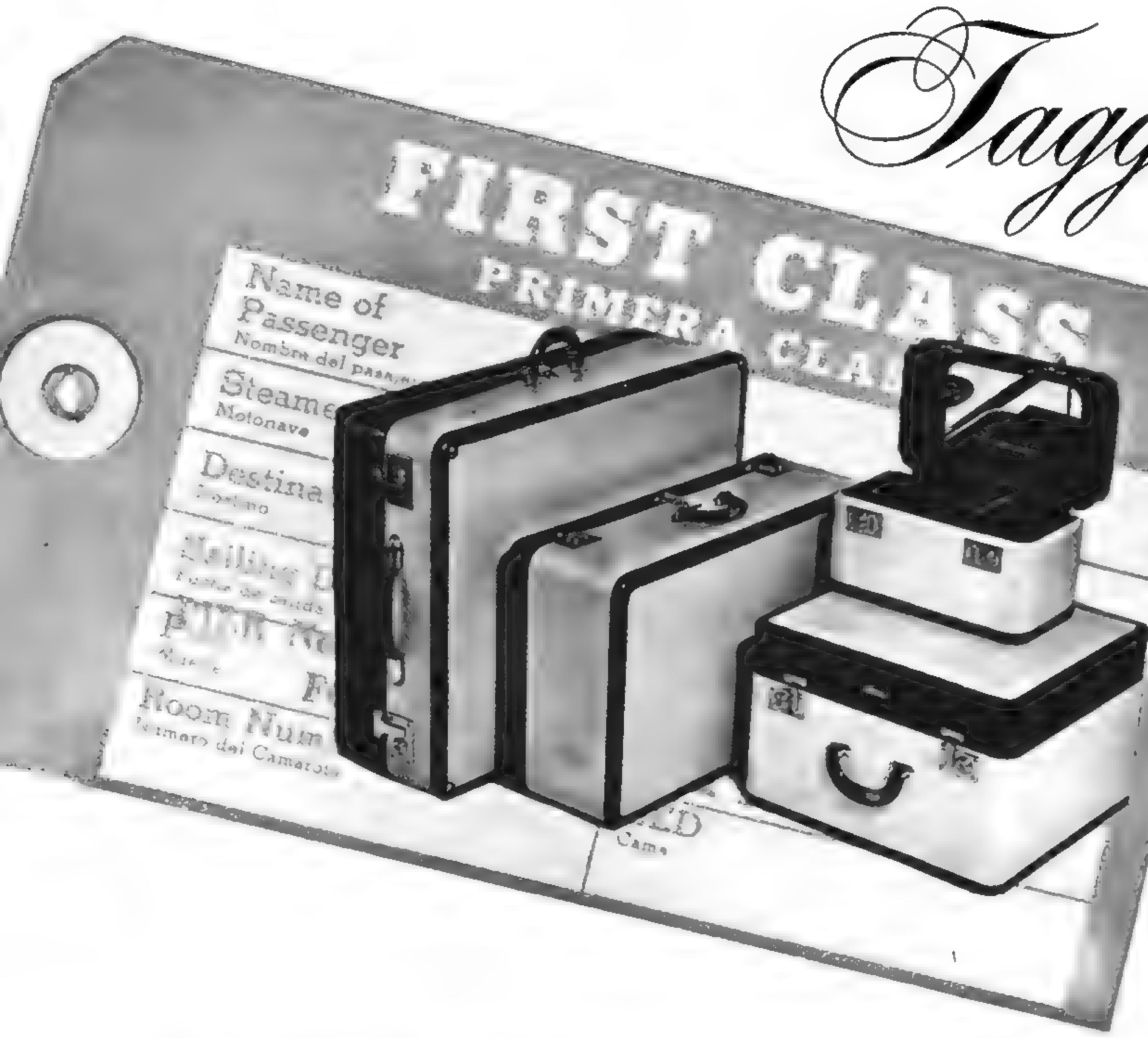
CHIEF duty of the ushers is to seat guests according to the seating plan.

Manner of the ushers should be friendly and quietly cordial. There should be a welcoming word for friends and acquaintances among the guests but no prolonged conversational exchanges, as it is essential to get guests seated as quickly as possible to avoid delay and aisle congestion.

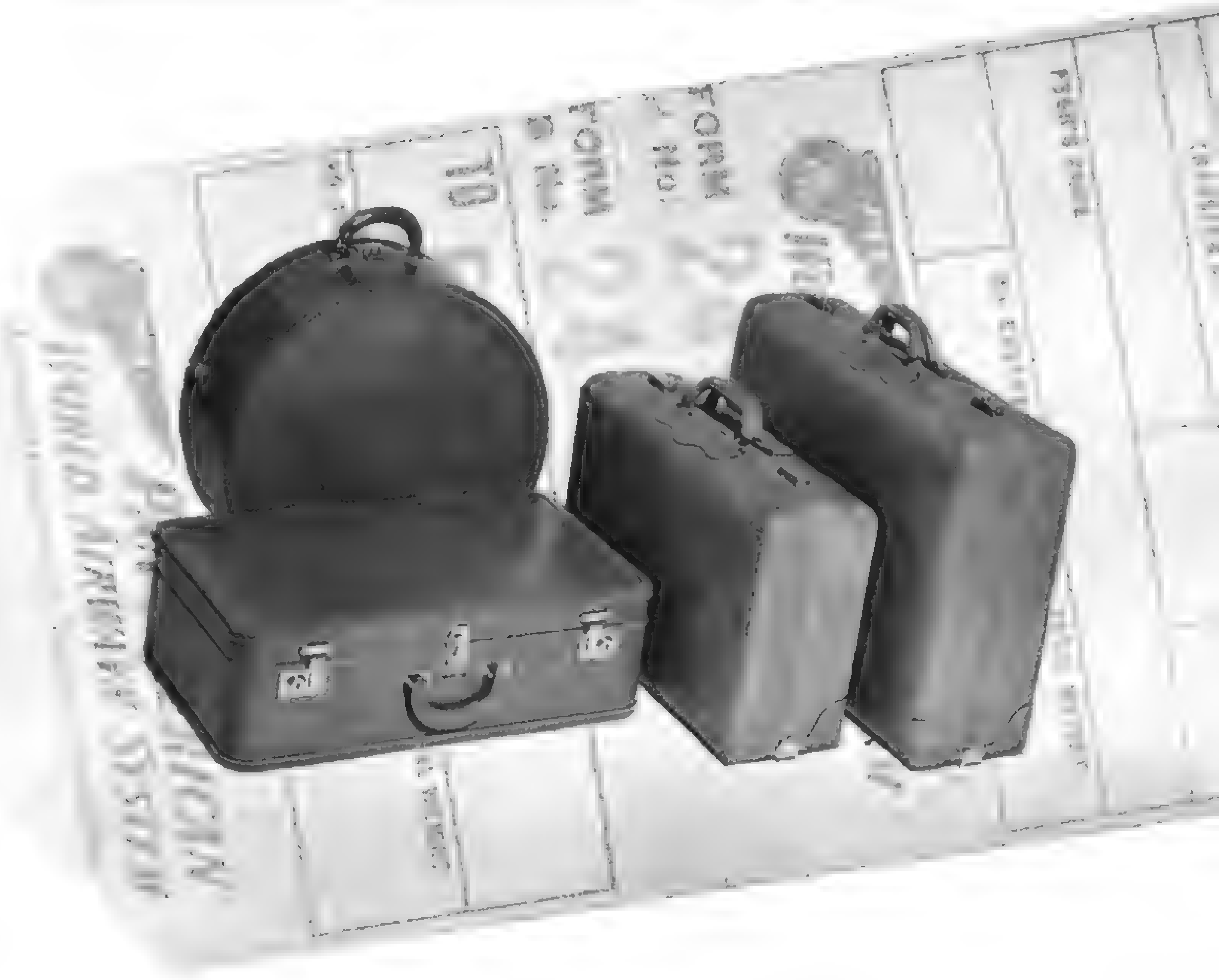
It is customary for ushers to pay extra attention to unescorted ladies in showing them to their seats. They put up aisle ribbons and lay aisle carpet covering before the processional, take part in processional and recessional, help remove aisle ribbons. At the reception, they attend unescorted ladies, mingle generally with guests.

Tagged for winter travel....

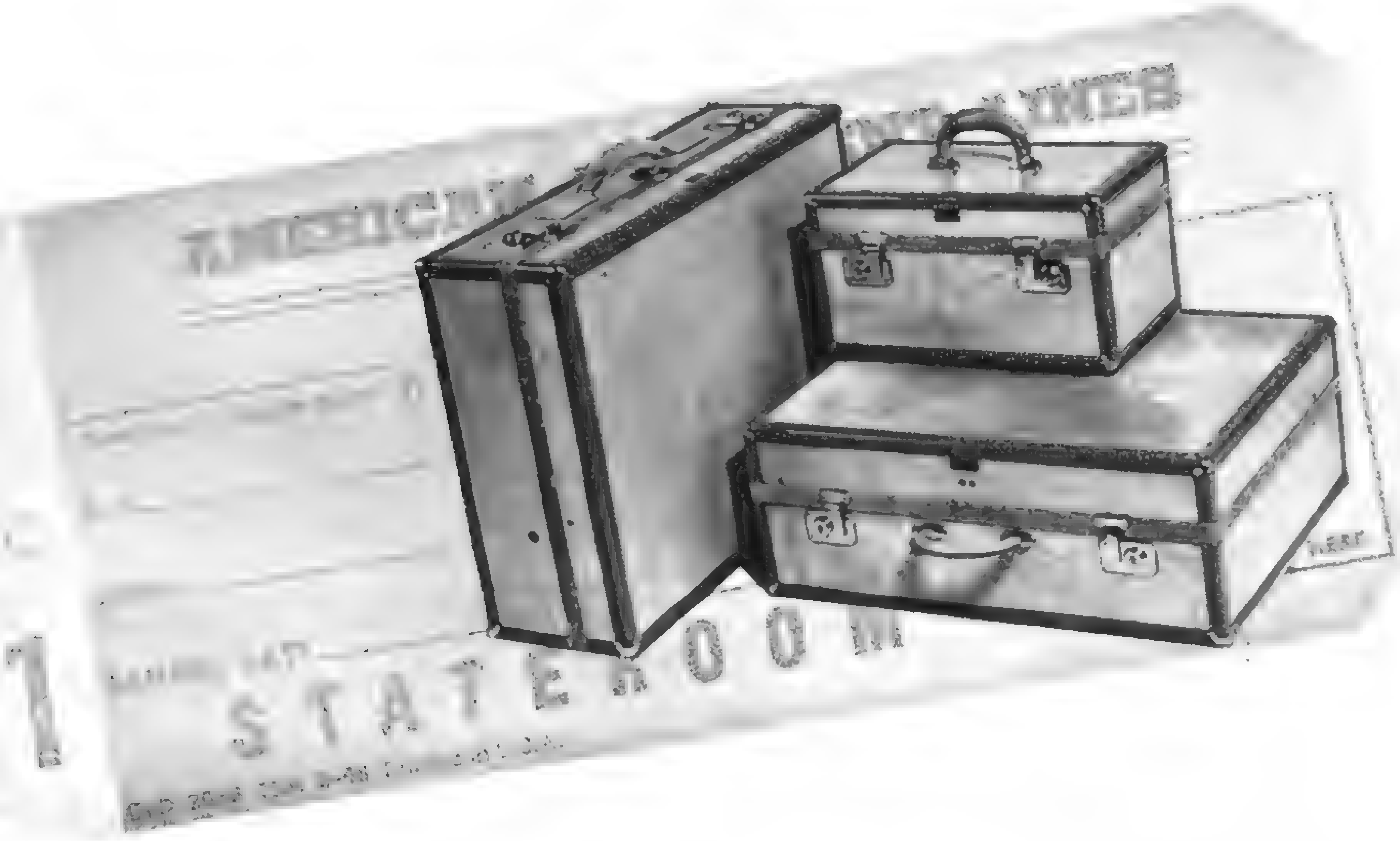
Luggage in varied materials and types meets the needs of the newly married



Luggage of glazed diagonal two-ply tweed is matched for the bridegroom and the bride. With alligator grain cowhide trimming and brass locks, the large case is a fortnighter which holds three of his suits and has plenty of space for accessories. Her set, the 26″ Pullman case, the hat and shoe case, and the train case for cosmetics.



At the right is a set of round hat box and suitcase for the bride. The former is made of molded wood with steel reinforcement and leather binding at the edges. Both are of top grain cowhide and the case has a bengaline lining and shirred pockets. The set for the bridegroom is a two-suiter and a smaller companion case in steerhide. Both are lined with checked cotton fabric.



At left is a set of rawhide covered luggage on foundation of triple-ply veneer plywood. The edges are reinforced with fiber bands, bound by nylon thread in inlaid bootmaker's stitch. Fortified with brass corners, this luggage is finished with all-brass hardware. First, is a two-suiter for men with a tray to hold the suits. The woman's train case has a mirror and a washable acetate covering over the lining. The third is a woman's wardrobe case.

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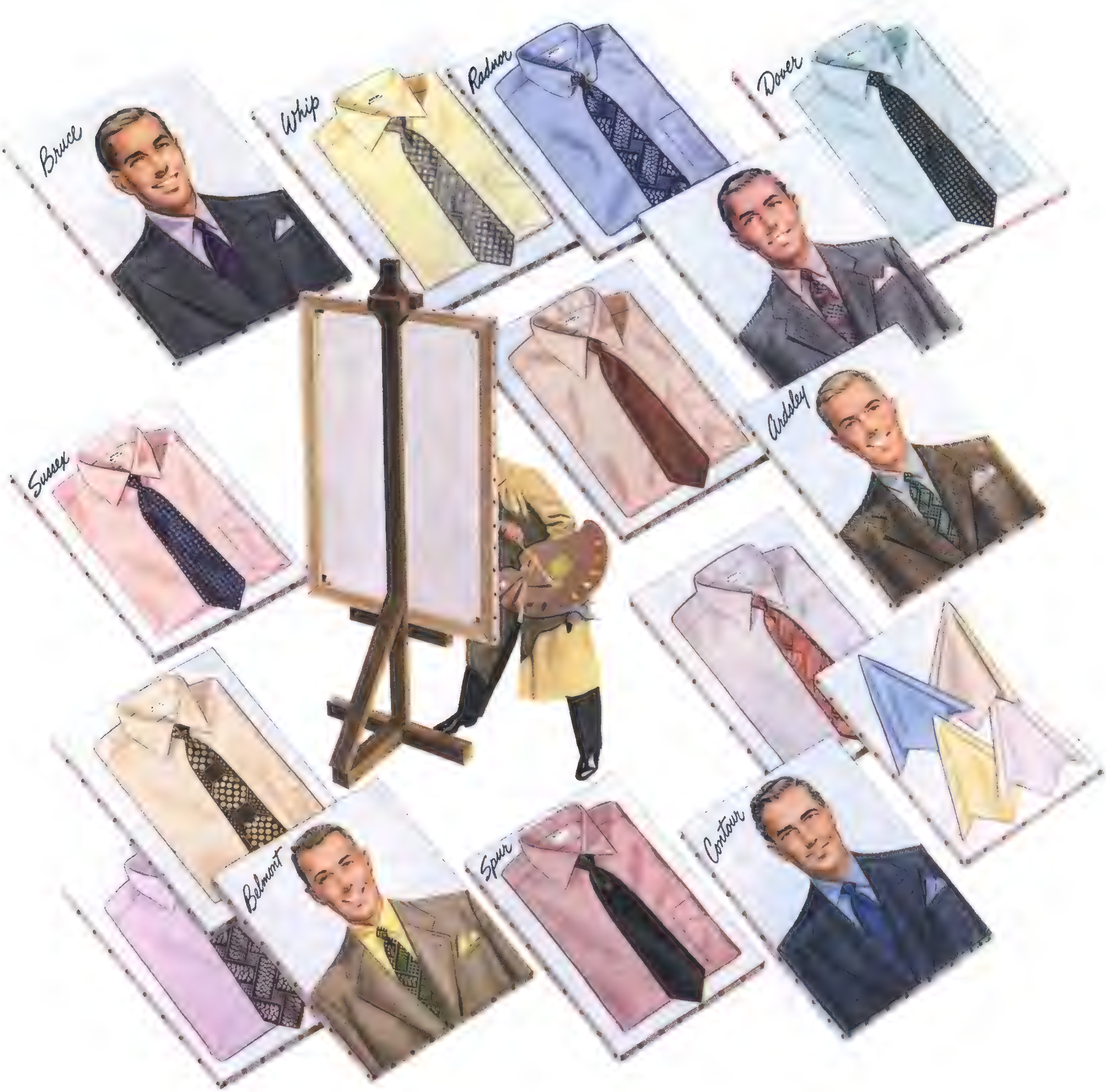

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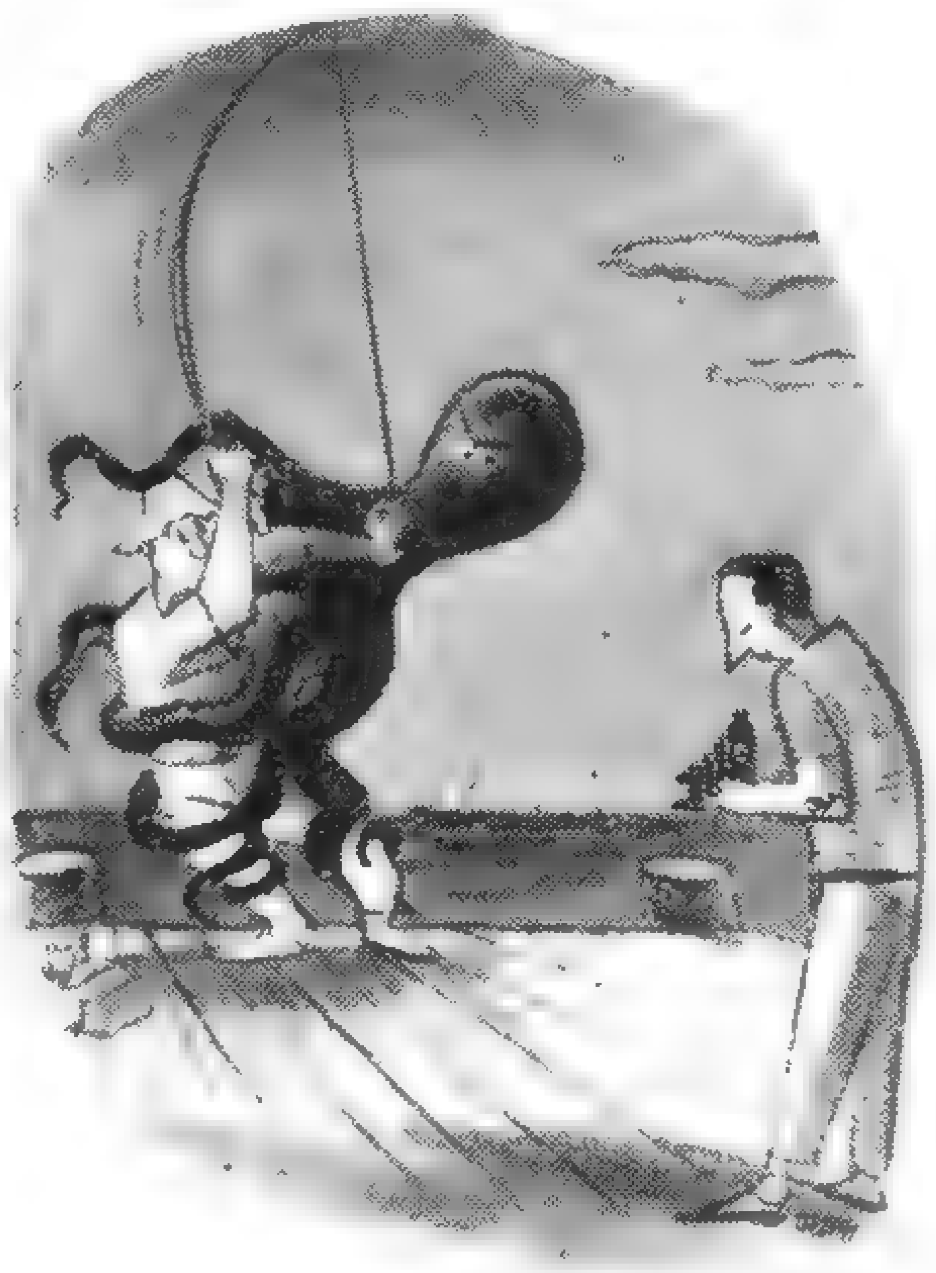
The Last Snake

Continued from page 57

ran out of him. At the last, Pap couldn't kill his own snakes.

Ross strained for the echo of voices, for the faint step, for the sounds of moving, while the far-off part of him dug at Pap. It was strange he should be thinking so much of Pap, except maybe because Carpentier put him in mind of him. It was while Pap was dying that Ross had hated him most, seeing him turn soft as mush and ask help and want the kindness, the good-wishing he never had given anybody himself. Pap had been like a tree broken down, like a big sycamore or poplar that you would figure should have stood as long as time. Ross wasn't more than twelve, maybe, when Pap turned up his toes, but he had learned something. He hadn't thought the same since. "Maul them rails! Git the crop in!" And then the whiny voice: "Can't you do somep'n for me? You aim just to let me die?"



The night seemed quieter. The stream kept busy and now and then the breeze worked in the trees and the coyote kept yipping, as if to show he was a sure-enough coyote, but the other sounds were gone. Still with his ears cocked, Ross felt himself drifting toward sleep.

He'd have to sleep and be up and away, for they would hunt for him. They would send Carpentier and maybe a man with him, and Carpentier, the woodsman, would follow his trail like a turnpike. Carpentier—with a nose like half a cob and eyes sharp and black as pokeberries, his shoulders wide, his hands hard, but his feet quiet along the banks and his finger clever on the trigger. Carpentier would whip him or shoot him, depending, and take him back to the keelboat, shaken and ashamed inside. It wasn't a little thing, the way they figured, to desert a keelboat bound for the upper Missouri. Men had been killed for it.

It was when he signed up for the trip that he had made his mistake. It was when he agreed to go to Fort Floyd and beyond, if called on, and had signed his name to a piece of paper. In St. Louis, things seemed exciting upriver. You took a drink or two, and voices joked with you, and you signed up, feeling big.

Afterwards, you learned what you'd done. The pushpole ground into your shoulder, and the towrope, the cordelle, burned in your hand, and you had to unload so as to lighten the boat and float her off bars, and along the deep banks you grabbed at brush and pulled her along. And you tried to keep up with the Creoles, who could work from before sunup to after sundown, and then sing a song and catch a piece of sleep and be ready to go again.

It wasn't the work, though, that bothered him; all his life he had worked. It was that the country got wilder every day, the river lonelier, the trees scantier, until at last the great bald hills ran out from the river, ran on forever, to distances that numbed the mind.

Lying there, close to sleep, he knew it was the emptiness, the lostness that scared him most and swelled his other fears. He was a woodsman, a hill-and-tree and closed-in man. Out where the sky lifted and the trees runted away and the eye ran dizzy, he saw the roached Indians forming out of nothing, the white bear rising from the empty land, and death laughing in the open waters and along the straggly shores.

"*Poltron!*" Carpentier had called him, his broad face snarling. "Coward!" — because once at dusk, with the sun sunk in fire and loneliness like an ache on the land, he hadn't wanted to take the towrope through a willow thicket. The Creoles were uneasy, too, for they had seen Indians earlier in the day—a dozen Indians who sat their horses on a hill, outlined against the sky, and watched the boat toil up the river. The big eyes of the Creoles swam along the shore to the thicket and back to Carpentier. They were afraid, but they would go, being more afraid of Carpentier, as if he was Pap to all of them.

"I don't care for it," Ross said.

They had brought the keelboat in to the bank, for the water had grown too deep for poles and the wind wrong for the sail, and the crew had piled out. "I don't aim to go," Ross had said.

It was then that Carpentier snarled, "*Poltron!*" He made for Ross, his black eyes snapping, while the crew drew back, and he slapped Ross with a hand big as a pie plate and hard as hickory. "Go!"

There was no help for it then, even if Ross had been afraid, and he wasn't afraid exactly, not of Carpentier or of a fight or of things in the open. He had stood up to Pap once, knowing beforehand he would be whipped. He swung, aiming for the half cob of nose, and Carpentier pulled away from the blow and grinned, liking to fight and finding few to fight with.

Ross rushed and swung again, and felt (*Continued on page 110*)

it goes to her heart!

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The Last Snake

Continued from page 109

Carpentier's fist like a club in his face. He covered with his forearm and hit out and heard the knock of bone on bone and felt a numbness in his hand. Far off there came to him a clucking from among the crew, and he knew it was because he had scored.

He bulled at Carpentier, swinging wild, taking blows in return. He screeched out, "*Poltron*——" and caught his toe on a stub. It was only the beginning of Carpentier's lick that he felt.

He came to with an ache in his head and the taste of blood in his mouth. He rolled over and got up, dizzy and silent, and took the rope. The fight was out of him. He reckoned he wasn't born to be a fighter, remembering how Pap had beat him to his will. A silent hate filled him as he and the crew pulled safely through the thicket—hate of himself and of Carpentier and of a world in which he was no better than a bound boy.

It seemed a long time ago, lying under the bush half asleep. He wasn't a talking man, and he hadn't talked to anyone afterwards, except for a word or so with little Nedeau. Nedeau was a splinter of a Frenchman whose eyes spoke the fright in him. "It is too bad, my frien'," he said. "But for the tripping — who knows?—maybe so you would have won."

The sympathy of this small woman of a man half-comforted and half-shamed Ross. "Wouldn't have made any difference."

"How?"

"We would go on just the same."

"To be sure."

"Doin' this, doin' that, all on somebody else's say-so."

Nedeau's eyes were like a squaw's, large and liquid. He clucked his sympathy.

"I'll get away. I swear I'll get away."

"It would be good, except for Carpentier."

"Damn Carpentier! You up to it?"

The big eyes rolled and he said, "That Carpentier!"

"Keep your mouth shut then."

Nedeau drew back, hurt. He said, "To be sure," and sidled away.

Ross knew then he would run off. He would get up at night while they slept on shore and pick his way among the men and dodge the guard and start downriver.

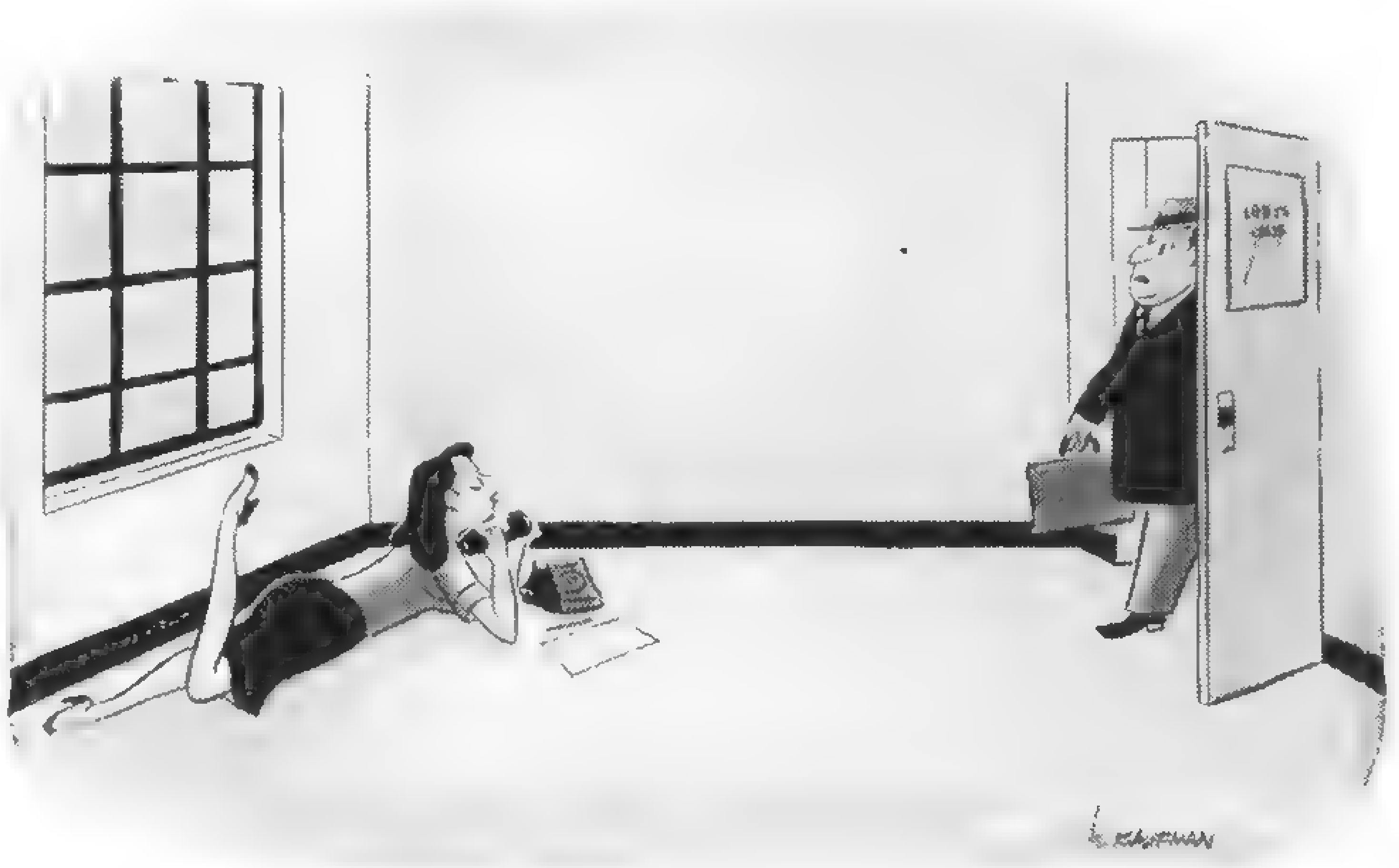
Was it only last night? The moon tilting up in the east, throwing the shadow of the eastern woods long on the water, the men lying like beasts, like cows in a dark barnyard, a nighthawk's whimper in the deeps overhead, the guard asleep, slumped half off the bole of the tree he had rested his back against. . . .

Ross had closed his hand on the rifle by his side. Already he had powder and ball and flint and steel, and in his shot pouch there was the little bit of parched corn he had sneaked from the cook's supplies. He slipped the horn and pouch over his head, working with quick carefulness. Under the rising moon he could make out Carpentier, sleeping five strides away, his back turned, the breath gargling out of his big lungs. The keelboat was a black oval against the running silver of the river. He would sneak to the dead fire and steal a joint of meat, or a piece of the salt pork and a hatful of the lyed corn they had lived on before game grew plenty.

He eased out of his blankets, wondering whether to crawl or walk. To crawl would be less noticeable, but to be caught crawling would be bad. Standing, his rifle would show. A man roused at night didn't take a rifle with him to the skirts of the camp—or powder and ball. He walked stooped over, his rifle held low in his hand.

Carpentier's snore broke off, and Ross halted, feeling the tapping of his heart. He looked around and saw Carpentier move in bed, easing himself on the ground. The snoring began again, short and light at first, then long and deep. Ross let a foot move, and the other, making toward the dead fire. The cook slept flat on

Continued on page 112



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The Last Snake

Continued from page 110

his back, his face open to the night. The moonlight glinted on the ball of an eye not quite shut. Ross held up again, watching the eye. It seemed to him that the night under the moon was light as day, except in the crouching shadows of the trees.

The cook had put his supplies away, packed them away in great, round cans that were proof against rats and mice. The cans had lids that came off hard. He tried one of them and gave up, knowing it would make a noise as his nails pulled it free. The kettle sat black in the white ash of the burned fire. He reached toward it, slowly, and remembered that it held a stew; he couldn't carry a stew in his hands.

As he stooped, uncertain, the guard grunted and hitched himself back against the tree. He would be half-awake now, making his sleepy eyes find the keelboat, making them search the edges of darkness, making them travel over the camp, before he let himself drop off again. If he called, Ross would say, "I'm hungry."

He waited for the call, his rifle flat against the ground. He made himself hold still and breathe light. The guard began to sag over.

Of a sudden, Ross gave up the idea of food. He felt a panic rising in him. He must get away. He must slide in the cover of the trees. He slowed his panic to a soft pace. The shadows eased toward him, the cottonwoods and willows. They took him in.

He halted in the darkness, torn now inside, wanting to go back and wake Nedeau and beckon him to come. Now that he was away, about to be lost in this wild and endless world, he thought he couldn't stand up to it alone. But Nedeau wouldn't come. Or he would make a noise. He would cry out at being touched — the sudden, hoarse cry of a man sleeping with fear.

The river glimmered through the trees. Ross got his bearings and started off again, trying to walk quietly like Carpentier, like a wild thing, like an Indian.

He walked all night, while fears crested in him and died away and crested again. An elk or deer rustled up ahead of him and crashed through the brush. A fowl—a wild goose, he guessed it was—broke from under his feet as he walked along the shore. He heard sounds, of skunk or rabbit or the moccasined feet of Indians. He walked far into the day, knowing the hunt was on, that somewhere behind him came Carpentier, reading the signs of his passing as another man might read a page of print. He held to the fringe of growth in the valley, squirming through willows, climbing over deadfall and drift, sometimes sighting the bare ridges that lifted beyond the valley floor and wishing he might travel there. But Carpentier would spot him—and Indians, the blood-hungry Rees or Pawnees or Sioux who invaded the country of the harmless Poncas.

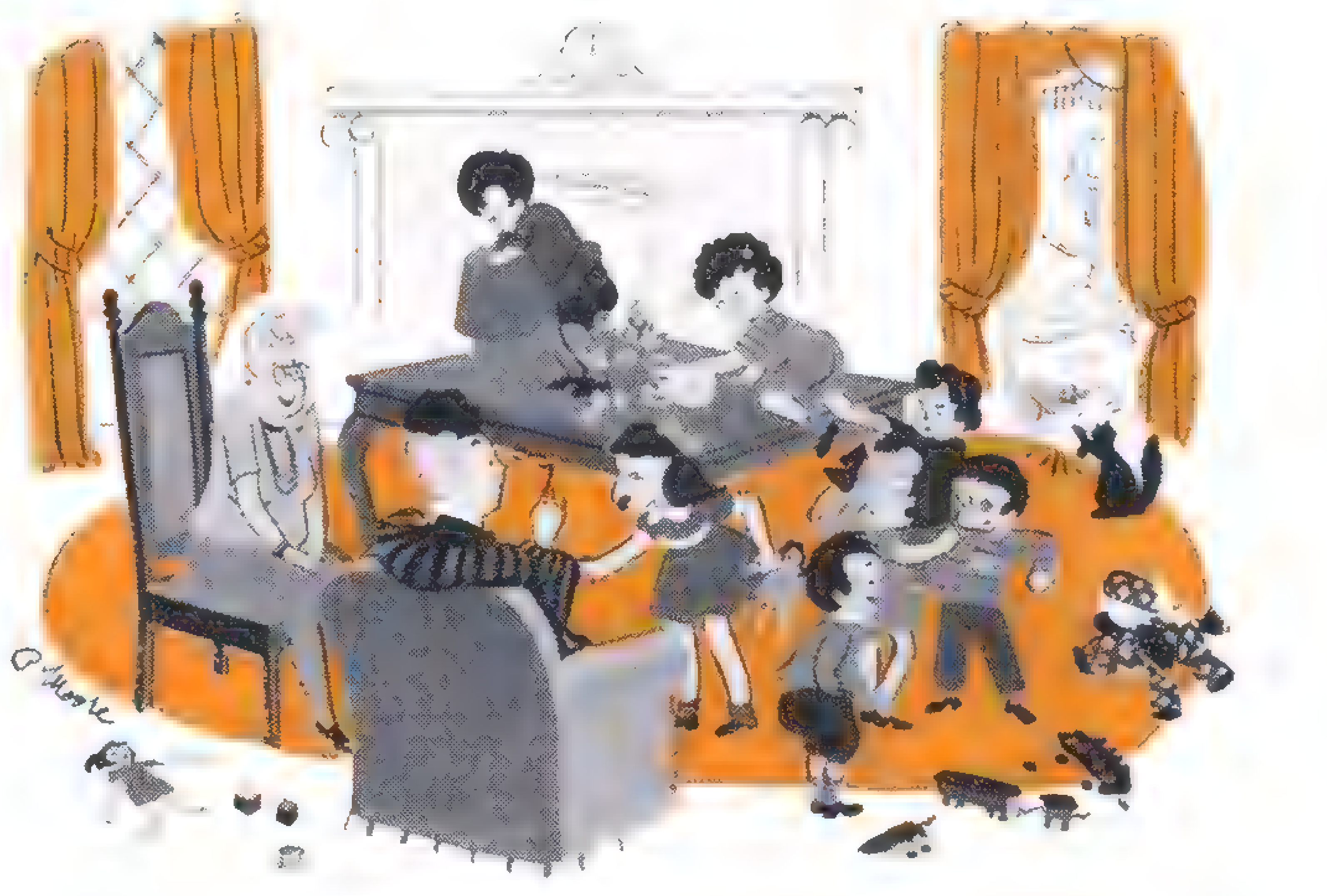
He had stopped on a tongue of land that lifted from the river and found the bush he lay under now and crawled beneath it, his legs limber, his stomach empty, the corn long since eaten.

Sleep teased away from him. He thought he heard a step again, and again he wanted to rush out. It was the not knowing that undid him. It was the thinking ahead. *Poltron?* He could face what he had to face when he faced it, but not before. Unknown things! Unseen. Fearsome. The awful distance. The white bear creeping on him. Indians gathering around.

He heard only the river and the breeze and tried to shake thought from his head, and after a while he dozed and awakened with the ache of cold in his legs and saw the moon paling in the west and the faint banner of the sun along the eastern hills. He dozed again.

A bird woke him up, welcoming the morning. The sun was half up. Steam lifted from the river. He crawled out from under the bush, dragging his rifle with him, and stumbled to his feet and then he lifted one knee and the other,

Continued on page 114



"My maid went to Reno and left them with me"

THE STORE FOR MEN

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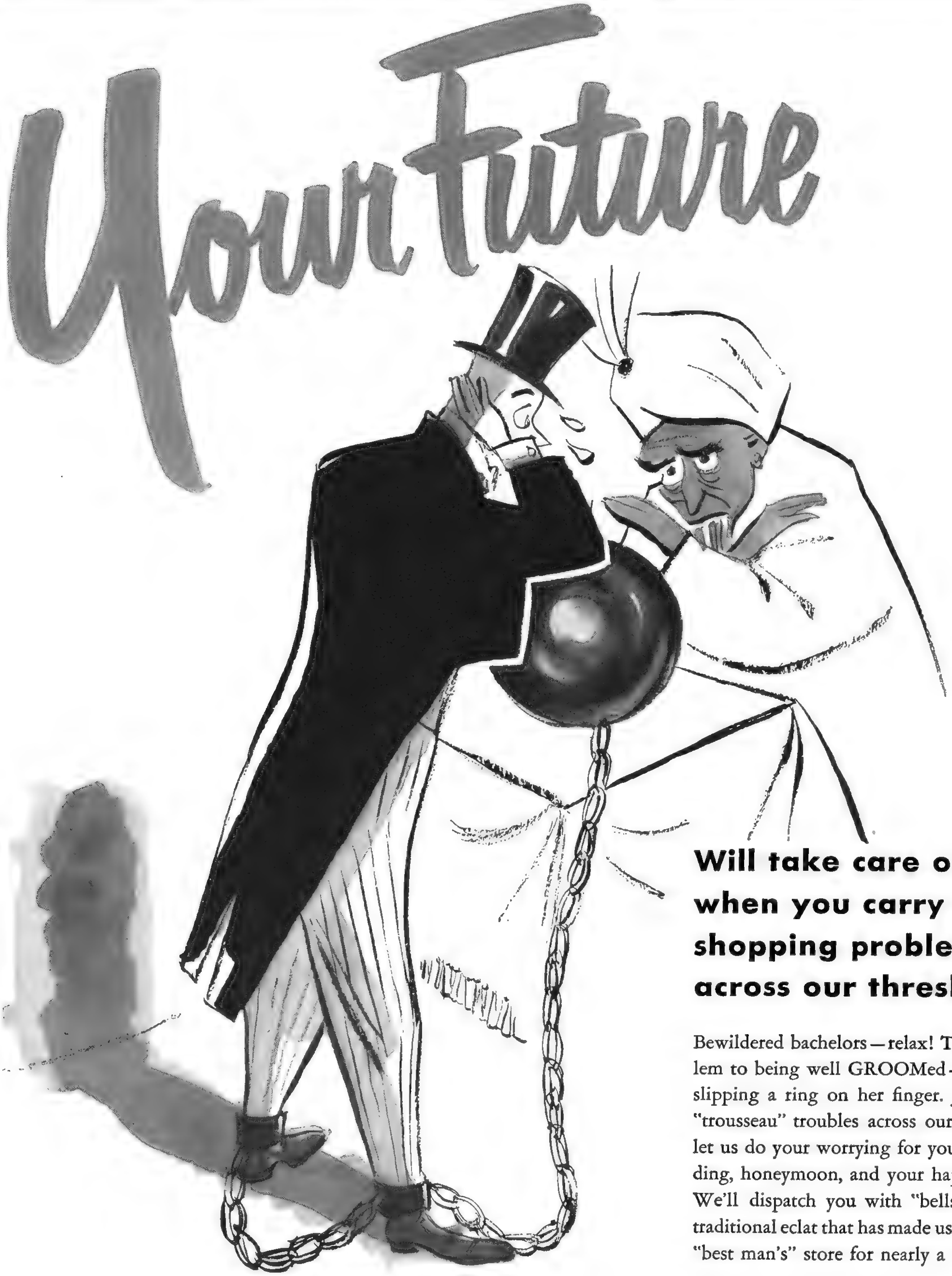

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The Last Snake

Continued from page 112

flexing the kinks from them.

The world lay quiet in the long sun. It lay deserted, as if waiting for the hand of man, for plows and mills and joking voices on a levee. A hawk sailed in the sky. Dew beaded the bushes. Downriver, towns would rise, and men and women would be getting out of snug beds, readying for the day. Somewhere upstream was Carpentier, following like a hound—

And then Carpentier stood before him, in the little clearing between his clump of bushes and the heavier growth that rose farther from the shore. Nedeau, the little Frenchman, was at his side.

"All right, Ross." The known voice came soft as something dreamed. "We catch you."

Carpentier stood still, his rifle ready in the crook of his arm, his broad face showing watchfulness and pleasure with himself.

Ross heard his own voice say, "It was you."

"Me?"

"Walking, talking, last night. Sneaking up on me."

"*Non.* We only guessed. Let down the rifle!"

"We just arrive," Nedeau said. "By river. A man stop at camp in the canoe, and Carpentier he borrow 'er. The river catch us up to you."

"Let down the rifle!"

"No one gets away from Carpentier," Nedeau bragged, and Ross knew he was thinking back, thinking he had been smart not to make a break, too.

Carpentier said, "You come now."

"I ain't going back."

"But yes," said Carpentier.

"I ain't a slave."

"*Non. Voyageur. Engagé.*" Carpentier took a step ahead, over a fallen log that separated them.

Back of him the woods moved. Back of him, of a sudden, in the pattern of branch and leaf, Ross saw the roached combs of his fright, the hunting eyes, the painted faces, hanging without bodies as if blooming in the bush. He stiffened and cried out, "Injuns! Back of you! Injuns!"

Nedeau leaped like a doe and fell behind the log, but Carpentier stood as before. "It is the old trick. Let down the rifle!"

The feathered arrows sounded like flushed birds, like a family of bobwhites kicked from underfoot. Ross saw Carpentier falter ahead, like a man tripping, and then fall and squirm behind the log, the tufted shaft of an arrow sticking from his back.

He ran for the log himself. An arrow flashed by him. He dropped between Carpentier and Nedeau.

Carpentier was sighting along his rifle. Words came out of him in little grunts of command. "Up! Watch! Up, I say! *Non!* No shoot! One at the time."

Out of the tail of his sight, Ross saw the black eye narrow along the barrel and the long rifle leap to the shot. A howl came out of the woods, and another flight of arrows. They whistled overhead or chunked into the log.

The faces had faded from the woods, the roached combs withered from the bushes. Ross saw the leaves moving, the shine of dew on them.

Carpentier had rolled over to reload.

"Watch now! Not too quick!"

Ross couldn't make out what to shoot. There was movement in the brush, a feather showing, a brown patch of leg, an eye like an acorn, movement sliding into movement, movement sliding into leaves and branches, into nothing, and none fixed long enough to get a bead on.

Nedeau made a noise beside him. He had forgotten Nedeau, but in the instant that he gave himself he saw him frozen behind the log, not daring to poke an eye over or bring the rifle up. There was the look of naked terror in his face, the catching look of terror, and Ross jerked his eyes away, wanting only the numbness, the whirl of things seen and heard, the not thinking of what could be while the body answered to Carpentier's commands.

Carpentier worked with his gun. He lay half on his back, so as to

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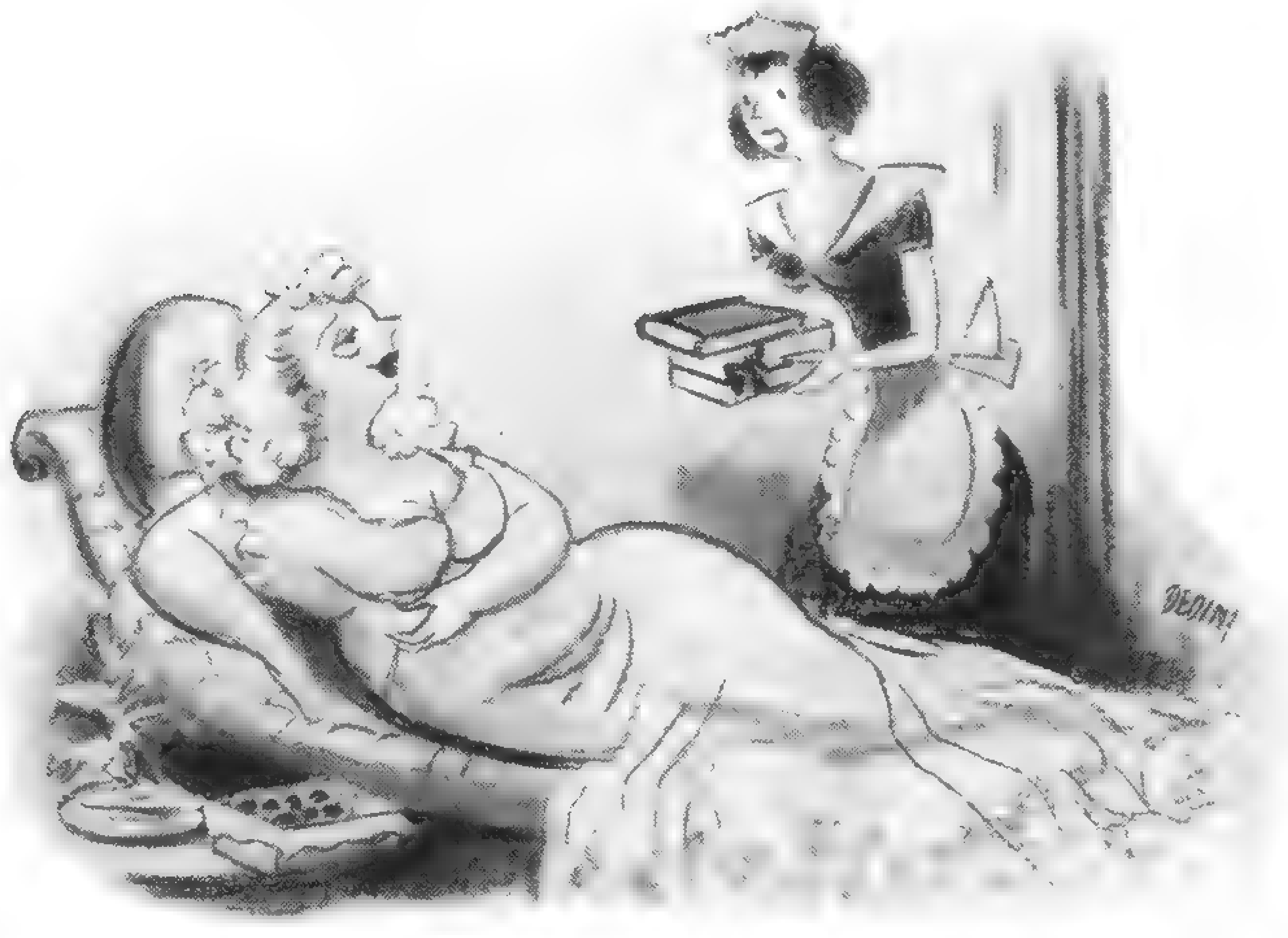
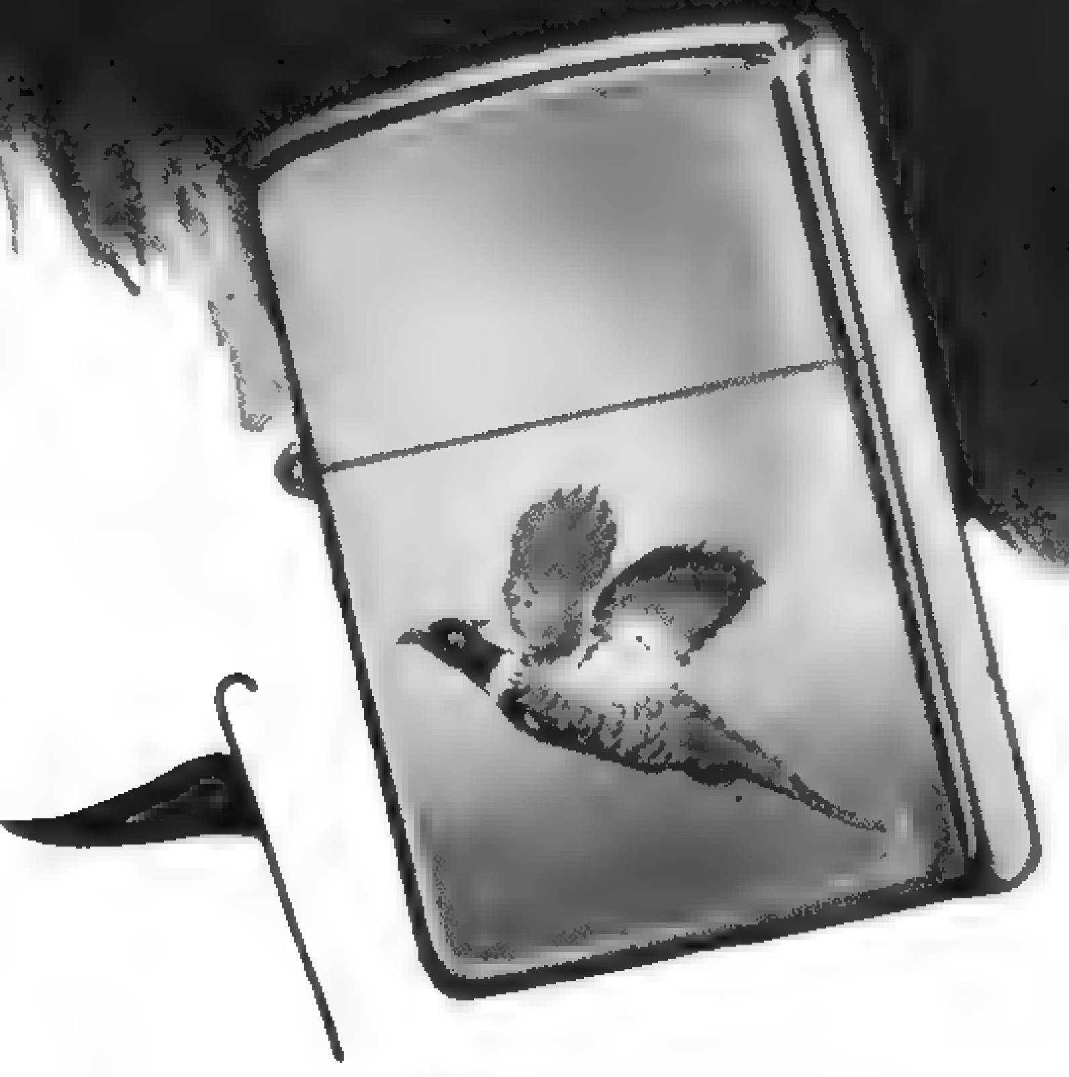


"The Book of the Month and the Chocolates of the Month just arrived, Ma'am"



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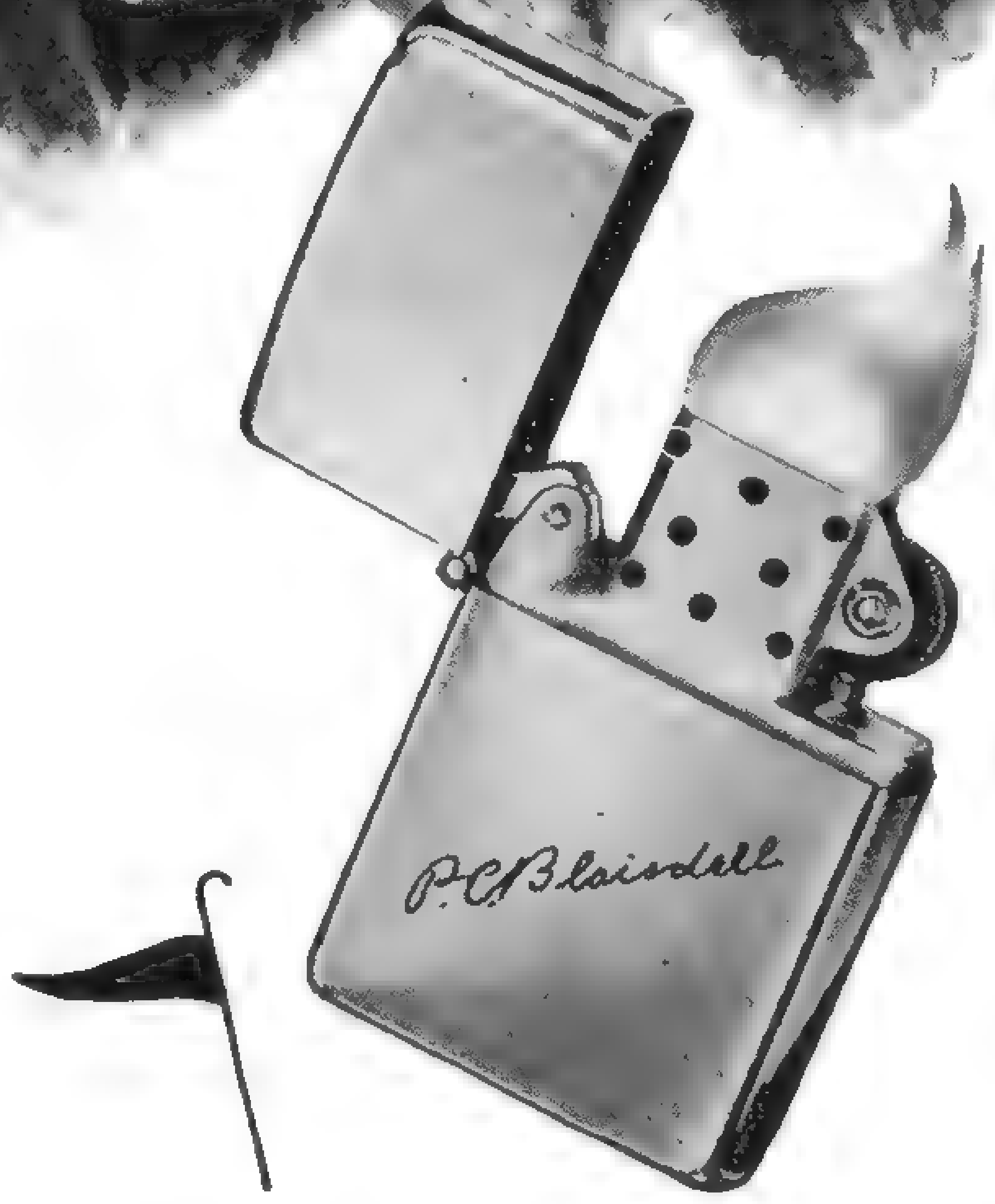

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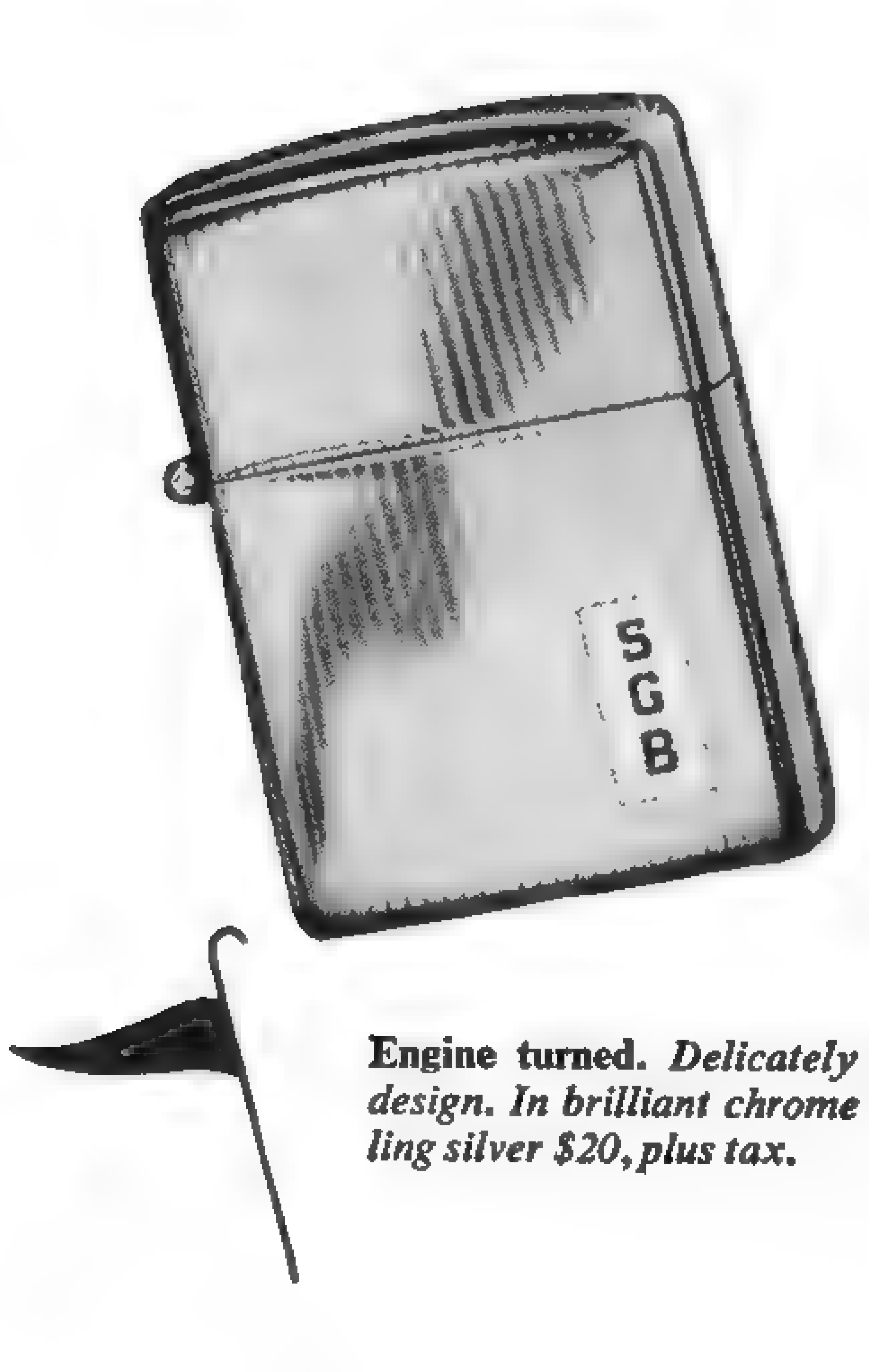

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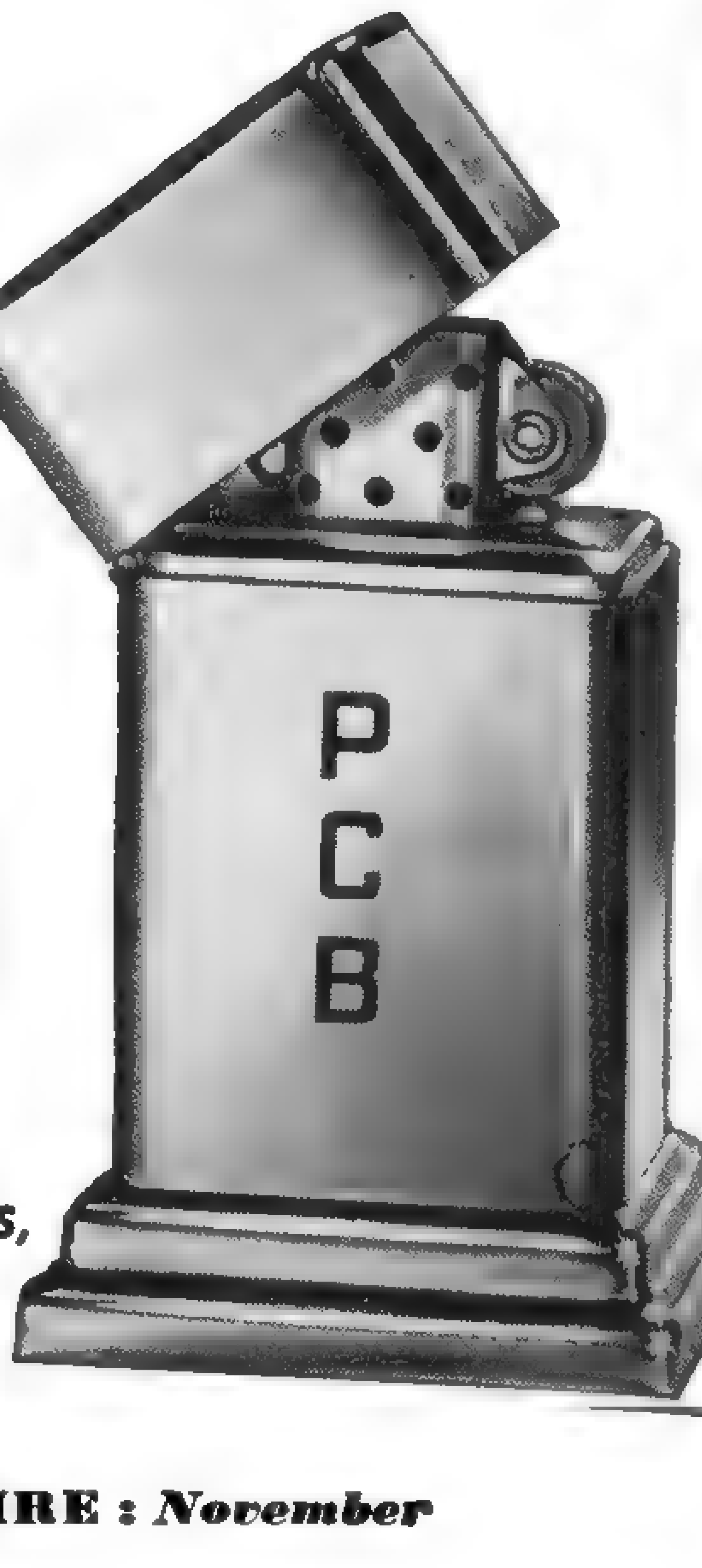

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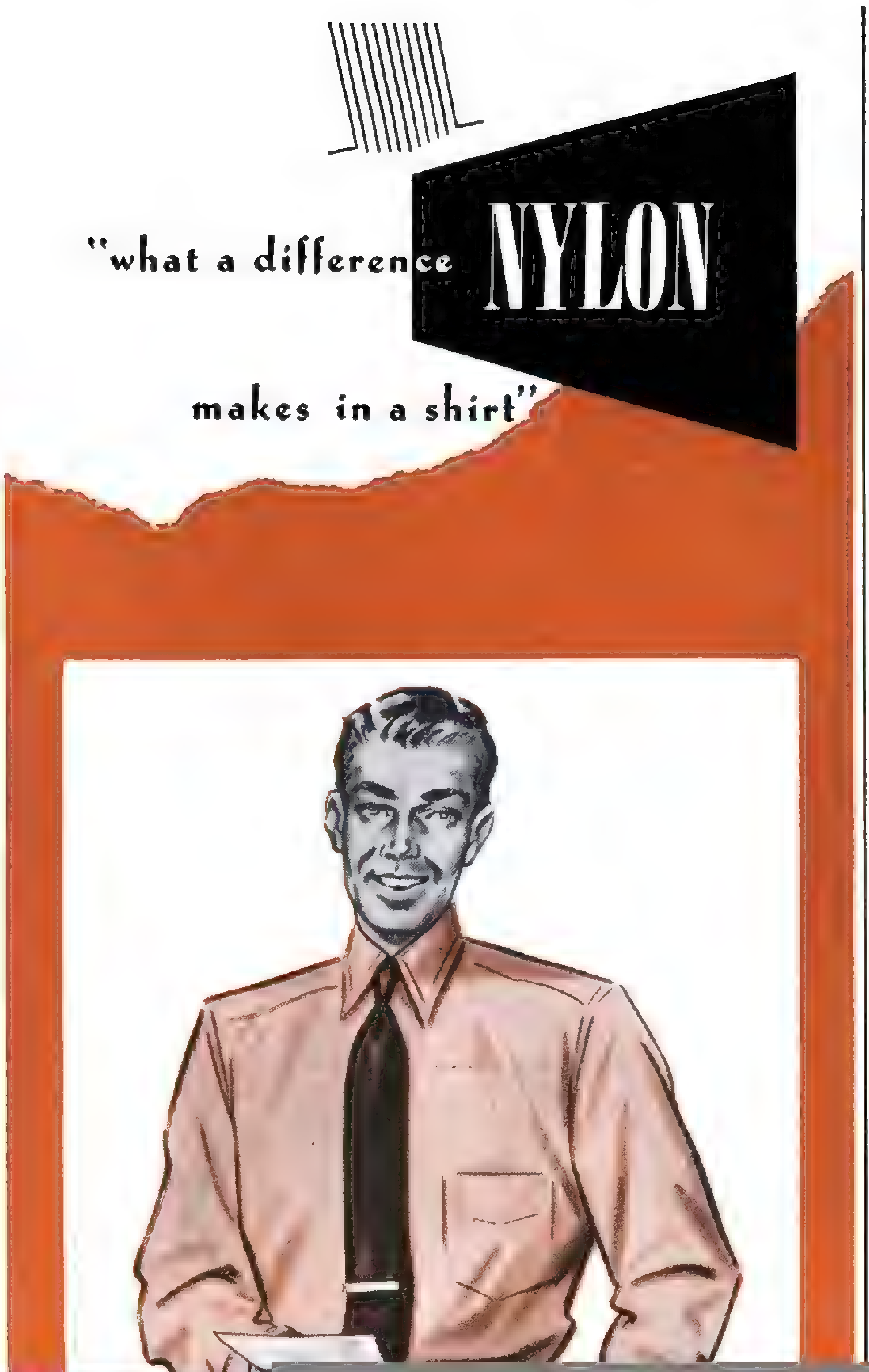

"what a difference NYLON makes in a shirt"

The Last Snake

Continued from page 114

have the cover of the log, and cupped his hand around the muzzle and spilled powder into the slanting barrel and took a ball from his mouth and fumbled it in, his face set and sore because his hands worked poor. Ross hadn't thought until then how hard hit he might be.

Ross hunted the woods and still saw nothing and sneaked another look at Carpentier. The butt of the arrow jerked to Carpentier's motions, binding against the flexing muscle, the head of it cutting deep inside him. The butt hit the ground as he leaned back, and he started up, his jaw ridged.

The bead of Ross' rifle hung on living brown. The flintlock bucked in his hands. The puffs of the pan clouded his target, but he knew he had hit. He could tell from the punky sound of the ball, from the cry that went up.

He reached over and pulled Nedeau's gun from him and handed him his own. His voice barked, "Load, you! Help out!" Nedeau only looked at him.

Carpentier had got back on his stomach. He had trouble sliding the rifle up. He ground out, "Only four, five, maybe half-dozen. Pawnees." His eye leveled along the barrel, but he didn't shoot. "They draw back, to come again, *peut-être*. Maybe try sneak around." His head began going down by little stages, as if the neck didn't have strength to hold it. He let it rest on his arm. "We 'ave time to breathe."

The brush rustled as the Pawnees pulled away. Deeper into the

him, and his own hand going out, as if by itself, the balls of the fingers feeling the feathered stick, the fingers closing hard, the arm jerking. His voice sounded choked to him. "Got to get that arrow out."

The body flinched, but not the face. The face said, "*Non.* You leave the head."

The shaft hung and let go and pulled out headless, the end wet and red with blood.

Nedeau's hands kept tugging at Ross. "The river! To St. Louis! Quick! It be too late."

It would be easy. They'd sneak down the bank while the Indians figured on a new attack. They'd jump in the dugout and go.

"Come on! *Mon dieu!*"

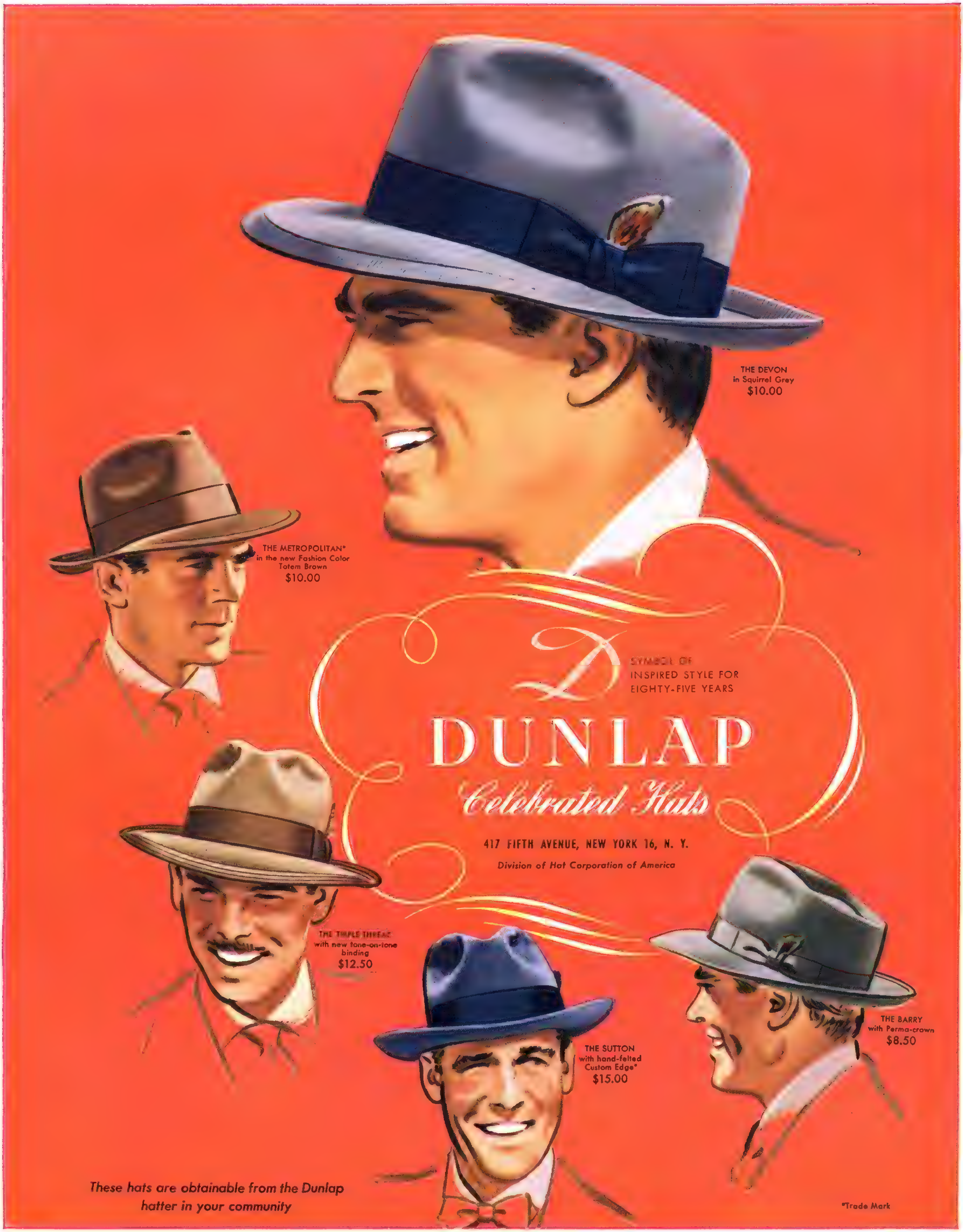
It was like someone else speaking, someone with an edge to his voice like a knife. "Can't fool with you, Carpentier." The mind went on, making talk. *Can't fool with you, you hear? No need to keep your eyes on me. Can't boss me, Carpentier, not with a berry patch of eyes and a rock for a face. You're scared, Carpentier. Own up to it. No one kills the last snake.*

The face held him—the cob-nose, berry-eyed face.

Why'n't you beg, Carpentier, you that's so hard? Beg, and I can leave you for mush. Why'n't you beg and leave me go?

It was like reading words in the face, words saying Carpentier would lie there, not begging for anything ever, saying he was hard and ungiving, alive or dead.

"Quick! They stop yelling. They come on."



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Golf Made Easy

With smoking balls and teardrop clubs, golf would be easier—but not much fun

by **ROBERT D. POTTER**

GOLF has its Tom Edisons, too—an amusing group of scientists who are constantly working to perfect new ways of making the game easier for you and me.

For years, inventors have been preoccupied with the problem of nonlosable golf balls. In 1927, for example, a man named Rubin patented a golf ball with a siren whistle inside. At impact, the club wound up the mechanism, which ran down slowly, emitting its siren wail. In 1928, another inventor, S. J. Bens, proposed a ball that would emit a "vapor-producing substance." Presumably the smoke would guide the golfer to the exact spot where his slice or hook had driven it into the woods.

Alas, such boons to the golfer often sound better than they work. Dr. S. J. Crooker, a physicist who has long been research consultant to several leading manufacturers, says he once dunked a golf ball in titanium tetrachloride to leave a trail of smoke so he could photograph the trajectory of the ball in flight. On the tee, the ball smoked furiously. The scientist almost had to wear a gas mask as he placed the ball in the driving machine. But the blow of the club knocked off most of the fluid, and the smoke trail followed the ball for only the first fifty yards of flight.

If you can't make a ball scream or mark its path with a trail of smoke or send up a marker balloon when it lands, maybe you can make its cover so gleaming and iridescent that it can easily be seen. Such was the 1931 idea of C. E. Miller, who suggested that the ball be coated with sparkling fish spangles to make it glitter in the grass. (Inventor Miller might have left on the fish odor too, so that a trained cat or dog could follow the smell.)

Inventors have expended their ingenuity on golf clubs as well as golf balls. You can buy a club with a face that tilts to different lofts so that one iron club can do the work of all the clubs except the woods and a putter—that is, if the next foursome can wait.

But the best club—certainly the most scientific one—is no longer on the market. Here's the story behind that story.

Just as the rules of golf say nothing about the composition of a golf ball, but only fix the limits of its diameter and weight, neither is there any rule to govern the material in the composition of the club itself. The only rule is that its length from face to back surface shall be less than its length from toe to heel. The clubs can be made of wood, aluminum, steel—any material, so long as it conforms with the above ruling. Upon the rocks of this regulation fell the famous Streamliner club, which delivered maximum energy to the ball with minimum of drag in its flight through the air.

It was Dr. Crooker, again, who invented the Streamliner club. His objective was to increase the kinetic energy of the club head. There is a simple physics formula every high-school student learns for kinetic energy: E equals $\frac{1}{2}$ mv^2 where m stands for mass and v for velocity. In actual play there is a limit to how heavy a club head can be. Only a very strong man can swing a very heavy club, and so the easiest way to increase the over-all energy at impact is to increase the velocity, v.

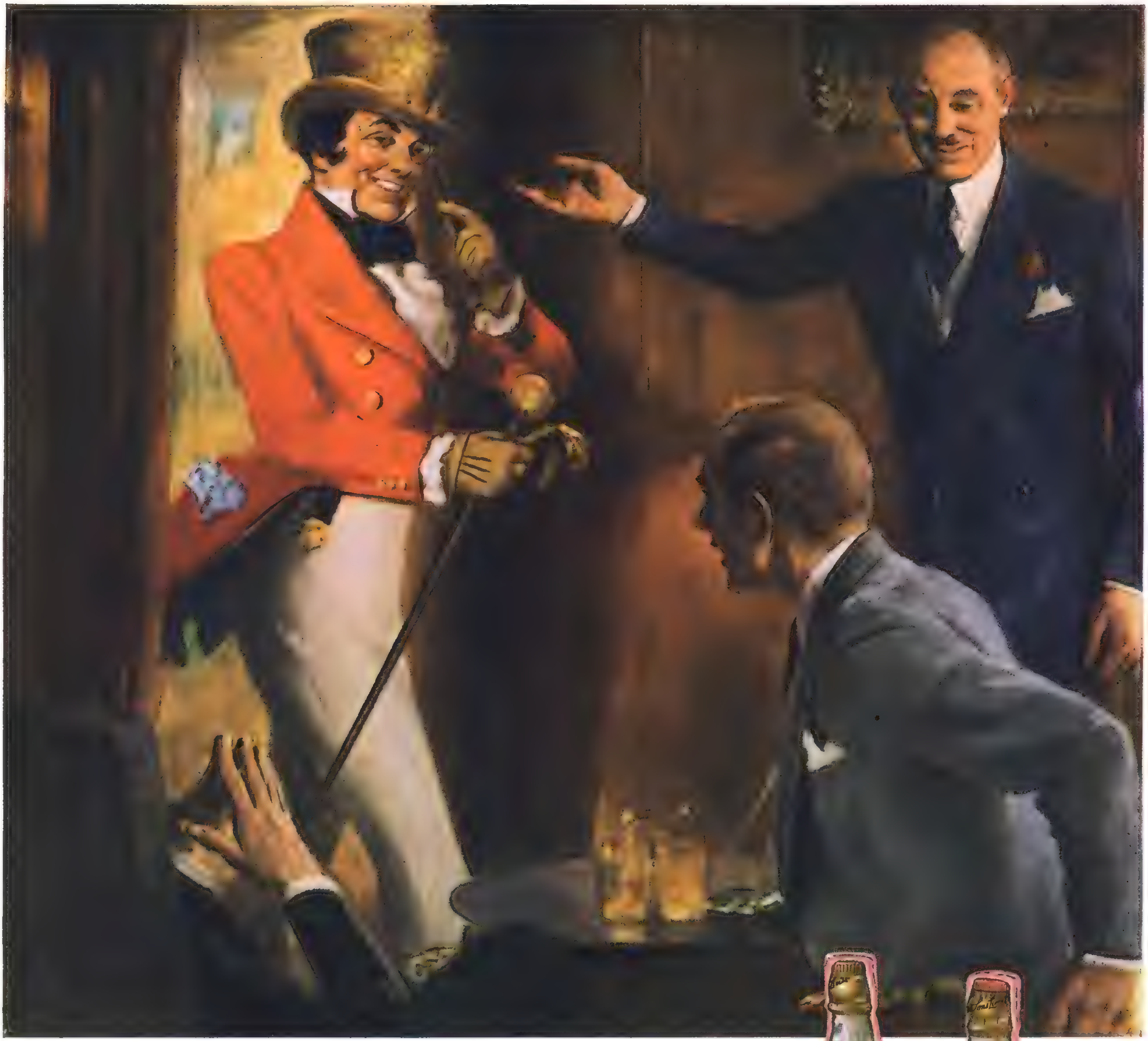
Being a scientist—and a good one—Dr. Crooker asked himself, "What can I do to step up the velocity?" The answer, of course, was to reduce the drag of the club head as it moved through the air. Thus he designed a teardrop-like, streamlined shape for his club head to reduce the drag.

As a friend of Dr. Crooker, I received one of the first sets of Streamliner clubs (of which, by the way, several thousand were sold). Never have I played with a club that swung easier or gave a longer ball. For a time the clubs were very popular and it seemed as if Dr. Crooker had hit the golfing jack pot.

But then came trouble . . . spelled USGA. The golfing moguls pointed out the old regulation that the distance from the heel to the toe of the club should be greater than from front to back. The Streamliners were the other way around, and the club never was used in recognized tournaments.

In addition, the Streamliners demanded a degree of accuracy that few average golfers possess. With normal clubs, you can hit the ball off the heel or the toe of the club and you have only a poor shot. Hit the same shot with a Streamliner club and the ball goes off almost at right angles. After nearly killing my caddy one day—well, I put the clubs in the attic, where they now gather dust.

No one can deny, however, that the Streamliner was one of the most scientific clubs ever invented. Not a thing wrong with it, either—except USGA regulations and the fact that it took a superior player to use it right . . . #



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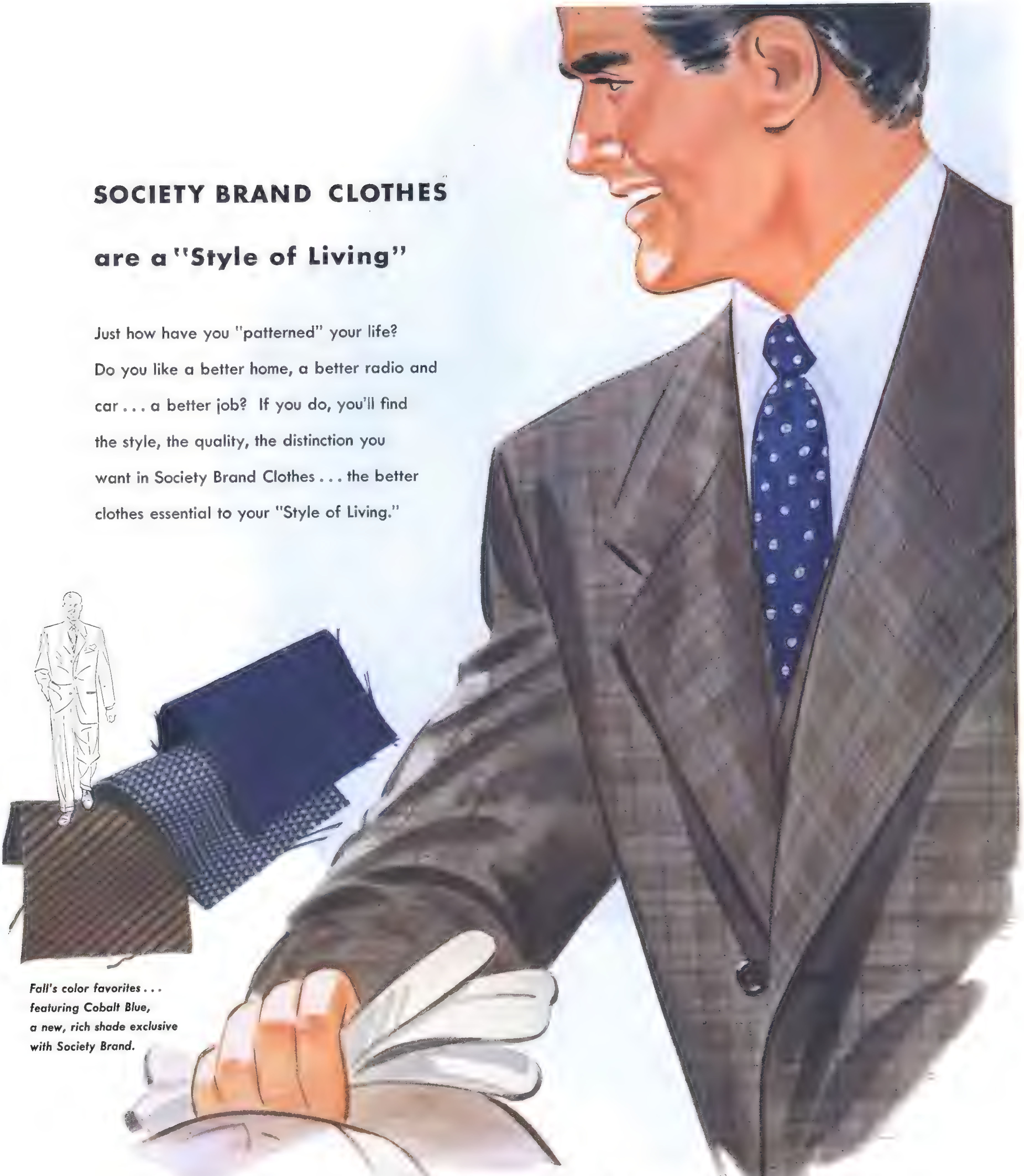

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FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

Man's Triumph Over the Prostate

Continued from page 55

operation, I might as well have the job done right and let him remove the entire gland.

He explained how the thing should be done: by what he called the suprapubic approach, with an incision of about five inches up and down one's abdomen.

So I would be sliced open the same as if I were a watermelon!

Still another fear lurked in my head.

As if reading my thoughts, the doctor said it might interest me to know that the removal of the prostate does not affect one's sex urge or abilities, since this gland is only an accessory part of the equipment. That *did* interest me, because I have often felt that there is much to be said for sex.

Still, I did not take to the idea of an operation; and I was beginning to assume that no benefit was going to come from the medicine. In another two weeks I would receive my sentence. That night I couldn't sleep.

It's a strange thing, though, that a disturbing fact once faced becomes less and less formidable. After a night or two I slept almost as well as usual, and I could understand how a condemned man on the morning of his execution might eat heartily of ham and eggs and ask for a cigar.

Then I did a foolish thing. I went to a medical library to "read up" on the history and practice of prostatic surgery. Unfortunately, the pamphlets and brochures I got hold of at first were by no means up-to-date, but dealt mostly with operations done before the First World War when about half the patients died. What I read indicated that I was in a lovely situation.

This prostate problem is not new. As long ago as 1575, Dr. Ambroise Paré, famous French surgeon, often called the father of modern surgery, contrived crude instruments for slicing off part of the gland via the urethra. The record does not show that the instruments worked any too well. A major difficulty, which has continued, was the control of bleeding in a type of operation where there was no chance to tie the blood vessels. Later, surgeons tried two other methods—the suprapubic, already described, and the perineal, in which the approach is from the rear. With the latter method, the frequency of rectal injuries and also of damage to the sphincter muscles, causing urinary incontinence, was great enough to make the suprapubic type more "popular"—if the reader cares for that word in this connection. Regardless of the type of operation, the patient seemed to have a choice of dying from bleeding or from infection. Sometimes the use of a catheter for drainage, to prepare the patient, was enough of itself to touch off an infection that killed him before he even reached the operating room.

As recently as our grandfathers' day, no surgeon dared to specialize on prostate cases; he knew that, with so many of the customers unlikely to survive, his reputation would not be enhanced. Those in general surgery, who took whatever came along, lacked the skill that a specialist might have acquired. The result of all this was that patients were inclined to postpone so risky an ordeal and a shocking number died of uremic poisoning. Even among men of only middle age the toll was heavy. Many were taught by their physicians how to use a catheter. It was common to carry a catheter in one's pocket or coiled within the sweat-band of a hat. Doctors knew that from the time a man started using his own catheter he was in constant danger of infection; that before long it would get him. They gave him three years at the most.

So much for the prostate situation as it was. I felt less and less enthusiasm for facing an operation. However, as I read further and talked with a number of medical authorities, the outlook brightened. I learned that in few branches of surgery within recent years has more progress been made than in the prostatic. The coming of sulfa drugs ten years or so ago started a revolution. True, during the first two or three years sulfa drugs were in a form that crystallized in the kidney and irritated the bladder; but today the sulfa works beautifully in skilled hands and the chances of infection have become so slight that no one needs to worry about it. Penicillin and one or two other new drugs have been a great help; and then there is the fact that standards and requirements for surgical specialists are much higher than they used to be. Now the mortality risk of removing a prostate is less than four per cent—and the number who perish includes men of extremely advanced age, or with serious complications. Among those who have nothing wrong with them except the enlarged prostate itself, the risk is small. This greatly reduced danger has caused a benign circle. With less dread of an operation than when it was so often a death sentence, most patients now face the ordeal earlier, before the trouble has become too acute, before complications have added to the risk. In fact, men over forty would benefit from a periodic rectal examination to rule out malignant growth of the prostate.

With this knowledge, I was able to see my doctor with less fear and trembling, all prepared for the worst. And the worst was what I got. He said there was no longer any question that I was a sure candidate for surgery. How soon, he asked, could I go to a hospital? I was surprised to hear the answer I gave him. "How about (*Continued on page 122*)

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Man's Triumph Over the Prostate

Continued from page 121

this afternoon?" With no more hope of avoiding an operation, I wanted to put it into the past tense.

The doctor dialed a number to find out if a hospital room was available, and two hours later I was on my way. I was beginning to have a feeling almost of elation. Don't misunderstand me. I was still plenty scared; but it seemed good that I had now placed my bet and no longer would be concerned about coming to a decision.

The room to which I was assigned could be described as plain, with no reproductions of famous art on the walls, no costly hangings, or luxurious furniture. But I had a beautiful view across the Potomac in the distance and the place was quiet. One of my fears had been that someone next door would have a radio.

Most nurses, I had supposed, would be perhaps a trifle sadistic, or at least quite hardened to human suffering. In a minute a nurse came in and I began to change my mind. Her behavior was not that of a disciplinarian, but of a charming hostess. It was as if she wanted me to enjoy my stay in the hospital so she could look forward to the pleasure of my company again. The first thing that caught her eye was a lumpy armchair. She felt of it, shook her head, and said, "As soon as you're up after your operation you'll want a more comfortable chair than this."

I could have shouted with glee over her offhand assumption that I would finally *be* up again. If she had said, "This chair isn't good, but we'll wait and see if you ever need one," that would have been only what I expected. It looked more and more as if I might conceivably have a pleasant sojourn. Within a day or two, I met half a dozen other nurses, and I soon loved them all. They seemed to be trying to outdo one another in making things pleasant. All were charmingly agreeable, and two or three were even soothing to the eyes.

About an hour after my arrival, the doctor came and in his best bedside manner bade me skin out of my clothes and make myself comfortable in bed while he inserted another of those drainage tubes. This one was no picayunish affair; in fact, I thought for a moment it was a small garden hose. I estimated that I could endure it for possibly ten minutes, and I asked how long he was planning to leave it in. Until the operation, he said; maybe two or three days, long enough to get rid of all that poison in the blood stream. That was a severe jolt, but once again I had a surprise. After the first hour I became so accustomed to the tube that I would forget it was there.

That night, two or three convalescent patients who had experienced what I was about to undergo strolled in, one at a time, presumably at the suggestion of the nurses, to give me reassurance, to tell me they were feeling fine. The atmosphere was becoming so pleasant that it was like being at a good club. I suggested to one of the convalescents that we ought to organize a Prostate League, for the social, cultural, and economic uplift of people with or without such glands.

On the morning of the operation I could not understand how I could feel so little consternation. I asked myself: can this really be me? Always a timid soul, I had somehow made a mental adjustment to a tough situation and felt as calm and unconcerned as if I were only to have a tooth filled. They rolled me out to the elevator and up to the operating room, where they shifted me to a table and I found myself under a great cluster of lights that would soon be brightening my interior. Two or three nurses were there with neat little masks over their mouths, and my surgeon, not yet with a white gown on, was busily scrubbing his hands and forearms, smiling happily as if he and I were about to share a merry lark. Here I was in a room the very thought of which had kept me awake nights, yet my nerves were not tense and I did not feel scared. I still do not understand it. I think I felt sorrier for the surgeon than for myself; the responsibility was his. Whatever happened, no one could blame *me*. A young man, presumably another doctor, came walking briskly toward me, with a hypodermic in his hand. I asked him what he was up to. He said he was going to put me to sleep. It seems that giving a patient ether, with accompanying sensations of suffocation, is old stuff. Today—just a quick shot.

"How long will it be before I drop off?" I inquired.

"I doubt if you'll be able to count to ten," the doctor said, as he inserted the needle.

I managed to count to twenty-eight, but there was no question that I went to sleep, and nothing halfway about it. It was an untroubled dreamless sleep; and when two hours later I heard a motherly nurse saying, "Pop, the operation's all over," I felt as if I had only dozed off for a minute.

As I became more conscious, I discovered that I was in a large room, quiet as a tomb, and it was *not* the operating room. Where was I? Because of the stillness I wondered if it could be a morgue and I had fooled everyone by coming *to*. It turned out that I was in the "recovery room," something comparatively new in hospitals—a room equipped with oxygen tanks, equipment for blood transfusions, and highly trained attendants to act promptly in emergency. (A blood transfusion was used at one time almost as a last hope, but today it is often a therapeutic routine.) A patient stays in the recovery room after operation until it is

Continued on page 124

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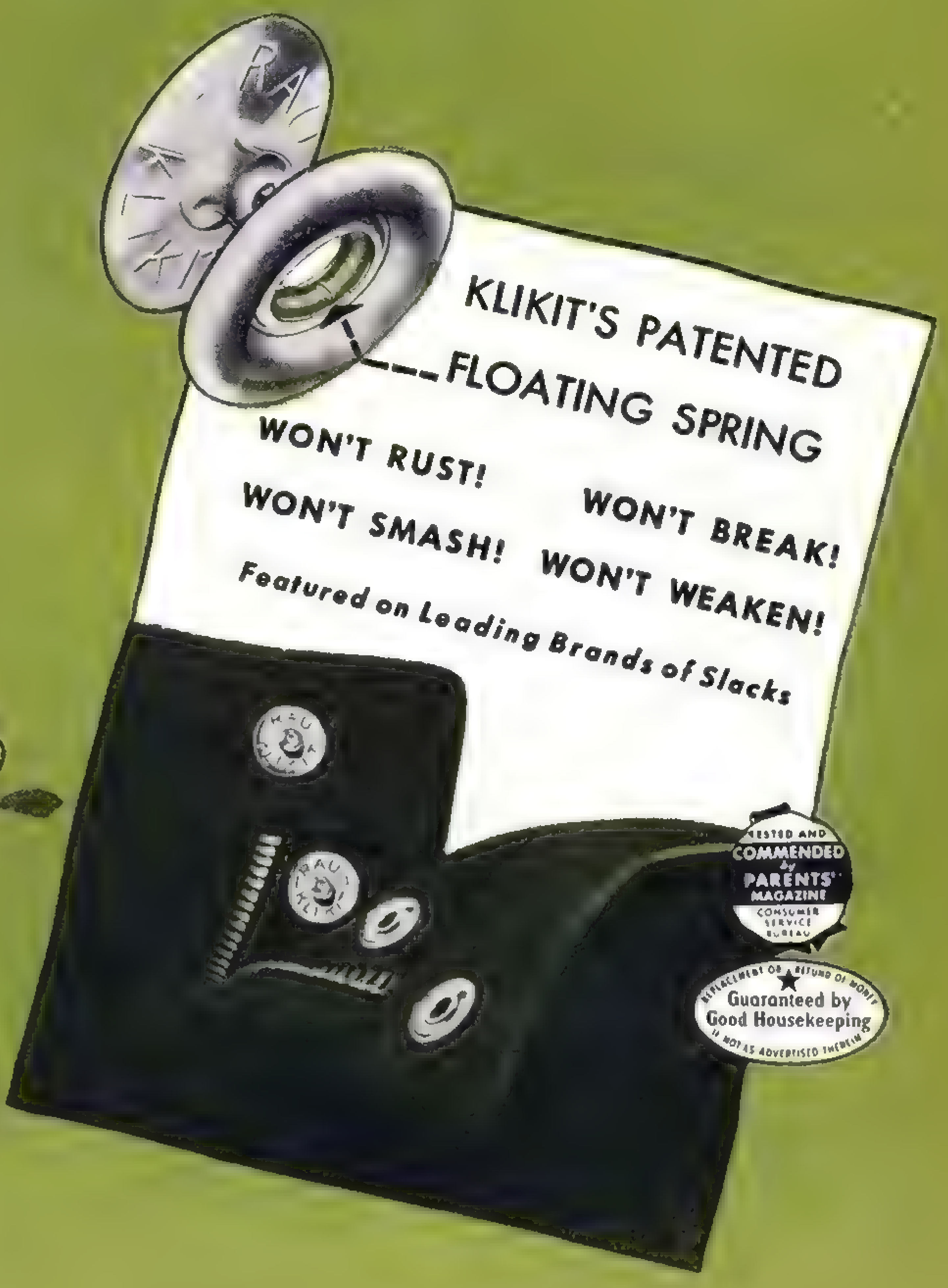
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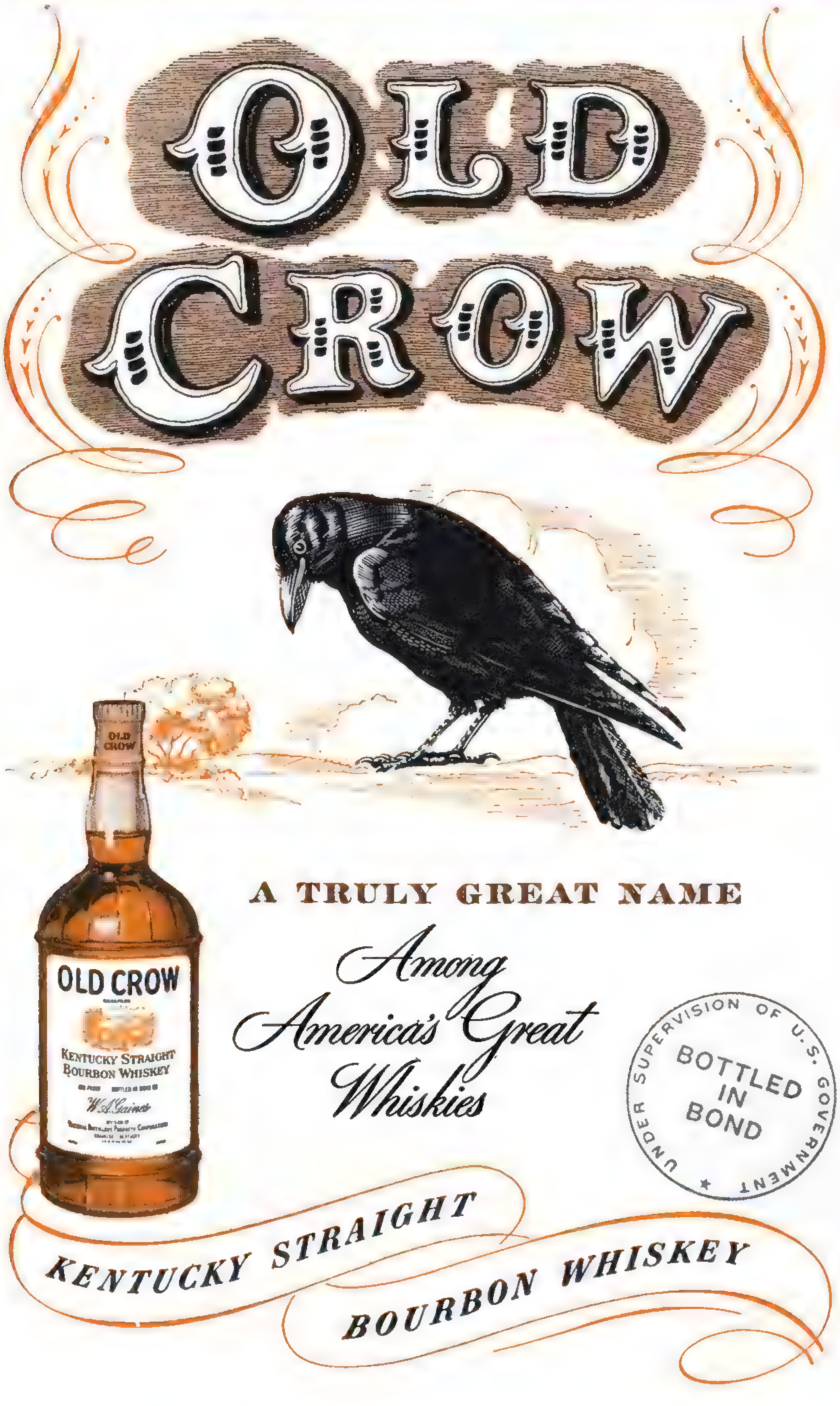
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Man's Triumph Over the Prostate

Continued from page 122

certain that he is doing all right.

An hour later, in my own room, I was able to pick up a bedside phone and chat with friends, feeling as if nothing much had happened. I had expected to be weak from loss of blood, but someone had seen to it that blood vessels were tied promptly and I had lost less blood than a donor might give to the Red Cross. I had assumed, too, that with my insides considerably gouged and dissected I was doomed to suffer intense pain for at least a few days. But at no time, from the moment I regained consciousness, as long as I was in the hospital, did I feel any pain. I did have a few annoying bladder spasms, but they gave discomfort, a kind of panicky feeling, rather than actual pain. Modern surgery is much better than I had dared to suppose.

The morning after the operation, I asked the doctor how long it would be before I could step out of bed and walk about the room.

"Why not do it right now?" he suggested. I thought he was joking, but he meant it. It seems that current surgical practice is to get a customer up and about as soon as possible; that it's good for him physically as well as for his morale. I still was in intimate association with the little garden hose, but it took only a moment to unsplice that, and with the help of a nurse—a little ninety-eight-pounder whom I could have tossed on to my shoulder a few days earlier—I got up and walked over to the window. It would be exaggerating to say that I felt as spry as usual. The stitches down my front pulling at the raw flesh were not exactly comfortable, (though not much worse than a tight shoe) and I was soon reconciled to lying down again. But I no longer minded staying in bed most of the day because I knew I was not helpless and *could* get up.

I asked the doctor what time schedule he had for taking out those stitches. He said that reminded him of something, and he went out to give an order. In a few minutes, one of the loveliest young women I had ever seen bounced in carrying an outfit that included a quart jar filled with some kind of amber-colored fluid. She fastened the jar to a bracket overhead, then jabbed a hollow needle into a vein of my wrist and by means of tubing started a transfusion that went on for nearly four hours. The fluid, I learned, was a protein mixture intended to build up the supply in the blood and speed the healing process. It would have more effect, the doctor told me, than if I were to eat thick, juicy beefsteaks—and just then I did not have much appetite. The scheme evidently was successful, for only eight days later the doctor removed the bandages in which I had been swathed, pulled out all stitches, and let me see that the five-inch incision was completely healed. I thought of how it used to take longer than eight days for the healing of a little cut on my finger. It appears that doctors and surgeons have been learning a thing or two. Another week and I was rid of the garden hose, beginning to have sinful thoughts once more, and about ready to go home.

I became almost ashamed of how little I minded being in a hospital. Friends kept dropping in, providing good conversation, and for the first time in years I had plenty of time to read. With nothing else to do I could even read weighty stuff, and I was half tempted to dip into Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Four or five times a day, a nurse came demurely in wanting to know if it would be all right to rub my back. Would it! I invariably assured her that if there is anything I dote on, with never enough of, it is having the old back manipulated. More than once I thought of Aladdin and his lamp. All I had to do was to press a button, and a charming nurse appeared, ready to fetch me food or drink or listen to a bit of talk. And in the morning a particularly comely nurse dropped in to wash my face and give me a sponge bath. One morning, she wanted to know if I would prefer to wash my own face, but I was reading the paper and told her I didn't have time. I didn't expect such a luxury soon again.

My one secret complaint was the quality of the food—that and the plan of serving the evening meal at 4:30 in the afternoon—an hour when cocktails would have been more appropriate. I'm told that most hospitals work against heavy odds in serving appetizing foods. However, I liked hospital life well enough to think that a week of it every year or so, while the doctors give one a going-over, might be a good vacation.

Still, I don't recommend prostate operations if they can be avoided. Something *might* go wrong, and certainly the highest type of surgical skill is required. I wish it were possible to tell how the need for prostate surgery can be prevented. But no one knows. One theory was that it was caused by overindulgence in sex pastimes. But hundreds of cases come from those who are quite abstemious. The most that can be said with certainty is that many men in all walks of life are subject to prostate ailments and an only slightly larger number escape them.

The encouraging fact is that studies in endocrinology now going on hold great promise. As I have said, one patient out of five may now be greatly benefited, sometimes permanently, by hormone treatment. The hope and possibility is that before long nearly all may find complete relief simply by swallowing a few pills. #

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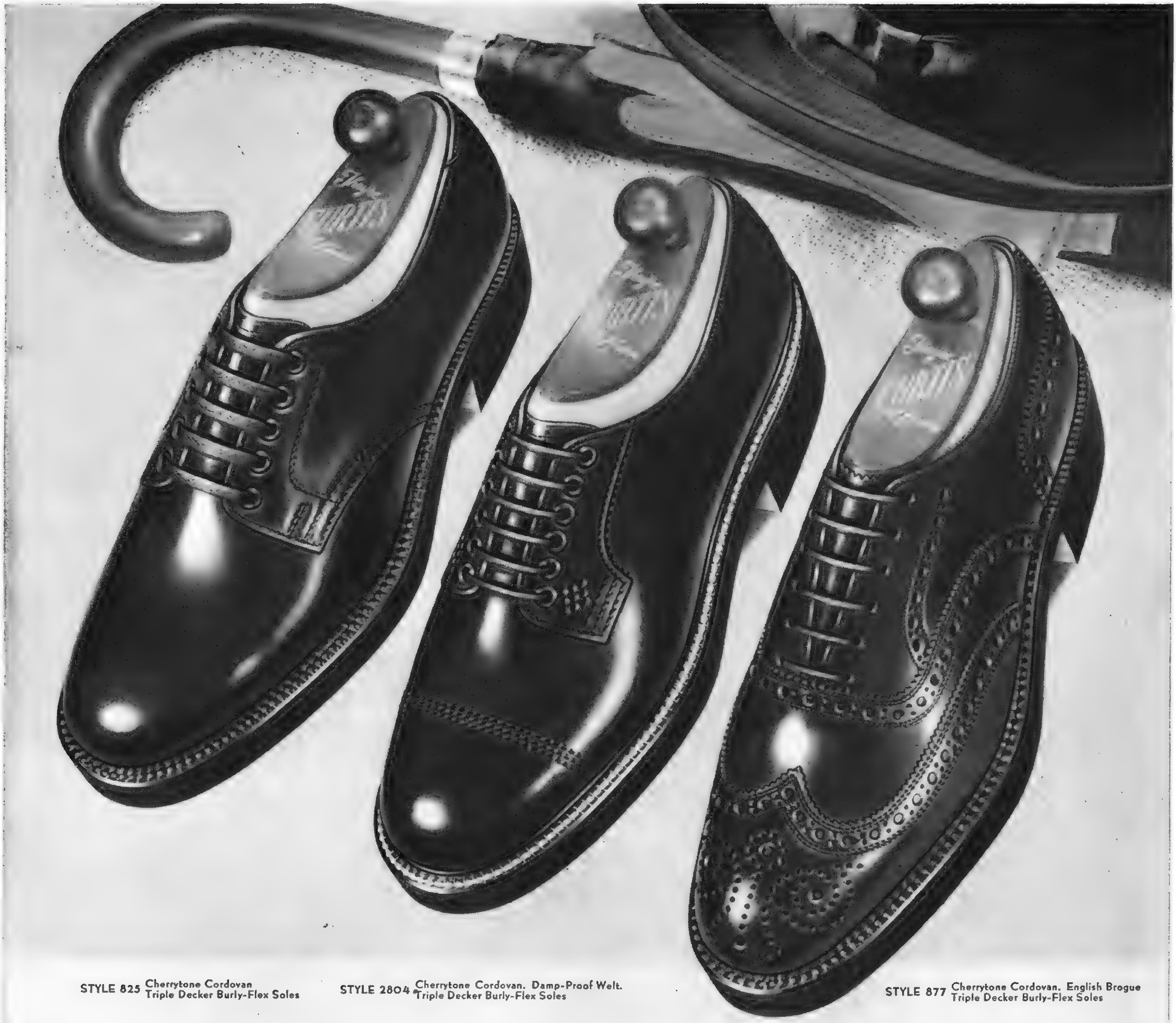

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Yes! Says Harvey Harman

Continued from page 60

more, I think that the fan in the stands will be cheated out of one of the most exciting aspects of the sport—the fine old football player, the 60-minute superman who produces a thrill every time he gets in on a play. It took hard and brilliant playing both on offense and defense to build a reputation like Red Grange's. Johnny Lujack was masterful on both sides of the scrimmage line and made himself a big name that he richly deserved.

But with separate squads for offense and defense (and maybe, if this thing catches on, a first quarter team, a second quarter team, etc.), how is any player going to be in action long enough for the fans to single him out as their hero-favorite? Will there be any more Jim Thorpes, Red Cagles, Bronko Nagurskis, Doak Walkers, or Brick Mullers? I don't think so. The strong, colorful player will be replaced by . . . what? Can we say: "There goes Bill Buster. When he's not on the bench, he does a terrific job of defending against passes into the right flat?" I'm afraid the big boy is on his way out. The fans will miss him, and so will I.

I won't lecture you on the character-building values of football except to say that as a game, not as an efficiency machine, it does something for the boys who play it. It's one thing to have a job to do, get it done, and then go out and rest awhile. It's another thing to keep on going after you are tired, to get slapped down again and again, but to go on scrapping anyway. That takes more than skill and precision. That takes guts.

Aside from the intangible values likely to be lost, there are many concrete objections to free-substitution, platoon-style football.

Obviously, it must hurt the small school, which hasn't enough material for two separate squads.

Here's an example of what can happen to small schools. Last season we upset an opponent, a small school that was trying to use an offensive and a defensive team. The year before, they had almost beat us with a good solid squad of all-around players, but in attempting to build two teams they were forced to use inexperienced and second-rate players, especially on the defensive squad. While perfectly good men sat on their bench—men who had stopped us the year before—we took advantage of their defense weaknesses and ran over them. They simply didn't have enough good men for that kind of football. Even at my school, Rutgers, with an undergraduate male student population at Brunswick of 4000, I doubt if I could ever find forty-four good players, which is the least you need to have an offensive and defensive team, two deep. But because the platoon idea is in vogue, small schools are bound to try it.

Another item against it is the cost. The expenses of extra equipment and enlarged coaching staffs will be prohibitive on many campuses. And here's something else. Many football players in colleges today are aiming toward a career in coaching. If they are not well-grounded in both the theory and play of all phases of the game, how can they expect to get jobs?

Nearly all the coaches in favor of the free-substitution rule make a strong case for the fact that it should improve the injury problem. The players don't get overtired, they say. Maybe so. But at the same time, men have to go into the game cold and statistics show that many injuries occur early in the game, when players aren't sufficiently warmed up. I have an idea that the casualty lists will rise when colleges all over the country start sending in cold players in wholesale lots. Any sustained offense will always give the defensive platoon time to cool off on the bench.

If "All-American" means anything to you, you can kiss that traditional institution good-by. With platoon football in effect, pickers will have to choose a Defensive All-American, an Offensive All-American, and an All Around All-American. You will triple the number of elevens now being selected and the once proud custom will have dwindled into meaningless confusion.

The most important complaint I have against free-substitution football is the lessening of personal contact between the coach and the boy. As it is now, I can get to know every member of my squad. I have time to work with each one of them personally. I can improve his football, and, if he has any private troubles, perhaps I can help him out with those, too. By the end of a season I have established a solid friendship with every young man on my team—a friendship that often goes on long after he has graduated. Right now I can tell you where virtually every player I ever coached is living, what he's doing, how many kids he has. I get letters from them all the time. I enjoy that. It is a deeply satisfying reward for coaching.

Under the platoon system, I simply wouldn't have time for that. I'd be working on two separate practice fields with twice as many athletes. Most personal contact with the players would have to be left to my assistants. I might be fielding a slick, highly efficient football machine, but my life would be a lonely one.

Not this year. Perhaps not next, nor even the next. But before long I think coaches, players, and spectators will rebel against the overspecialization, the severe, impersonal efficiency that free-substitution brings to football. I predict the rule will be changed. I'm certain we will go back to old-style football with all its color and sparkle and sportsmanship. ⧺

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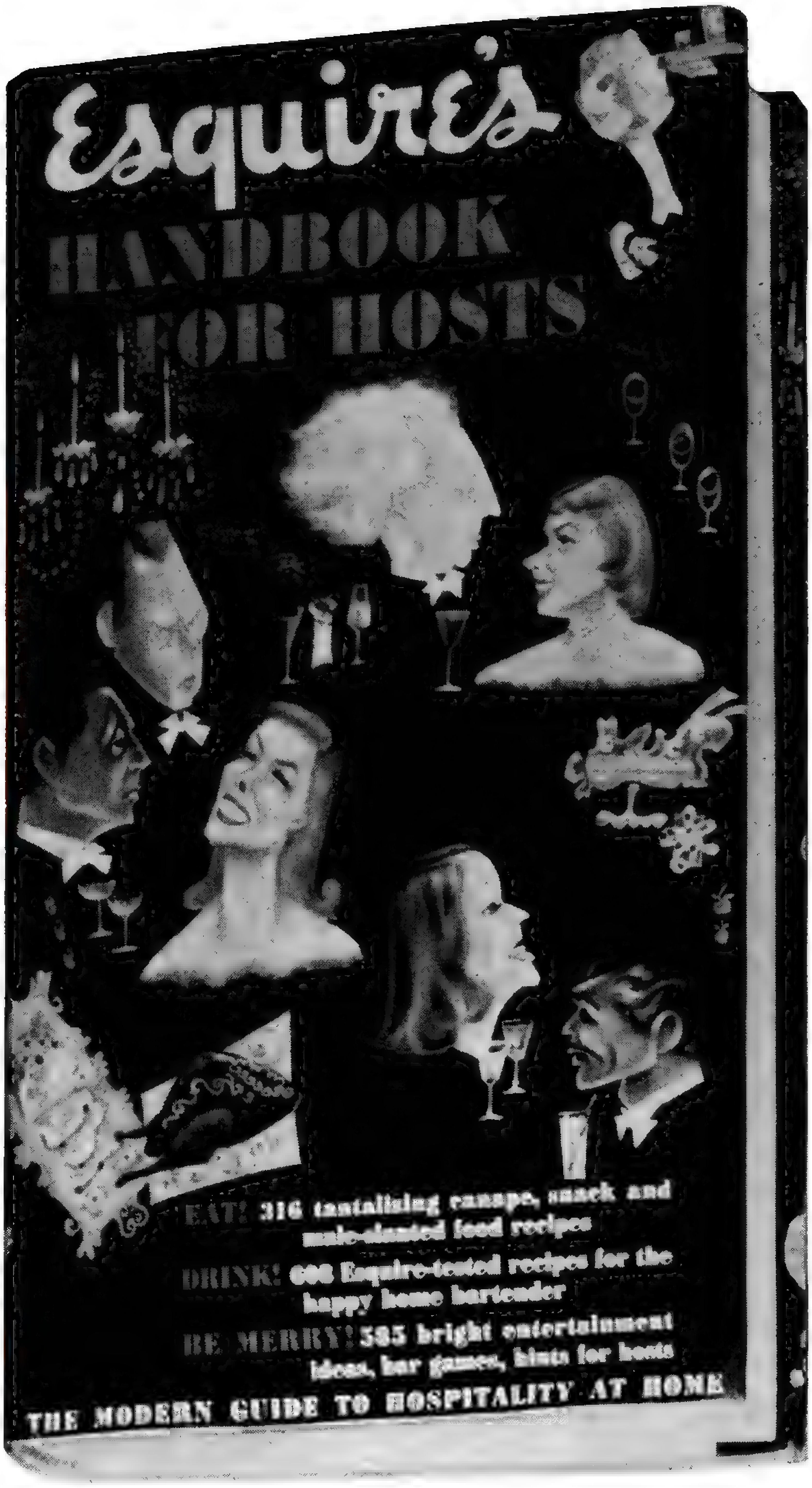
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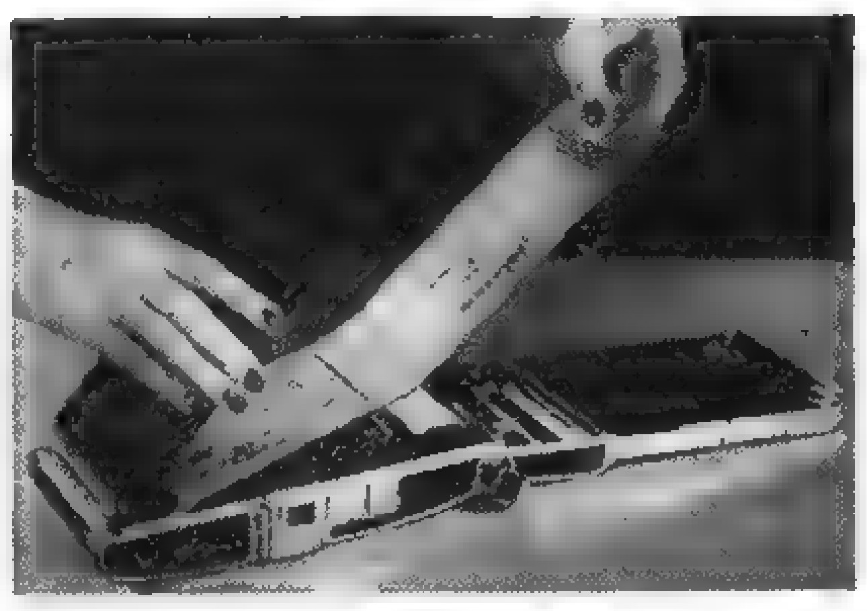

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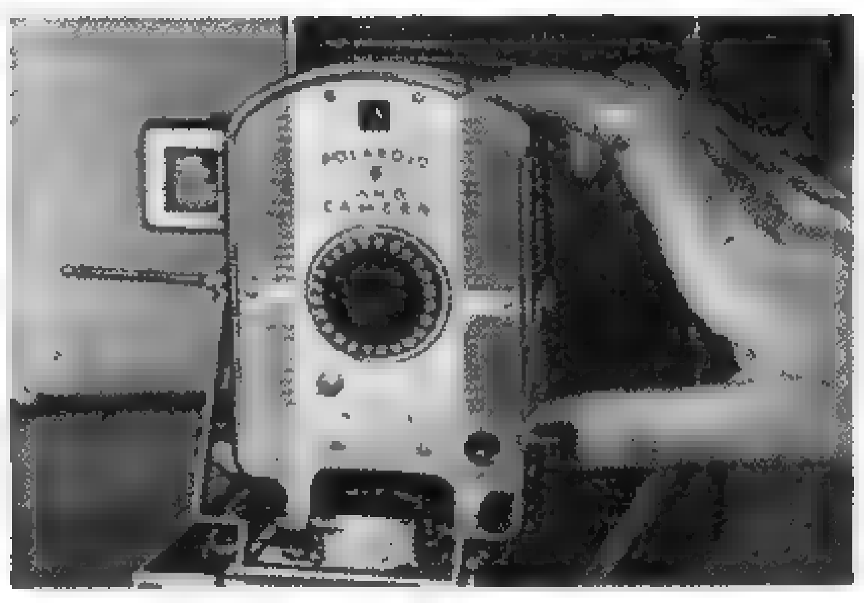

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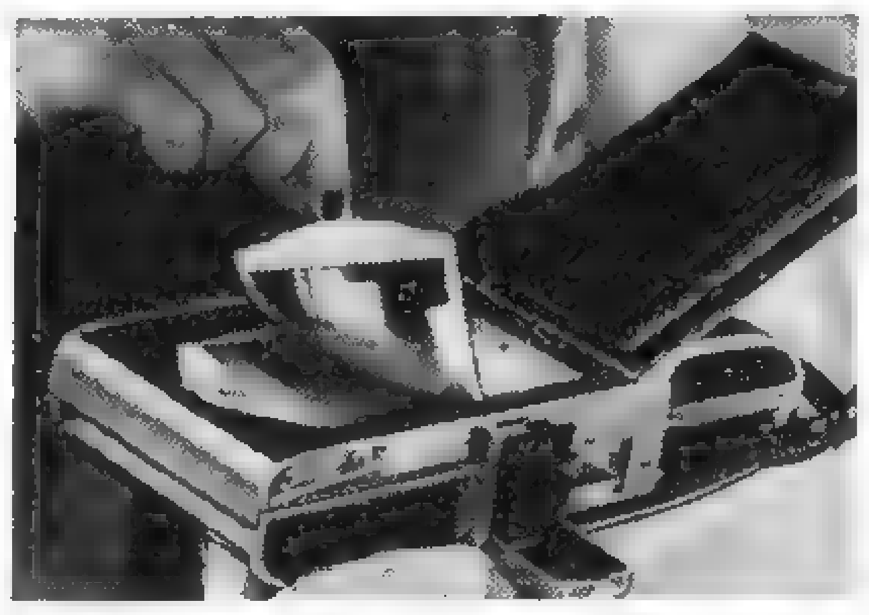

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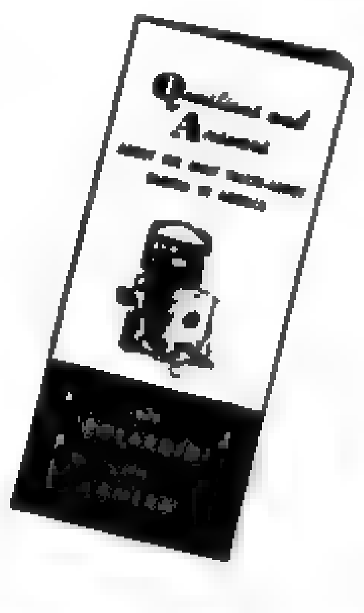

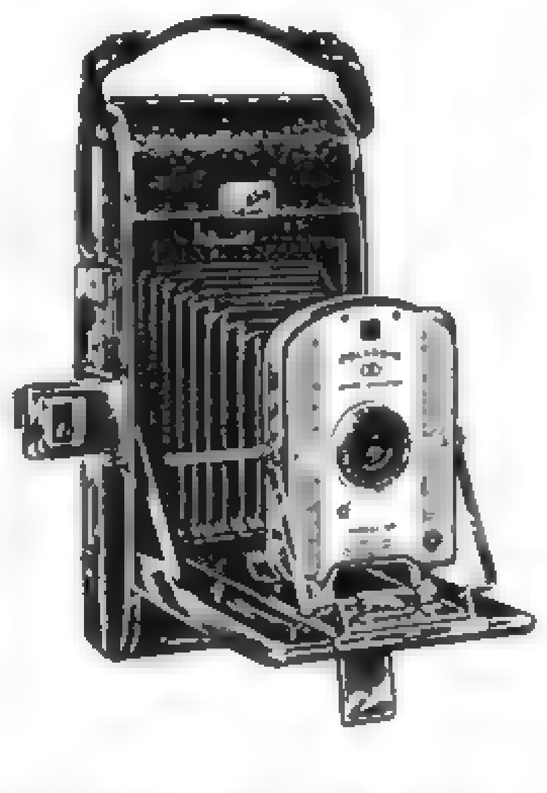

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No! Says Earl H. Blaik

Continued from page 61

stayed hidden in the old days.

In the second place, the platoon system can make the game faster. Why is hockey such a blindingly swift game? Because each team has two, three, or four "lines" that are constantly changing. A man can skate like lightning for a few minutes, rest awhile, then go out and skate like lightning again. If he were left in for the full game, the last period would look like a slow skater's waltz in Central Park.

The same thing is happening in football through the use of two or more platoons. Fresh rested players impart a pace and sparkle, especially to the late quarters, that have heretofore been missing. With less playing time on the field, a man can pour all the energy he's got into every minute he is in action. From now on the fans will witness some near miracles of speed and strength.

Football, from the spectator's angle, will benefit by every player's deeply improved knowledge of his job. With only half as much to learn and practice and the same amount of time to do it in, a player ought to perform almost twice as well. Well, maybe not twice as well, but certainly better than in the past when he was called upon to know offense and defense equally well and to spend valuable practice time on both sides of the scrimmage line. Plays will be carried out with more precision. Defenses will be cannier and more alert. Blocking and tackling will become harder and cleaner. Every facet of the game will be technically advanced. Two evenly matched schools, both using the platoon system, can put on a contest that is as different from those of the old days as big-league is from sand-lot baseball.

Critics of the platoon system have accused it of being too complicated for the fan to follow. How, they say, will a spectator know who's in and who's out with so many names to keep track of?

I believe the spectator's job is easier than it was. Last year, the cadets in the stands very quickly got acquainted with the personnel of both our offensive and defensive teams. When one eleven relinquished the field to the other, our supporters knew exactly who was on the field and in what position. Earlier, when substitutions were made irregularly and often for reasons inscrutable to the fan, there was more confusion and more program-consulting than is necessary with a simpler, more orderly two-team setup.

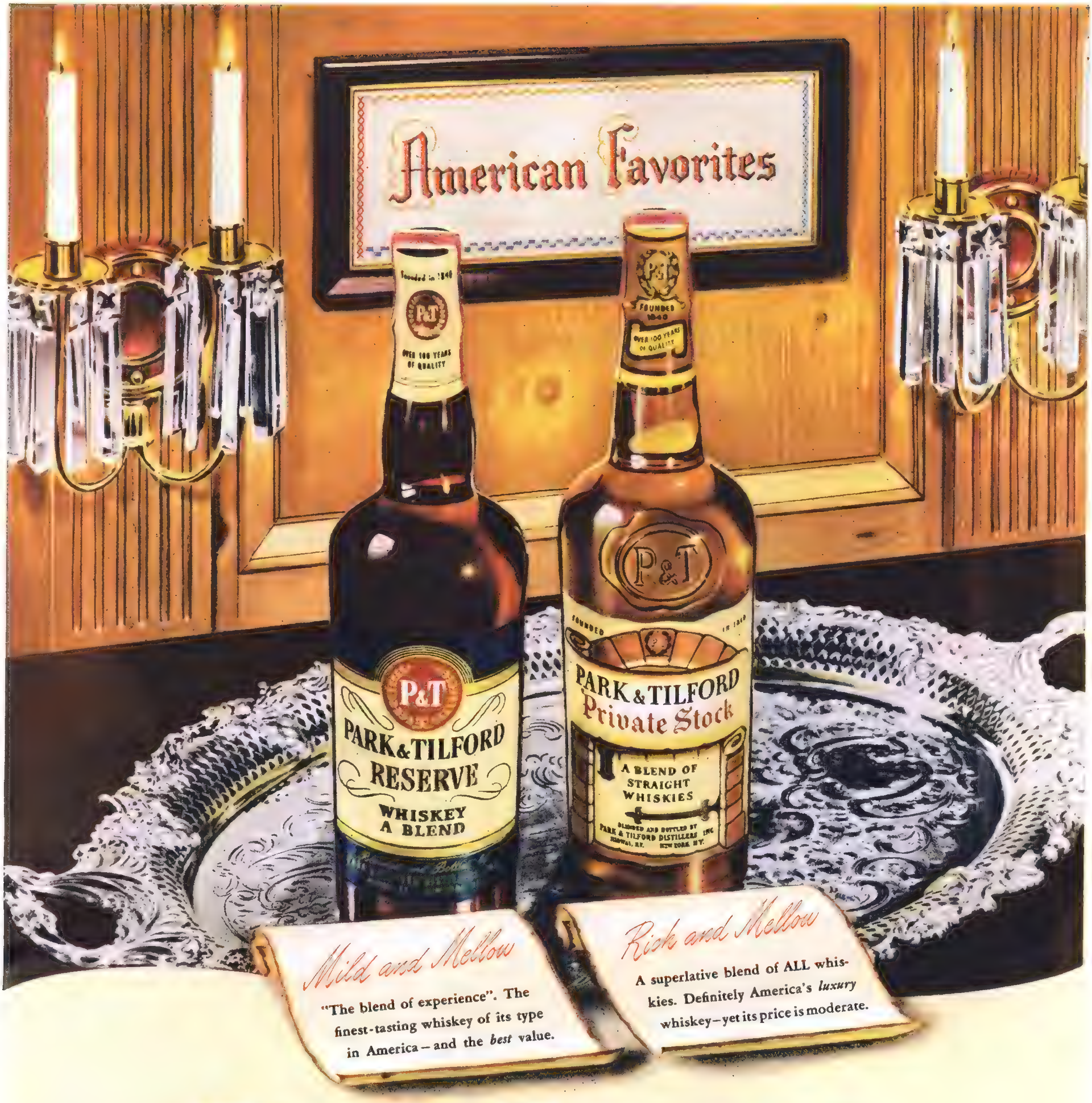
From the player's point of view, there are many advantages. Most important is that under the platoon system there are likely to be fewer injuries. Players usually get hurt when they are overtired, when they have lost their resiliency and endurance. If they can rest during approximately half the game, there is less chance for them to overextend themselves; and thus one of the worst conditions contributing to injuries is eliminated. As for the argument that platoon players go in "cold" and hence are prone to injury, I feel that with good coats they can keep warm on the bench or can briefly exercise themselves into playing temperature before actually going in.

A player's knowledge of football generally will not deteriorate simply because he specializes in either offense or defense. At West Point, many of our present offensive players were on the defense last year. That's the way it will probably go everywhere. You use a man on defense until he has acquired the seasoning and experience for offense. Besides, in spring training the players work out on both sides. And if a player is brilliant on both offense and defense, no sensible coach would try to limit his activities too strictly. I have such a man in Arnold Galiffa, who will play offense all the time and defense in critical situations.

There are a few people who believe that platoon football will do away with the old 60-minute man, the iron man who inspired so much respect in years gone by. In my opinion, the 60-minute man departed from the intercollegiate football scene back in the twenties. There are a few men now, and there always will be a few, who can play a solid hour of good football once a week. But lately the game has developed into such a fast, complicated sport that the idea of the 60-minute man is outmoded. Your average, or even above-average, athlete just can't play that efficiently for that length of time.

My own job is tougher under the free-substitution rule. I have to work harder and longer. There are more players to be instructed. There is also the problem of giving the defensive unit a feeling of belonging so that it will feel it has just as much to do with a victory as the offensive unit. We have to work to overcome a possible lapse of competitive spirit, not as far as opponents go, but among the various positions to be filled. It used to be that two candidates of about equal merit figuratively fought it out to win a starting assignment; and in doing so they had to stay alert, keep in condition, and generally be on the go all the time. Now, with two positions to be filled where there was only one before, a coach has to make an extra effort to avoid complacency in his players. But you have to work hard to be happy, so I figure I'll benefit, too, from the modern style of football.

Just one more point. Platoon-system football really isn't new at all. Rockne used a version of it long ago when he sent out his "shock troops" (remember?) to sound out and soften up the opposition before he put in the first string. ⵌ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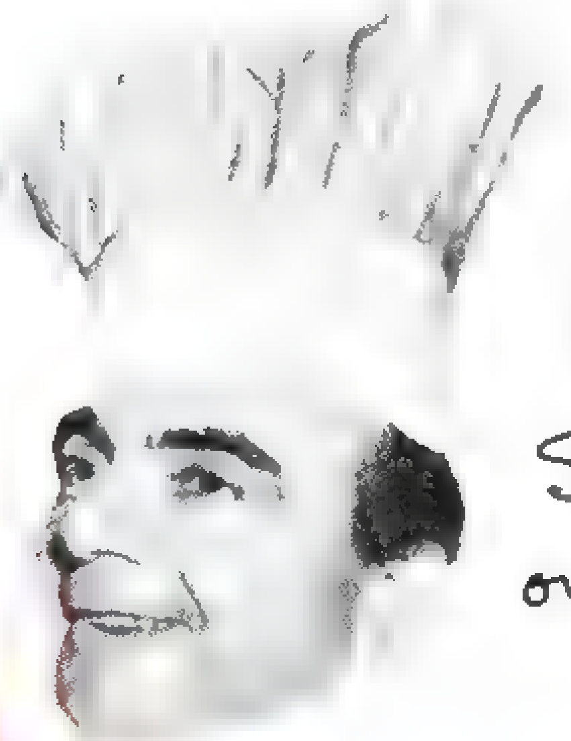

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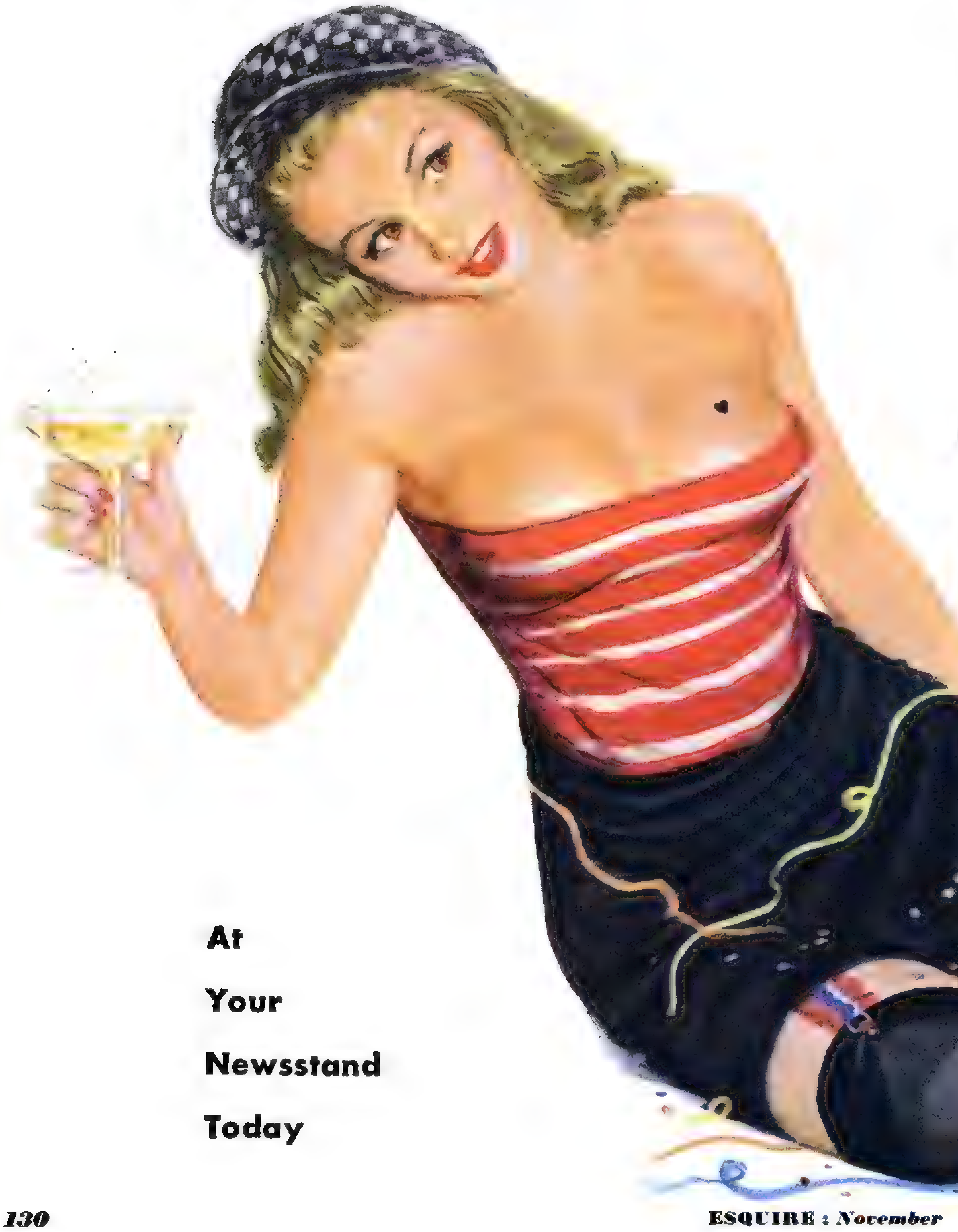

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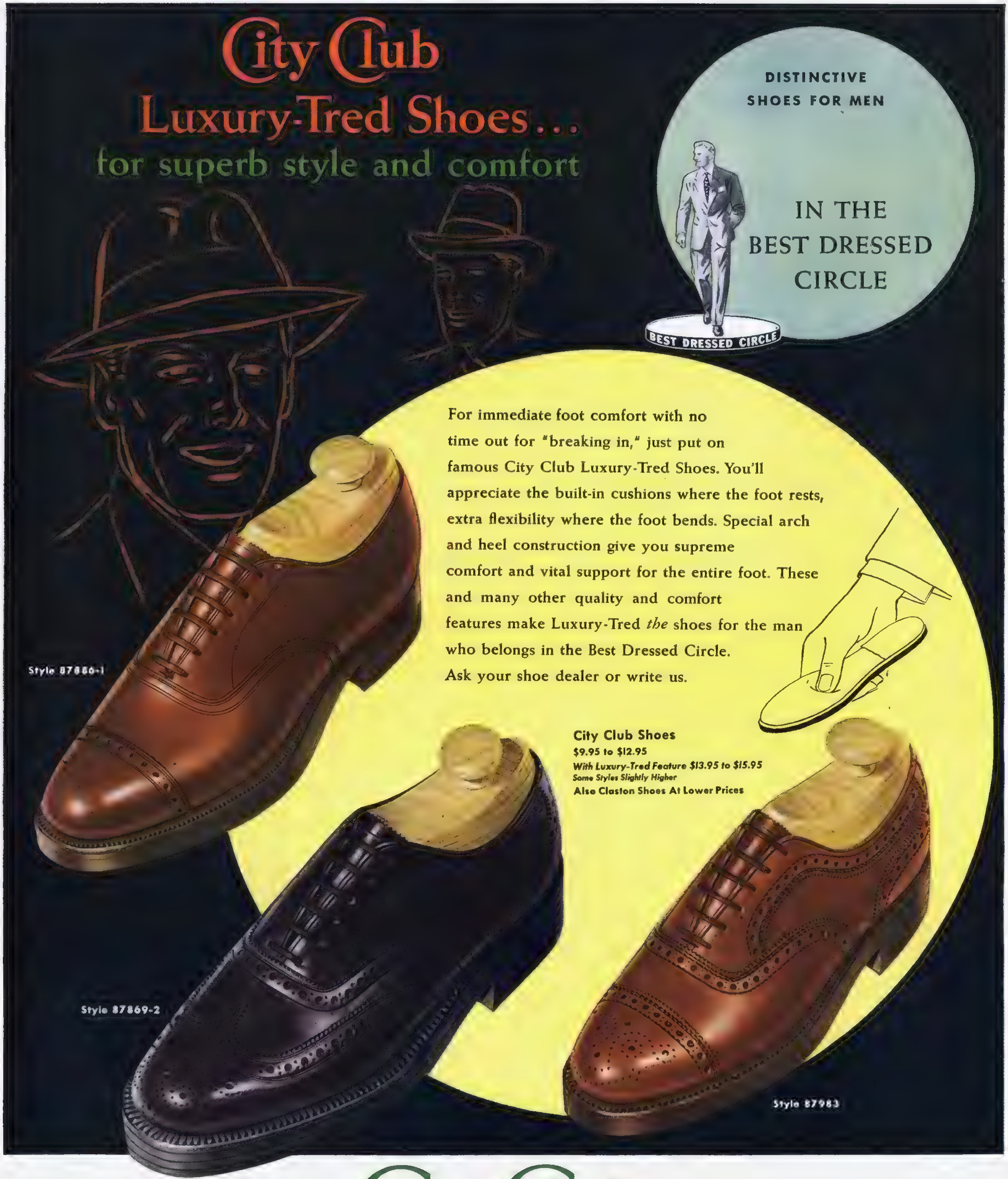

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The Deerslayer

Continued from page 62

feat seemed to galvanize Bill into activity, for he managed to get on his feet and lead me along a woods path in the hope of stirring up a deer. When we rounded the second bend in the path, he stopped short. "There's a deer in there," he said casually, over his shoulder.

I crowded close. "Where?"

"Under that sourwood tree. Not ten feet away. Standing there just looking at us."

For thirty seconds I craned and peered. "Where?" I asked again.

He pointed. "There. By the sourwood."

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A sourwood means nothing to me, so I looked along his outstretched arm. "I don't see it," I had to say after a while.

Bill hooked his thumbs through his belt loops. "Well, I doubt if he'll stand there all day," he said, as to a child.

It seemed a reasonable opinion, so, remembering the lichen on the dogwood tree, I resolved just to shoot in the general direction. As if the phantom animal had suddenly become visible, I quickly raised my bow. Perhaps that movement was what made the deer jump out and whisk around the corner. Oh, yes, there was a deer there, right by the sourwood tree. It was a nice-looking deer, and so I ran after it. But my heavy hunting boots probably slowed me down; and, besides, the deer had a head start.

When I came back to the path, Bill asked, "Catch him?" At my shake of the head he laughed, not in a pleasant manner, and ambled away. I followed, without further conversation, for perhaps a quarter of a mile. And then I saw a deer. I saw it first. It was about thirty yards away, broadside to us, and apparently not aware of our presence. I took careful aim and shot.

We found the arrow forty feet up in a pine tree, stuck solidly in a thick branch. I unlimbered my quiver and Bill boosted me to a lower limb so that I could climb up and retrieve it.

"That's one trouble," Bill agreed, accenting the second word.

Within a mile, we turned a corner and came upon a herd of half a dozen deer, grazing in an old quarry. They immediately bounded off in all directions, with the exception of one, that elected to stand there and watch us.

The deer was a long eighty yards away, so I stalked it for five minutes with the greatest care. I bent over into a half crouch, held my breath, and moved my feet so carefully that not a leaf stirred. It must have been quite an impressive performance, for the deer, which was watching me all the time, never budged.

I had closed the gap to about forty yards when Bill, behind me, bawled out, "That one isn't gonna stand there all day, either."

I straightened up quickly, turned around, and waved violently at him. "Quiet, will you!" I bellowed. "You'll scare him!"

Chastened, Bill subsided, and I resumed my stealthy approach until I had achieved a clear shot from thirty yards distance. Then I stood erect, measured off the distance with my trained eye, raised my bow, took long steady aim, and loosed carefully.

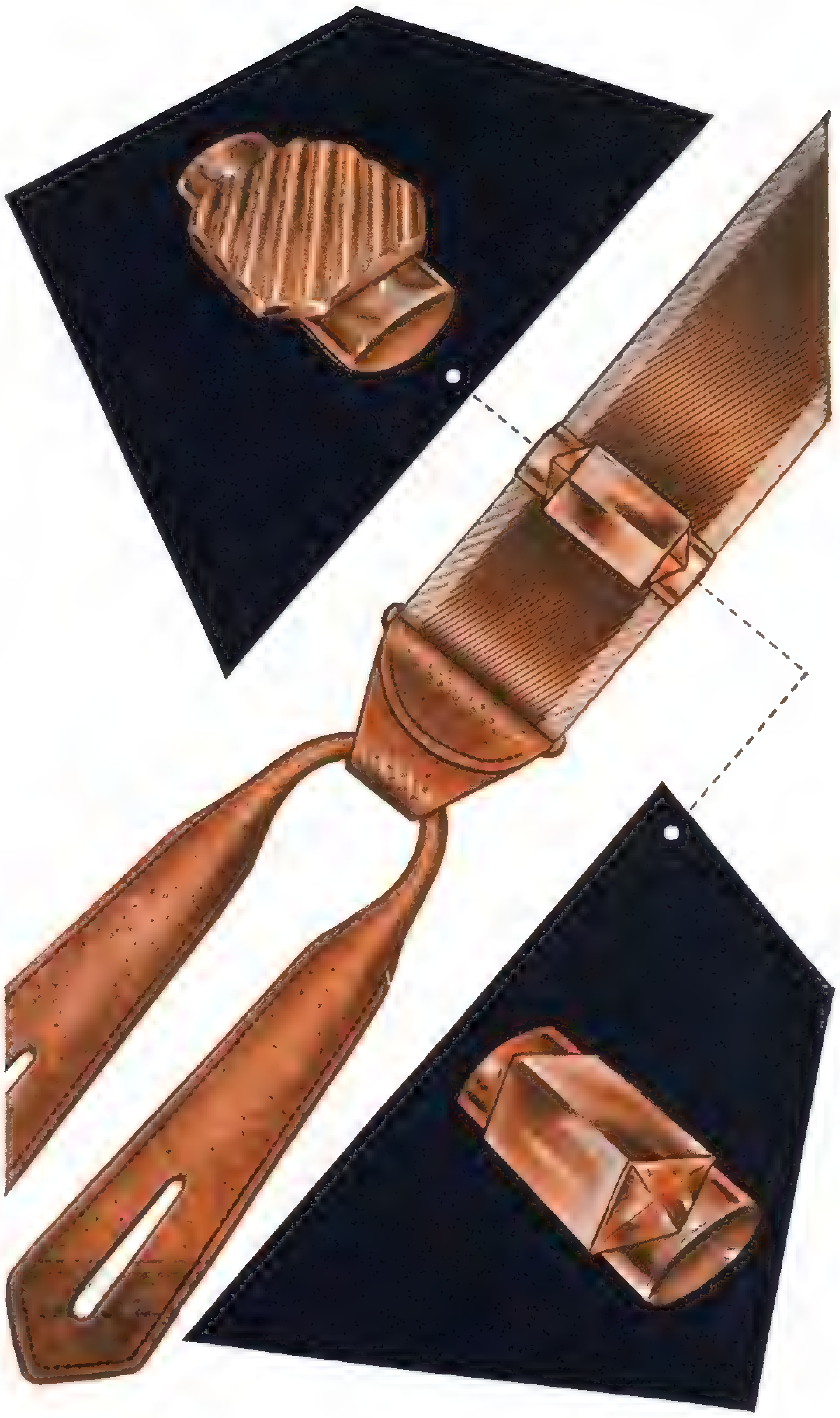
It was a beautiful shot, like the one that had hit the dogwood. Any experienced archer will assure you truthfully that he can tell the final destination of an arrow from the moment it leaves his bow, and this particular arrow was on the deer's heart all the way. It is unfortunate, therefore, that at the last moment a twig reached down and deflected the speeding shaft. I think that the arrow was no more than ten feet from the deer when it glanced aside and thundered into an oak tree that stood just in front of the deer's nose.

Stimulated, the animal drifted up the hillside for twenty yards and skylined himself, presenting a huge expanse of broadside as he stopped to look back. I reached around for my quiver, but unfortunately it wasn't there. I had left it under that pine tree.

While I was occupied in digging my broadhead out of the tree, Bill, who was occupied in digging his toe into the ground, told me that he had just remembered some important business back at his ranch. Before leaving, however, he did speak about an old orchard that was a bit farther along the road, so after retrieving my quiver I established myself there in the lower branches of a gnarled apple tree. Surely, I thought, the deer couldn't see or scent me ten feet off the ground.

Less than half an hour later, a pair of does sauntered into the orchard and grazed to my tree. I was right, for without any doubt they didn't know that I was within miles. When they finally departed, twenty minutes or so later, I was so pleased with my hunting instincts I decided to toast myself from my thermos bottle.

The coffee was still hot. In fact, it was *(Continued on page 134)*



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The Deerslayer

Continued from page 133

so hot that I had to slurp it noisily in order to get it past my lips. The thunder of hoofs at the noise of my drinking made me spin around fast enough to see two bucks, which had been browsing unnoticed behind me, bound off and disappear into the forest. Also, I fell out of the tree.

It was getting late anyway, so I went back to Bill's ranch. "Didn't get another shot," I said before Bill could open his mouth—and that is no mean feat. "Tomorrow, how about showing me a decent place to hunt?" I added.

Our further conversation that night is not worth reporting.

The next day it had turned bitterly cold, and the account of my hunting is short. I didn't see a deer all day. This I can say, however—twelve hours is a long, cold time to be sitting on a stump. There is opportunity, of course, to get in tune with Nature. I've read of hunters who make this fine use of their unoccupied time. But it seems that I am a more predatory sort. Perhaps I have the blood lust. Certainly I sat there on my stump, wished for a deer, and got in tune with nothing. I did, however, think up a lot of things to say to Bill that night.

On the third and last morning, it was raining a steady and particularly damp drizzle. For about an hour I stood high on a ridge overlooking acres of thin woods, wondering why one's manhood has to be proved out in the open in dreary November. I wondered what remarks Bill would make this time. I wondered how long it took pneumonia to develop, and how a nice case felt. Every thirty seconds, I blew a drop of water off the end of my nose.

Then I heard my subconscious say, "Look, God. The way I heard it, You're supposed to bring the more abundant life. Yet here I've frozen for one day, and now I'm drowning, which is surely not the life abundant. And Bill is waiting back at the ranch. I'd like You to send me a deer. Not a little old doe, either. A great big buck with a rack of horns. Or at least one visible spike."

For five minutes I stood there, staring down the still empty ridge, or watching the rawhide slowly give way to the rain and peel off the back of my bow, or wondering how often my plaintive hunter's prayer had crept whining into Heaven under similar circumstances.

I had just blown away another drop of water when the hunch came—the ghostly intuition that we all get from time to time. "Better look over your shoulder," it said. "But look around slow."

Obediently, I turned my head slowly, and there stood my buck. Broadside to me, not twenty feet away, quietly looking me over without much observable interest.

I must tell you about that buck—I talked him over with Bill afterwards. It was the legendary buck of Pisgah Forest, a huge blue-grey beast with a rack of horns like Santa Claus' reindeer, and quite the biggest deer that anybody has ever seen. Bill told me of the time, three years before, when he had found one of the animal's horns, which at that time carried six points. I myself counted eighteen points that morning, nine on a side. There was plenty of time to count.

Bill also told me that that particular buck lived up and down the ridge that I happened to be on, and could be found there at any time of the year except during the hunting season. Time and again he had seen the deer on the day before the guns went off, and on the day after the cease-fire order, but never in the interval between. Once, on a bet, he had actually taken a party of disgruntled and disbelieving hunters to that empty ridge two days after the season closed, and there lay the buck, massive and placid as a cow, watching from the side of the road.

So there we were, the legendary buck and I, staring into each other's eyes. As the drop of water formed again on my nose, I wondered what to do. To jump around quickly—of course I was facing in the wrong direction—drawing as I jumped, and letting the arrow fly before I hit the ground? No. The buck was younger and spryer than I by some thirty years, and undoubtedly could jump much faster. I even had the feeling that he would know the very moment when my muscles tensed for the leap, so I dismissed the idea.

To turn around slowly, imperceptibly? Yes. That was what they told you to do in the books I had read.

So I started to turn. My upper body had pivoted about a quarter of the way when the buck solved my dilemma for me. With disdainful indifference he averted his head and looked up the ridge. I couldn't see his eyes any longer, and therefore he couldn't see me. All I could see was the inverted rocking chair that he carried on his head.

Don't tell me what I should have done. I know now, better than you do. I have done the stunt nightly for months in my disturbed sleep, and in each dream my arrow has cut him down. I should have jumped around on those silent wet leaves and let him have it. He wouldn't have known what hit him.

What I actually did, however, was accelerate my rate of slow turning. When I finally got into such a position that I must have resembled a pretzel, the deer turned back on cue, laughed out loud at my contortions, flicked his tail once, and rollicked off down the hill into a laurel thicket.

I never got the arrow off. But I did send something after him. And if you will forgive me for being the one who says it, the epithets were extremely well-chosen.

A couple of hours later, in another part of the forest, I found a splendid game trail commanded at one point by a tall evergreen tree. I crawled into the tentlike haven provided by the drooping lower branches and proceeded to construct the best blind that has ever been known to man. When I was through, I could turn noiselessly and invisibly in every direction and shoot readily through half a dozen gaping loopholes I had made.

"Now let 'em come," I said aloud through teeth that chattered. "And God help 'em when they do!"

Perhaps thirty minutes later, they came. Not one buck, but two came mincing down the trail. I readied myself and let them come. It seemed to take two hours, but perhaps it was closer to two minutes that I endured their leisurely approach. Now they were twenty yards away, now ten yards, and finally the first buck was a mere ten feet distant. With another step he would be opposite my best loophole, and not eight feet from me. Swiftly I raised my bow.

This seems the best place to say a few words about building a blind when hunting deer with bow and arrow. In addition to all that I had done, it is also important to clear the branches to a distance of three feet above your head. In fact, it is essential—I am entirely dogmatic on this point. If you fail to do this, the top of your upflung bow knocks against an overhead branch, the slight shock bumps your arrow off the string, and the ensuing unearthly disturbance sends the deer hurtling down the hillside like a locomotive. The chances are extremely good that, preoccupied as you will be under the circumstances, you will not even note the direction in which the escape is made. The deer will simply disappear.

But to get back to our hunting. As the dreary day slogged toward its end, I found a fallen log astride a well-marked trail, and there I sat down wearily. I set my bow beside me on the log, smoked a limp and dispirited cigarette, and then took out my handkerchief to wipe my glasses. I had started on the second lens when a spike buck broke out of the rhododendron about forty yards away and began trotting down the trail toward me. His head was down. He did not see me sitting there across his path.

Yes, I know what I should have done. I should have sat there immovably until he hopped the log, six feet to my left. Then I could have dropped my handkerchief and glasses, swooped up my fallen bow, and probably get in a shot from my sitting position. All this I know, now.

When I let fall my handkerchief while the deer was still thirty yards away, thus waving a large white flag before his eyes, his head came snorting up, his legs exploded him into the woods at my right, and my pursuing arrow shattered on a branch. Truth to tell, I don't think that this last made any particular difference.

There are lessons to be derived from my experiences in the role of deerslayer. Things like these: Jump around quickly; don't move a muscle; never wipe your glasses; don't wear glasses; clear out the brush; stay well hidden; never sit down; and many others. The major part of this winter I shall devote to sorting out all these items and arranging them in alphabetical order.

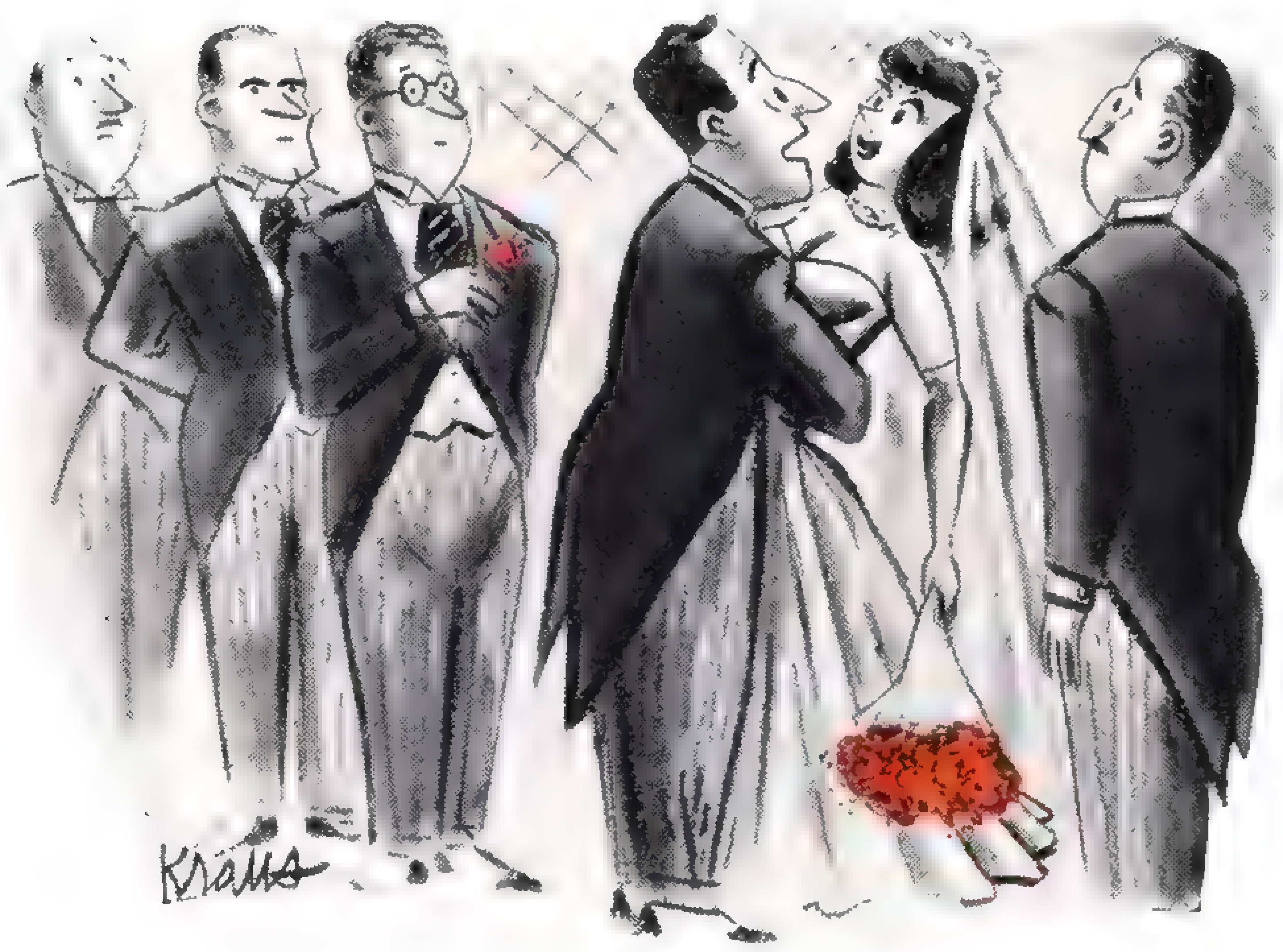
For of course I am going hunting again.

I am going forty-nine more times. The statistics say that one archer in fifty gets his buck. So that wizened oldster you will find in his camouflaged wheelchair high on a ridge at the turn of the century might be me.

In any case, I hope that some of you archer fellows will come down here soon and help me. There's a lot of deer in Pisgah Forest, and I think that by now they've got over the scare I gave them.

And besides, there's a fellow down here named Bill Casselberry who needs convincing about a few things. #

Continued from page 62



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Two Quizzical Looks

A look will prove what you know about famous men on newspapers and in sports

by EDWARD DEMBITZ

The names in these quizzes are mostly familiar, but give yourselves just one minute for the entire course, and don't be led off the scent like the overclever policeman in Edgar Allan Poe's story, *The Purloined Letter*.

In this mystery, Poe employed the device of having his villain, a scheming French minister, hide a *billet doux*, stolen from a royal lady, in the most obvious place imaginable.

Persevering Parisian police searched not only the Minister's apartment, but every nook and cranny in his hotel, including the grounds and adjoining buildings.

Using a powerful microscope, they examined the dust particles, and explored diligently for secret drawers or panels, peered under floorboards, behind wallpaper, and inside the rungs of chairs, probed beds, curtains, carpets and bookbindings, and even examined the moss between the bricks in the pavement outside. When the police failed to turn up the letter, they rested briefly and repeated their intricate and fatiguing investigation, again without luck.

It was Monsieur Dupin, of course, Poe's ingenious sleuth, guessed that the mystery was "a little *too* plain," and who solved it accordingly. Paying the Minister a casual visit, and delivering himself of a few well chosen *bon mots*, he glanced about the rooms. Eventually he noticed, suspended from the mantelpiece by a ribbon, an open card rack. There, crumpled and soiled, like a thing of no consequence, was the valuable letter.

Voilà! The lady of royalty regained her love letter (which, naturally, had not been written by her husband, and would have been employed by the minister to ruin reputations and topple thrones), while Monsieur Dupin picked up a nice piece of change.

The moral is that puzzles may be simpler, hence more difficult, than they seem.

And now proceed with the game. First, match the names of the sportsmen with the sports in which they excel; then fill in the blank spaces in the newspaper quiz by completing the names of the journalists or the papers in question.

A high score, like virtue, is its own reward.

Scoring seven right makes you an average sports fan; ten or more correct entitles you to name your own list of top stars:

1. Willie Hoppe	A. Canoeing
2. Lionel Conacher	B. Gymnastics
3. Alfred Jochim	C. Billiards
4. Robert T. Jones, Jr.	D. Horseshoe Pitching
5. Ernest Riedel	E. Lacrosse
6. Aldo Nadi	F. Tennis
7. Norval Baptie	G. Fencing
8. Cornelius Warmerdam	H. Golf
	I. Polo
9. William Tilden	J. Motor-boating
10. Frank Jackson	
11. Garfield A. Wood	K. Ice Skating
12. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr.	L. Pole Vaulting

Ten correct answers qualifies you as a fair copyreader, and fifteen or better makes you journalism's white-haired boy:

1. H. L. Mencken, ... *Evening Sun*
2. Josephus ...., Raleigh *News & Observer*
3. .... Bryant, New York *Evening Post*
4. Frank Knox, ...*Daily News*
5. Wm. Allen White, Emporia ..
6. Henry Watterson, ... *Courier-Journal*
7. ...... Harding, Marion *Star*
8. Douglas S. ...., Richmond *News Leader*
9. Horace Greeley, New York..
10. Clark Howell, ... *Constitution*
11. Charles de ......, San Francisco *Chronicle*
12. Samuel Bowles, ... *Republican*
13. .... Garrison, Boston *Liberator*
14. Joseph Medill, Chicago .....
15. Adolph S. ......, New York *Times*
16. Ed Howe, ... *Globe*
17. Wm. Rockhill Nelson, Kansas City ......
18. Benjamin ...., Pennsylvania *Gazette* ⌗

Answers

1. (C) 3. (B) 5. (A) 7. (K) 9. (F) 11. (J)
2. (E) 4. (H) 6. (G) 8. (L) 10. (D) 12. (I)

1. Baltimore 5. *Gazette* 9. *Tribune* 13. Wm. Lloyd
2. Daniels 6. Louisville 10. Atlanta 14. *Tribune*
3. Wm. Cullen 7. Warren G. 11. Young 15. Ochs
4. Chicago 8. Freeman 12. Springfield 16. Atchison *Daily*
17. *Evening Star* 18. Franklin

Fortune Tellers Never Starve

Continued from page 59

waves helped out by hidden telephone wires—I found listed a few manuscripts, the "confessions" of old "office mediums" who had, supposedly, "packed the racket in." Half-illiterate, rambling, wretchedly mimeographed, these confessions form the only known textbook of this strange calling. They combine two things: a medium's-eye view of human nature and a set of instructions for manipulating it. Using their formulas as a basis, I have been able to read minds for hours on end at charity parties without disappointing a single customer.

Very much compressed, the old manuscripts give the reader's breakdown of human problems somewhat like this:

I. YOUNG GIRL
  A. Wild type
    1. I can't catch, or hold, my man.
    2. My conscience is bothering me.
    3. I'm in trouble.
  B. Home girl
    1. I'm afraid of men.
    2. I'm afraid of life and responsibility.
    3. I'm afraid of Mom.
  C. Career girl (usually jealous of a brother)
    1. Under twenty-five: I'm ambitious. I hate and despise men and marriage!
    2. Over twenty-five: I'm panicky. Maybe no one will marry me!

II. MATURE WOMAN (30-50)
  A. Still wild
    1. Why isn't it as much fun any more? I'm lonely.
    2. I'm afraid of getting my face scarred, or burning to death in a fire. (This never misses.)
    3. I've got to believe in something—the occult, a new religion that doesn't include morals, or you, Mr. Fortuneteller!
  B. Wife and Mother
    1. Is my husband seeing another woman?
    2. When will he make more money?
    3. I'm worried about the children. . . .

III. SPINSTER
  A. Still presentable
    1. When will I meet him?
  B. Given up hope
    1. My best friend has done me dirt.
    2. I'm crushed—a gigolo got my savings!

IV. YOUNG MAN
  A. Wild oats farmer
    1. Is there a system for beating the races?
    2. What do you do when you get a girl in trouble?
      a. Is she playing me for a sucker?
  B. Good boy
    1. Will I be a success?
    2. How can I improve my education?
    3. Is my girl two-timing me?
      a. She's mixed up with Type A.
    4. I'm afraid of Mom!

V. MATURE MAN
  A. Wolf, married or single
    1. Girl trouble
      a. I can't get her!
      b. I can't get rid of her!
      c. Her male relatives are after me!
      d. Does my wife know?
  B. Businessman
    1. Where's the money going to come from?
    2. Will this deal work out?
    3. Did I do right in *that* deal?
    4. What does my wife do all day?

VI. ELDERLY PEOPLE
  A. Woman
    1. Will my daughter get a good husband?
    2. Will That Creature be a good wife to my son?
    3. Will the children (or grandchildren) be all right?
  B. Man
    1. Will I ever have enough money to retire on?
    2. I'm afraid to die.
  C. Both
    1. Am I going to need an operation?

VII. WISE GUY
  A. Toughie
    1. Make one false move, fortuneteller, and I bust ya one! (Ease him out quick.)
  B. Defensive bravado
    1. I'm smarter than most people; I see through you. (Flatter him: he'll end by eating out of your hand.)

This, needless to say, is not all there is to human nature; but it is all most people bring with them to the fortuneteller. The cynicism of this analysis is for many a cold reader's private benefit. What he *tells* the client is full of the milk of human kindness.

The manuscripts follow this up with a set of formula readings, designed to cover the basic problems of each type. There is an exploratory opening, followed by a character analysis; then it passes to the main subjects of human interest. Love and money; health and loss; friends and enemies; dangers and dreams. A dash of mystery, a solemn warning, a piece of good advice. Then the close, designed to convince the "mark" of your supernal wisdom and bring him back next week.

Memorizing these formulas may serve an amateur well. I was once asked to help a friend out by reading palms at her party. I memorized a stock spiel for young women, and took on about twenty of the girls. They all looked alike to me—so I told them all exactly the same thing. Later, I hid in the pantry to overhear them comparing notes in the kitchen, expecting laughter as they saw the joke. They never caught on! Instead, there was a chorus of, "Isn't he wonderful! I just sat there and never opened my mouth, and the things that he told me—my dear, I've never confided them to (*Continued on page 138*)

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Fortune Tellers Never Starve

Continued from page 137

a soul! The man's psychic!"

In that pantry I learned an important rule of fortunetelling: the human mind is a sieve. It holds what interests it and lets all the rest go. My fortuneteller's rapid twenty-minute spiel gave clients more than they could remember, and they remembered only the "hits."

For those professional readers who are only interested in having the client back, a memorized spiel is only a springboard. He may fall back on it to cover an awkward mistake or to deal with a tough client whose face tells him nothing. Usually, however, he relies on his ability to read faces and to lead the client into unconscious admissions. Both skills take long practice to develop, and a man who has them isn't entirely a fraud—he will know more about you in ten minutes than your husband or wife has been able to figure out in ten years.

Of the skilled cold readers I know, I have found only one who was willing to talk freely—a smooth-tongued old gentleman with a benevolent eye and nerves of cast iron, whom I shall call John Doe, "Doctor of Mental Science."

"Go ahead, son—print anything you like. You'll have a hundred chumps writing in to know where they can get in touch with the wonderful Power. My boy, you can't knock a lop-eared mark!"

This traditional phrase of the con man—it means that a natural-born sucker cannot be undeceived—is no exaggeration. Human gullibility is infinite. There was once in New York City a "materializing medium" who got his hooks into a prosperous investment broker. This hard-headed businessman had a passion for the ballet and had in his youth adored the great Pavlova.

A show girl I know met the medium on the street one afternoon. "I've got a chump upstairs," he told her. "Come on up for laughs."

As the girl tells the story, she and the broker sat side by side on a couch. The medium darkened the room somewhat, but everything remained clearly visible; then he retired into the next room to go into his "trance."

"I *know* Pavlova's going to appear today!" said the mark, trembling with excitement.

Suddenly, his pants rolled up to show his hairy legs, a scarf draped about him, the medium cavorted into the room. He did a pirouette and a few clumsy kicks, then went out.

"Wasn't she wonderful!" breathed the broker. "Pavlova to the life, just as I remember her!"

No, he wasn't nearsighted; but you can't knock a lop-eared mark. Dr. John Doe's clients, whom I watched all one afternoon from behind double doors he left ajar for me, never knew how often they nodded, gasped, or stammered half-finished sentences of information. They left, swearing they'd never opened their mouths.

When I couldn't see how he did his stuff, the Doctor would explain. "Now that little woman with the run-down heels, for instance . . . "

She crossed the floor toward the Doctor of Mental Science, clutching her pocketbook. On her ring finger there was a telltale mark—she had removed her wedding ring with a muddled idea of fooling the fortuneteller. By the time she sat down he had her classified:

Wife, probably at least two small children—she had the hunted look. Age, about thirty-five; looks beginning to go; clothes good last year, but this year made over inexpertly (that meant less money this year than last). No servants—the hands gave him that. Conservative, unimaginative, timid—the uninspired get-up and the timorous mouth and eyes gave him that. Strain in the eyes, anxiety and self-pity in the mouth. Probably husband trouble.

"My dear lady," he began, speaking quickly and almost inaudibly. The client, concentrating all her attention to hear him, forgot to be wary. "My dear lady, I am glad you have taken this opportunity to consult me, for I feel I can be of help . . . you understand, of course, I make no claim to occult powers and do not predict the future in any way. . . ."

That was in case she was a policewoman, though she wasn't the type. Policewomen are easy to spot; they are almost the only women in the world with poker faces.

"Now I see that your *husband* is giving you some anxiety, isn't that so?" Right: the lady's eyes widened, sure sign of a hit. The Doctor fished. "There is another person, a woman . . . "

Wrong; the eyes narrowed. Try money. Ah, warmer—

" . . . and this sum of money, which must be paid . . . I see that this is not the main difficulty; there is some anxiety concerning your husband, a lack of will power—" the eyes have widened again—"to stand up for himself to his boss . . . or is it that he lacks will power in his leisure hours—" aha! "when his weakness for a few drinks . . . or gambling . . . I seem to see cards on a table . . . "

Whoa! The brows have knitted!

"No, his weakness for these things is not sufficient, as I said, to cause you alarm, but on the other hand there is one temptation which he cannot resist, which takes the money you need, not for yourself—for I can see you are not vain and greedy like so many women—"

Nothing like a little flattery to soften 'em up.

"—but for your young children. And I seem to see crowds, bright colors . . . horses, that's it! Madame, your husband is addicted o betting on the races, isn't he?"

The eyes filled with tears. While the lady used her handkerchief, the doctor continued:

"Now there is no way I could have known this, isn't that right, and you did not speak a word . . . you see, I just plucked it out of your mind. . . . "

You're in, Doctor, you're in. Treat her kindly now, and she'll tell you her whole life story. When she runs out of breath, you can tell it right back to her, and she'll go away swearing she never opened her mouth.

That is the sort of opening my cold reader friend dreams of, and he gets it more often than a layman would suspect. Most of his clients are women, most of the women have worries, and the more worried a woman is the more she wants a chance to tell somebody about it. Many readings, after the opening has opened up the client, become listenings. At the end my fortuneteller friend comes in with a little common-sense advice, a little sympathy, and a reminder of how great his powers are. The client goes home almost dizzy with relief; next week, when the load is back on her mind, she can always come back to him. The arrangement is ideal for both.

With less worried clients, a reader may pass from his opening to his character analysis, combining formula material and what he sees in the sucker's face. Of course, what he sees and what he says are two different things!

A spiteful woman has a telltale line at the corner of the mouth. "You have suffered a great deal," says Dr. Doe, "from the machinations of malicious and ill-natured people around you. You tend to be too trusting and generous. . . ." That's the way she sees herself.

A bad-tempered man betrays himself in nostrils and lips. "You are naturally passionate and impetuous, easily stirred by unfairness, but the world's lack of understanding has caused you to keep yourself under rigid control . . . ." That's what *he* thinks; his wife thinks otherwise.

The self-righteous of both sexes wear a curious cold smirk. "The baseness of the world was once a great shock to you; you have a fine and sensitive nature; you have had to learn to keep yourself aloof. . . ." The thicker you slice it, the better they like it.

The cold reader, in short, may learn to describe people as they see themselves. He never forgets that every man thinks he's unique, that every woman *knows* she is. The more commonplace the client, the longer it is possible for a fortuneteller to dwell on, "Now I couldn't tell this to every woman, but I can see that you are an unusually sensitive type."

A reader like Dr. Doe does not forget that every wife, sometime or other, muses on the great career she might have had if she hadn't married. If she's intelligent, it was the arts; if she's stupid, it was the screen; and if she's neurotic, it was probably the theatre.

The fortuneteller's most lucrative clients are not necessarily women, however. Financial and political leaders often are the most rewarding. With them the gambit is money, and there are many prosperous soothsayers peddling market advice in the nation's capital. A story is current about one of them, who specialized entirely in financial predictions.

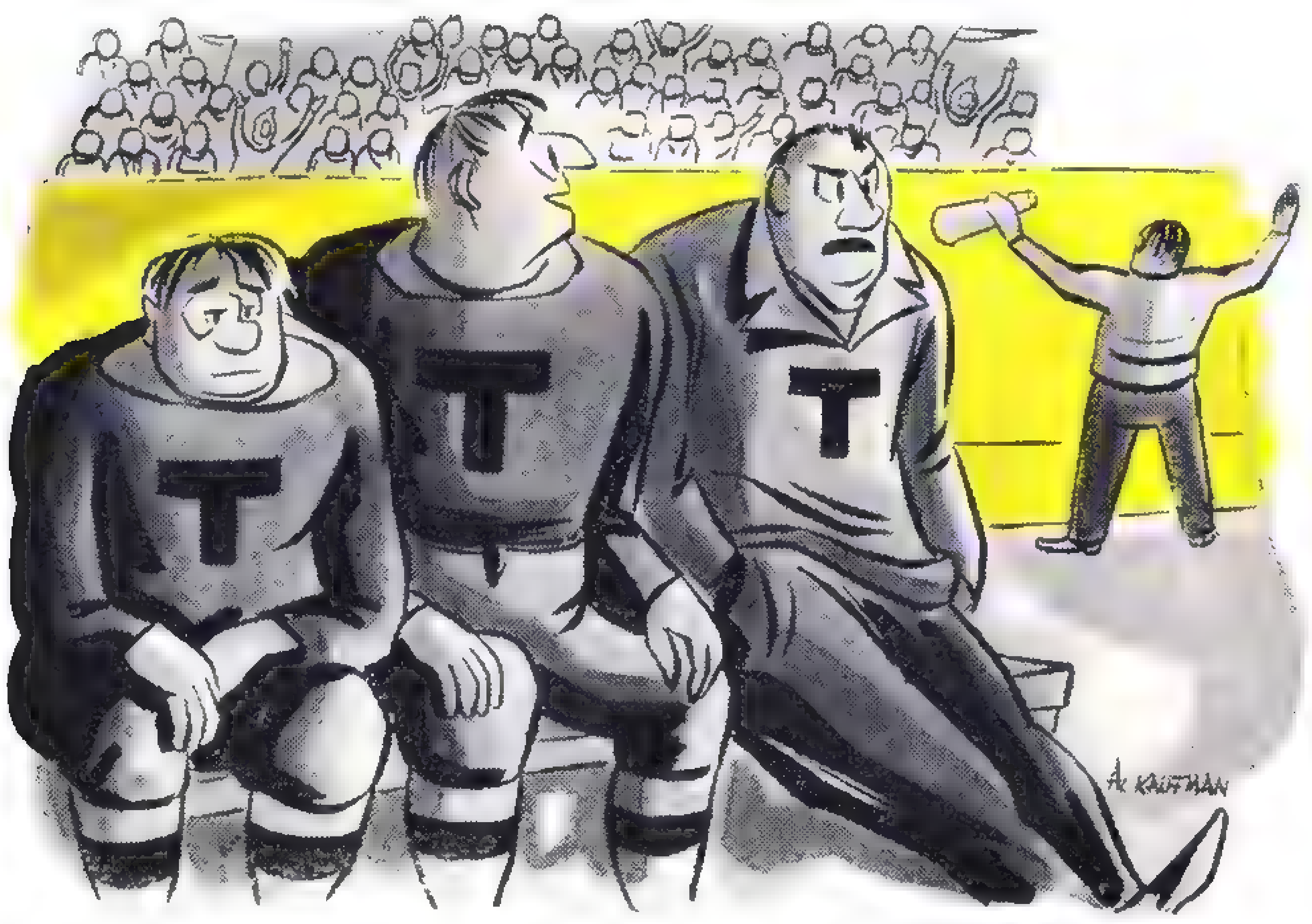
He got his information from one of the hush-hush Washington newsletters, now defunct. He trusted it implicitly; he would read it every week, embroider its bald facts with occult trimmings, add a few scraps picked up here and there, and dish it out to his distinguished clients. They, on their part, trusted *him*; one of them went so far as to take down every word he said in shorthand.

One day the good prophet happened to learn of a financial scandal about to break. No one else knew of it, and he could not resist the temptation to pass it along to his note-taking sucker. When he next picked up his newsletter, there it was, and in his own words!

A little research established the fact that his client with the shorthand was a trusted informant of the newsletter who passed the story on!

"You can't trust anybody nowadays," the fortuneteller complained bitterly. "*Now*, what am

Continued on page 140



"Ligament?"
"No, geometry."

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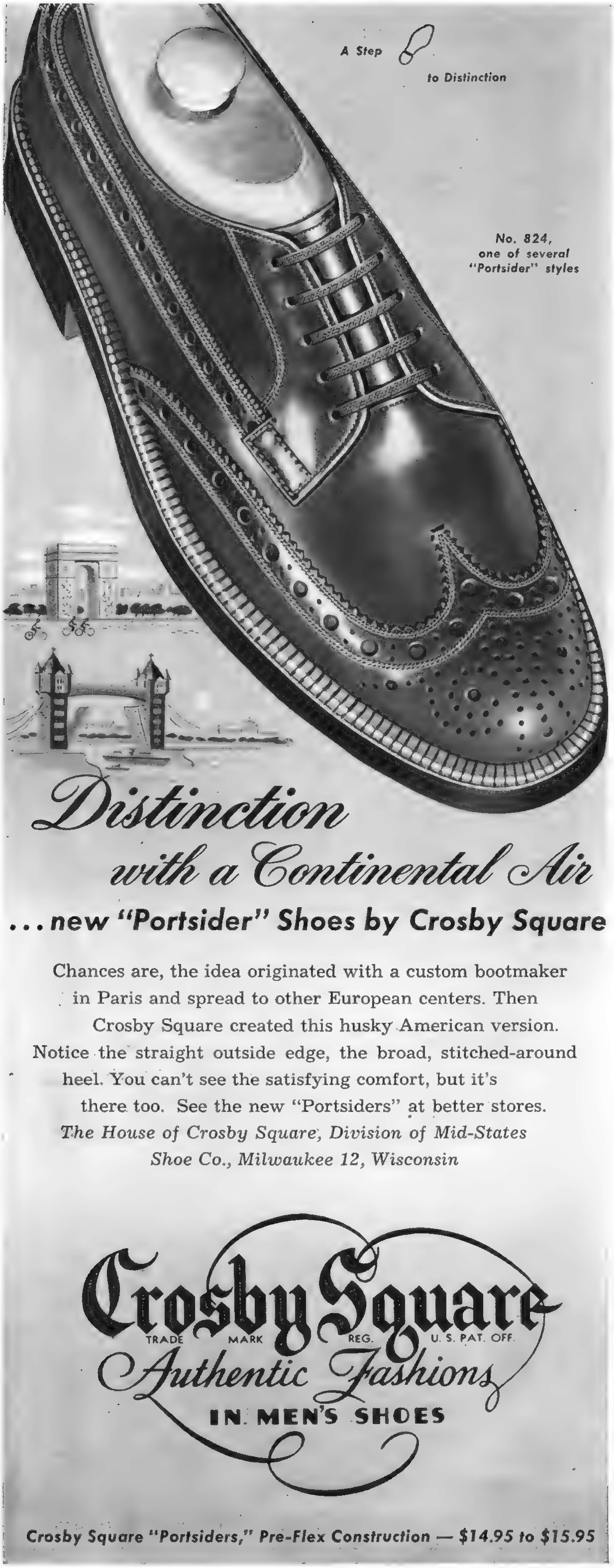

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Fortune Tellers Never Starve

Continued from page 139

I gonna do for my market tips?"

Other significant topics are friends and enemies. To describe a woman's friend, you describe her physical opposite; but for her enemy, you describe the woman herself, and she will identify someone she loathes. Loss is a very important subject, for everyone has lost something—and everyone will react to the word.

Sometimes the reaction is dangerous. Most people, missing a valuable object, think at first that it is mislaid; only later do they suspect theft. Accordingly, when one old-time mind reader who had worked in theatres got the usual, "Was my diamond ring lost or stolen?" she answered, "Your first supposition was correct." Her questioner, unfortunately, had begun by suspecting her maid; she walked out of the theatre and had the girl arrested.

The maid was innocent. She was also young, sensitive, and piously brought up; and she felt the disgrace of her arrest so keenly that she hanged herself in her cell. The medium retired from public performances for a few years.

Give
enough!

Dr. Doe usually concludes by inviting questions, thus starting the most suspicious sucker talking; and whatever the client says, the reader cuts in with, "Ah, you remember I read that in your mind!" His purpose now is to establish something very like what psychoanalysts call a *transference.* The client must be brought to depend on the reader absolutely, to defer all decisions until he can be consulted, to leave all responsibilities in his hands. A qualified psychoanalyst eventually builds up his patient's power of independent action and sets him free; but the technique of Dr. Doe is to try to keep him dependent forever — or until his money gives out.

Thus it is undeniable that fortunetelling often does serious harm. In addition to those suckers who are simply swindled out of large sums, many others are bled slowly, and the psychological damage may be serious. Dr. Doe frankly admits that, as a cold reader, he encourages his victims, with his talk of occult power, in ignorance and confused thinking and superstition. Thus, even where he does no actual mental harm, the temporary relief he gives may keep a sick mind from treatment until it is too late.

To refute this, it may be pointed out that only an amateur reader will fool around with the psychotic and the seriously neurotic, and even he won't do it after one lesson. An amateur reader who shall be nameless because she is my wife learned this at a party. A career woman present was making herself offensive, particularly to a young man too shy to defend himself. With some idea of shutting her up, the amateur suggested a reading, which was eagerly accepted. But the reading never got past one whispered sentence.

Result: pandemonium. Shrieks, hysterics, infinitely embarrassing personal confessions, all accompanied by a desperate clinging to the "inspired psychic." The author of this article looked at his watch, announced that there was just time to make the last train, tucked the frightened cold reader under his arm, and ran. Once safe in Grand Central, he asked, "What on earth did you tell her?"

"Goodness," gasped the "psychic," "all I said was that when she was a baby her mother didn't want her!"

Too true, in this instance, for a neurotic to take without fireworks. No skilled professional would have told the lady that. He wants no hysterics for the clients in the waiting room to hear. When he gets a "disturbed" individual, he dishes out soothing syrup and suggests a visit to the family doctor.

And most people who consult the fortuneteller are, after all, in no great need of psychiatry. They may think they want to know the future. If that is the case they will often get what they deserve—a lie; there is perhaps no human desire at once so arrogant and so cowardly, so dishonest and so foolish, as the wish to know what's in store—to be God, instead of trusting Him. But most of the reader's clients actually need only a little common-sense advice, a little sympathy, a listening ear, and a few kind words. These such readers as Dr. Doe have in great plenty, and they will go on providing them until properly trained psychological counselors are as common as blackberries. Until then, the fortuneteller is the only impersonal adviser millions of people have, and, though he is far from the best imaginable, he is usually better than nothing. His clients, however muddled in their heads when they leave him, are at least lighter in their hearts and better able to shoulder the burdens that wait for them at home.

In his own cynical and mercenary way, even Dr. Doe often helps to make the world a cheerier place; for he has learned too well that "you'll never get rich peddling gloom!" ⵌ

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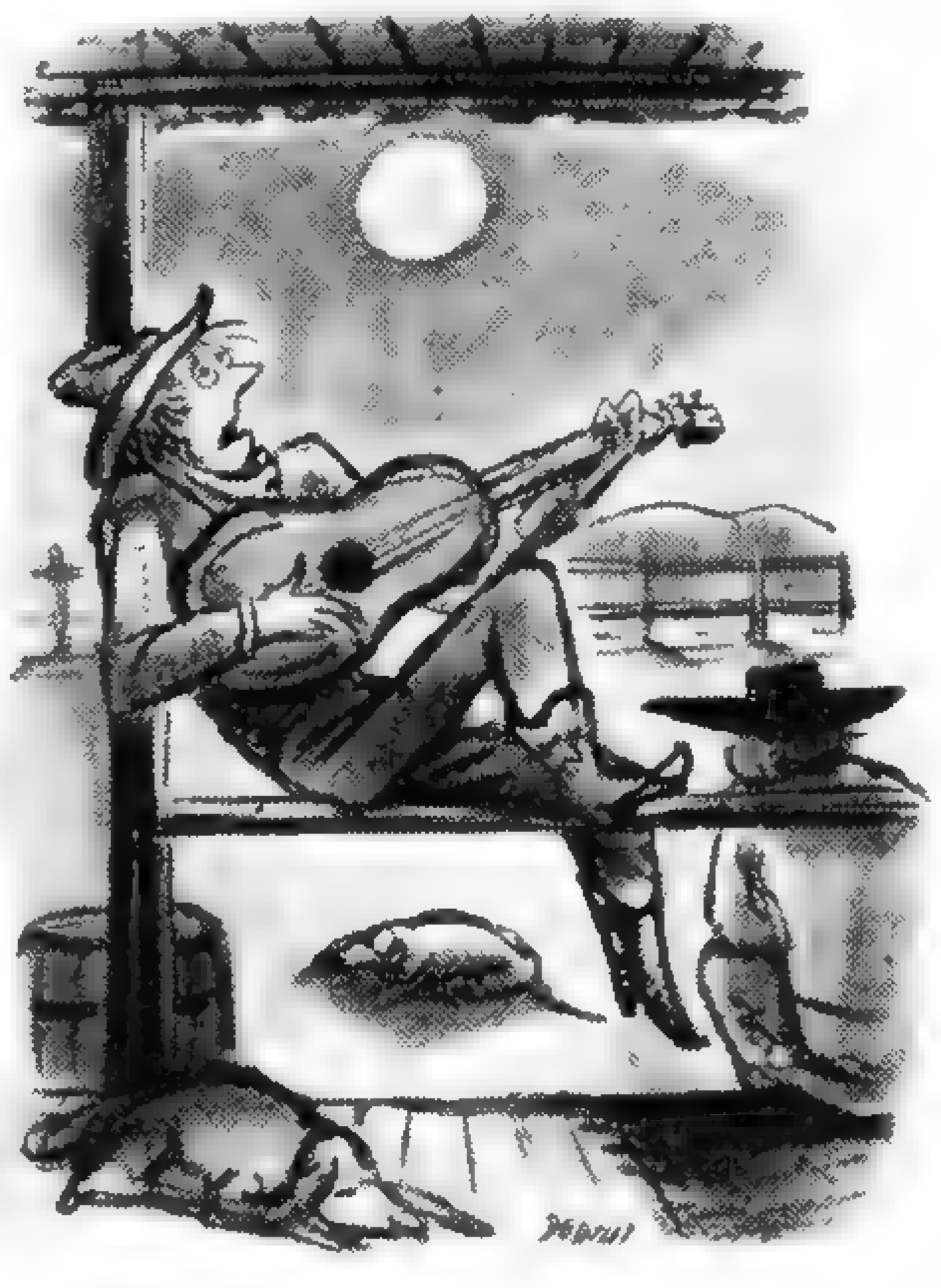
The Seven Pillars of Wisdom

Continued from page 82

controlled his voice with an effort, to say significantly, "You must understand that I know: and it will be easier if you do as I wish." I was dumfounded, and we stared silently at one another, while the men who felt an inner meaning beyond their experience shifted uncomfortably. But it was evidently a chance shot, by which he himself did not, or would not, mean what I feared. I could not again trust my twitching mouth, which faltered always in emergencies, so at last threw up my chin, which was the sign for "No" in the East; then he sat down, and half-whispered to the corporal to take me out and teach me everything.



"Ti, yi, yo, the cattle price a'tumbling—wo, o, wo, the cattle price a'tumbling . . ."

They kicked me to the head of the stairs, and stretched me over a guard bench, pommeling me. Two knelt on my ankles, bearing down on the back of my knees, while two more twisted my wrists till they cracked, and then crushed them and my neck against the wood. The corporal had run downstairs; and now came back with a whip of the Circassian sort, a thong of supple black hide, rounded, and tapering from the thickness of a thumb at the grip (which was wrapped in silver) down to a hard point finer than a pencil.

He saw me shivering, partly I think, with cold, and made it whistle over my ear, taunting me that before his tenth cut I would howl for mercy, and at the twentieth beg for the caresses of the Bey; and then he began to lash me madly across and across with all his might. while I locked my teeth to endure this thing which lapped itself like flaming wire about my body.

To keep my mind in control I numbered the blows, but after twenty lost count, and could feel only the shapeless weight of pain, not tearing claws, for which I had prepared, but a gradual cracking apart of my whole being by some too-great force whose waves rolled up my spine till they were pent within my brain, to clash terribly together. Somewhere in the place a cheap clock ticked loudly, and it distressed me that their beating was not in its time. I writhed and twisted, but was held so tightly that my struggles were useless. After the corporal ceased, the men took up, very deliberately, giving me so many, and then an interval, during which they would squabble for the next turn, ease themselves, and play unspeakably with me.

This was repeated often, for what may have been no more than ten minutes. Always for the first of every new series, my head would be pulled round, to see how a hard white ridge, like a railway, darkening slowly into crimson, leaped over my skin at the instant of each stroke, with a bead of blood where two ridges crossed. As the punishment proceeded the whip fell more and more upon existing weals, biting blacker or more wet, till my flesh quivered with accumulated pain, and with terror of the next blow coming. They soon conquered my determination not to cry, but while my will ruled my lips I used only Arabic, and before the end a merciful sickness choked my utterance.

At last when I was completely broken they seemed satisfied. Somehow I found myself off the bench, lying on my back on the dirty floor, where I snuggled down, dazed, panting for breath, but vaguely comfortable. I had strung myself to learn all pain until I died, and no longer actor, but spectator, thought not to care how my body jerked and squealed. Yet I knew or imagined what passed about me.

I remembered the corporal kicking with his nailed boot to get me up; and this was true, for next day my right side was dark and lacerated, and a damaged rib made each breath stab me sharply.

I remembered smiling idly at him, for a delicious warmth, probably sexual, was swelling through me: and then that he flung up his arm and hacked with the full length of his whip into my groin. This doubled me half-over, screaming, or, rather, trying impotently to scream, only shuddering through my open mouth. One giggled with amusement. A voice cried, "Shame, you've killed him." Another slash followed. A roaring, and my eyes went black: while within me the core of life seemed to heave slowly up through the rending nerves, expelled from its body by this last indescribable pang.

By the bruises perhaps they beat me further: but I next knew that I was being dragged about by two men, each disputing over a leg as though to split me apart: while a third man rode me astride. It was momently better than more flogging. Then Nahi called. They splashed water in my face, wiped off some of the filth, and lifted me between them, retching and sobbing for mercy, to where he lay: but (*Continued on page 142*)

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The Seven Pillars of Wisdom

Continued from page 141

he now rejected me in haste, as a thing too torn and bloody for his bed, blaming their excess of zeal which had spoilt me: whereas no doubt they had laid into me much as usual, and the fault rested mainly upon my indoor skin, which gave way more than an Arab's.

So the crestfallen corporal, as the youngest and best-looking of the guard, had to stay behind, while the others carried me down the narrow stair into the street. The coolness of the night on my burning flesh, and the unmoved shining of the stars after the horror of the past hour, made me cry again. The soldiers, now free to speak, warned me that men must suffer their officers' wishes or pay for it, as I had just done, with greater suffering.

They took me over an open space, deserted and dark, and behind the Government house to a lean-to wooden room, in which were many dusty quilts. An Armenian dresser appeared, to wash and bandage me in sleepy haste. Then all went away, the last soldier delaying by my side a moment to whisper in his Druse accent that the door into the next room was not locked.

I lay there in a sick stupor, with my head aching very much, and growing slowly numb with cold, till the dawn light came shining through the cracks of the shed, and a locomotive whistled in the station. These and a draining thirst brought me to life, and I found I was in no pain. Pain of the slightest had been my obsession and secret terror, from a boy. Had I now been drugged with it, to bewilderment? Yet the first movement was anguish: in which I struggled nakedly to my feet, and rocked moaning in wonder that it was not a dream, and myself back five years ago, a timid recruit at Khalfati, where something, less staining, of the sort had happened.

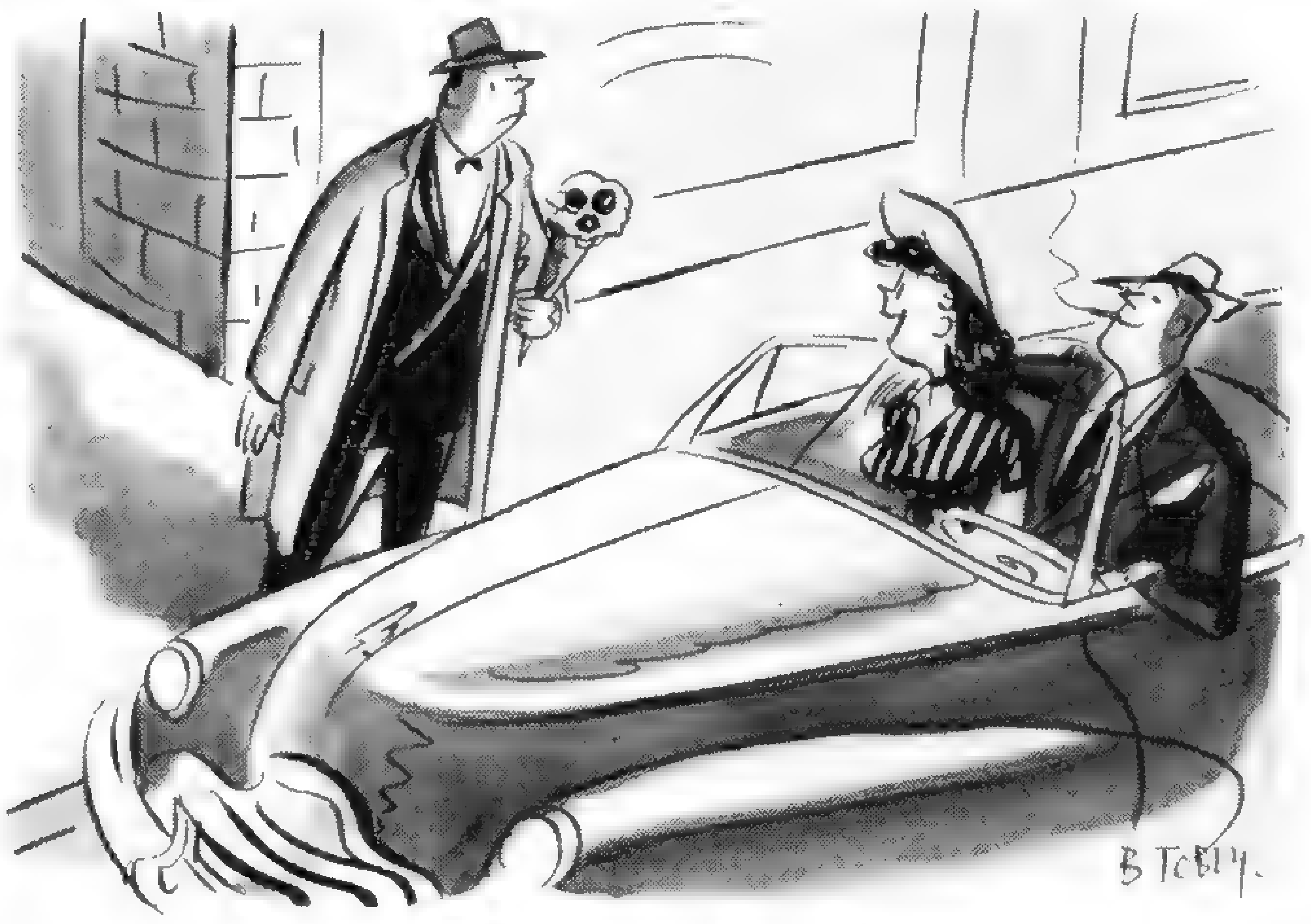
The next room was a dispensary. On its door hung a suit of shoddy clothes. I put them on slowly and unhandily, because of my swollen wrists: and from the drugs chose corrosive sublimate, as safeguard against recapture. The window looked on a long blank wall. Stiffly I climbed out, and went shaking down the road towards the village, past the few people already astir. They took no notice; indeed there was nothing peculiar in my dark broadcloth, red fez and slippers; but it was only by the full urge of my tongue silently to myself that I refrained from being foolish out of sheer fright. Deraa felt inhuman with vice and cruelty, and it shocked me like cold water when a soldier laughed behind me in the street.

By the bridge were the wells, with men and women about them. A side trough was free. From its end I scooped up a little water in my hands, and rubbed it over my face; then drank, which was precious to me; and afterwards wandered along the bottom of the valley, towards the south, unobtrusively retreating out of sight.

This valley provided the hidden road by which our projected raid could attain Deraa town secretly, and surprise the Turks. So, in escaping I solved, too late, the problem which had brought me to Deraa.

Further on, a Serdi, on his camel, overtook me hobbling up the road towards Nisib. I explained that I had business there, and was already footsore. He had pity and mounted me behind him on his bony animal, to which I clung the rest of the way, learning the feelings of my adopted namesaint on his gridiron. The tribe's tents were just in front of the village, where I found Faris and Halim anxious about me, and curious to learn how I had fared. Halim had been up to Deraa in the night, and knew by the lack of rumor that the truth had not been discovered. I told them a merry tale of bribery and trickery, which they promised to keep to themselves, laughing aloud at the simplicity of the Turks. #

Continued from page 82



"This man was kind enough to offer me a seat while I waited for you, Herbert"

Continued from page 73

terrain is San Francisco, but its harbor will save it from the creeping paralysis afflicting less favored cities. "But," he says, darkly, "all our older cities will eventually choke to death unless the people living in them are given a chance to breathe."

Skeptics inclined to shrug off Zeckendorf as a flamboyant visionary with a flair for publicity would do well to consider his solid achievements in the rat-race of real estate. In 1938 he became a member, at $9000 a year, of Webb and Knapp, a firm that had been organized in 1922 to erect and manage one office building in New York. Today he gets $70,000 a year as president of a company which now averages $100,000,000 worth of business a year. Few real-estate houses exceed Webb and Knapp's volume. In addition to the holdings it has owned or managed in twenty-two states and Mexico, Webb and Knapp is mixed up in a crazy quilt of unrelated enterprises. The firm owns hotels, piers, warehouses, and a former airplane plant, garages, parking lots, oil wells in Louisiana, and natural carbonic fields in Colorado and New Mexico. Until a few months ago, it owned a New York night club—the Monte Carlo . . . and it recently converted a riding academy into a television studio for the American Broadcasting Company.

These diverse activities reflect Zeckendorf's drive, kept under fitful control by his associates, who dig patiently into the facts of a case and bring in the steady business that has rocketed the firm from obscurity to national leadership in the real-estate field. Zeckendorf, a balding fellow who keeps his huge girth cleverly disguised with faultless tailoring, is a hearty extrovert who delights in pulling off spectacular deals and cooking up elaborate projects that reduce competitors to speechless incredulity.

A furious doodler, Zeckendorf conducts most of his business over the phone, never takes a note, and never misplaces a decimal point in an intricate transaction. It is touch and go whether his memory is more uncanny than his talent for turning a snap off-the-cuff decision into a fast fortune. Three years ago, he bought a mile-long stretch along the Hoboken water front for $10,000,000. Within eight months he had resold half the property for ten million and retained a free foothold on the world's busiest port.

"People who have done business with Bill won't believe it, but he's astonishingly naïve about lots of things," one of his long-term associates reveals. "He hasn't much judgment on mechanical problems or patience in working them out. He always wants it done yesterday. His forte is taking an old idea and adapting it to present-day needs."

The story behind Zeckendorf's sale of the United Nations site is typical of the way he operates. One day in May, 1946, John Dunbar, a vice-president of Cushman and Wakefield, a realty brokerage company, asked Zeckendorf for an immediate appointment. Zeckendorf had another caller in his office and referred Dunbar to Frank Logan, an associate. It developed later that Dunbar was offering to sell five blocks owned by the Swift and Wilson meat-packing companies along the East River from 42nd to 47th Streets. Although this was one of the most desirable locations in New York, Zeckendorf yawned at the mention of the old chestnut. At one time or another, every real-estate firm in New York had tried to peddle the parcel and had got nothing but frustration trying to bring together all the interested parties.

"What makes Dunbar think he can get the property?" Zeckendorf asked idly.

"Maybe he's got an in," Logan said, "but he's asking seventeen dollars a square foot. I told him we weren't interested at that price."

The boss nodded approval. "Sure. Why should we pay him seventeen bucks when we can buy all the stuff around it for five bucks a square foot? We'd be awful suckers—"

He bolted out of his chair, electrified by a thought. He suddenly realized why adjacent property in the slum area was so cheap. The malodorous meat plants had depressed values in the entire neighborhood. Tear down the offensive packing houses, clear out the surrounding slums and there would be a huge tract in the heart of Manhattan worth up to fifty dollars a square foot.

Fifteen minutes later, Dunbar was in Zeckendorf's office. Dunbar convinced Zeckendorf that he could deliver the property and assured him he had not yet presented the proposition to any other firm.

"How can we get an option on the entire parcel?" Zeckendorf asked.

Dunbar smiled. "By paying seventeen dollars a square foot and putting up a deposit of one million dollars," he told him blandly.

Zeckendorf did some fast mental arithmetic. The deal added up to slightly more than six million dollars. "Sit where you are," he snapped. "I'll have an answer right away." He buttonholed his partner, Henry Sears, who gulped hard and agreed to the terms. Five minutes later, the contracts were in the works.

The next move was to buy up surrounding property as unobtrusively as possible before owners hiked their prices. To throw off competitors, Zeckendorf went on a trip to South America with his wife (*Continued on page 144*)

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Wide-Awake Dreamer

Continued from page 143

and directed operations from there via long-distance telephone. Three months later, seventy-five transactions had been closed, giving Webb and Knapp eighty per cent of an area that covered approximately seventeen acres.

Having acquired this sizable chunk of real estate, Zeckendorf began to wonder what he would do with it. Each night that summer, he and his wife tramped through the stifling slums after dinner, trying to decide whether the ground was best suited for industrial, office, or residential use. Finally, one night, when they were standing on fashionable Beekman Place, which overlooks the area, Zeckendorf was struck by the inspiration for which he had been groping.

"I'll build a city within a city on a platform forty feet above the street," he dreamed out loud. "Traffic, parking, and industrial facilities will be under the platform, out of the way. We'll landscape it and lay out apartment houses and office buildings and theatres so that people can live, work, and play in one self-sustaining community."

Harrison and Abramovitz, one of the top architectural firms which worked on Rockefeller Center, were asked to draw up plans for X City, the most ambitious building program of its kind. The $150,000,000 project, to be completed in five years, included three thirty-story apartment houses, a fifty-seven-story headquarters for commercial air lines, four other forty-story office buildings, an opera house, a hotel, and, among other gimcracks too numerous to mention, a revolving night club on the river. Tenants for office space were coming a-running from all directions and the finishing touches were being put on the blueprints when, on the morning of December 6, 1946, Zeckendorf abruptly scrapped the whole thing.

Headlines in the morning newspapers revealed that New York, having failed to provide a suitable location, had been dropped by the United Nations as a permanent site.

"This is a helluva note," Zeckendorf announced to his wife. "The U.N. belongs here. I'll give those guys a spot they can't refuse. I'll put 'em on my platform, on top of the world."

Without drawing a deep breath, he phoned Mayor O'Dwyer and said, "Bill, I hereby offer you our land on the East River for the U.N. at any price it cares to pay for it."

Although the offer created a sensation at the U.N., Zeckendorf heard nothing further about it until four nights later, just when a party celebrating his wedding anniversary and Sears' birthday was warming up at the Monte Carlo. Harrison, the architect, barged in with a request from an anonymous source for an option on the property. Zeckendorf scribbled on a map the amount he had paid for the original property and estimated the cost of later purchases at $25 a square foot. The total came to $8,600,000.

"Nuts, let's make it a good, round number," he boomed, feeling no pain at the moment. "Call it eight and half million and I'll throw in another fourteen thousand feet." He and Sears initialed the map and, with a whimsical flourish, added a postscript: "Property only for U.N. headquarters. Not to be used for speculation."

Bright and too early the next morning, the phone disturbed his slumber. The ebullient voice leaping over the wire made him wince. "Congratulations! You've closed the biggest real-estate deal in the history of New York."

"Who's this?" Zeckendorf demanded irritably.

"Nelson Rockefeller. My father has bought your property and he's donating it to the U.N. Didn't you know?"

People who ask Zeckendorf why he kissed off the potential profit of thirty million dollars Webb and Knapp would have realized, had the company built and managed X City, always get the same answer. "There was the pleasure of accomplishment," he replies. "That's a fancy way of saying it appealed to the ham in me. I also saw a chance for a real-estate firm to do something worth-while on a big scale. Maybe I was just trying to show up some of the members of the City Planning Commission. It's ridiculous that a great city like New York had to be pulled out of a jam by one private company and a public-spirited family like the Rockefellers."

To demonstrate that private capital and public service can derive mutual advantages from cooperation, Zeckendorf is fond of relating the strange and curious case of the Movable Firehouse. In 1946, Webb and Knapp's plans for improving certain property on West 33rd Street in New York were balked by a city firehouse. It was impossible, of course, to buy out the city, but Zeckendorf came up with an inspiration. The firm owned a plot of land two blocks away on West 31st Street. Exhibiting sudden solicitude for the comfort and welfare of the firemen, Zeckendorf pointed out that the existing firehouse was seventy-five years old and a pretty crummy place. He offered to build the city a brand-new firehouse on 31st Street, which would be large enough to incorporate another firehouse on 29th Street, in return for the property he wanted. After casting a fishy eye over the proposal and probing it for booby traps, the city agreed to the deal. Webb and Knapp built a handsome firehouse, complete with a recreation room and a solarium, at a cost of $375,000. The city saved money by merging two firehouses in one, Webb and Knapp got the property it wanted, and everybody was happy.

Although Zeckendorf was born in Paris, Illinois, his roots are deepest in the Southwest and New York. The first Bill Zeckendorf emigrated from Germany after the collapse of the liberal revolution in 1848 and eventually became the leading merchant of Tucson, Arizona. (The establishment he founded, now under the name of Steinfeld, is believed to be the oldest store west of the Mississippi operated by the original family.) The old boy, a tough, colorful character, was a reserve colonel on the staff of General Nelson A. Miles, the famous Indian fighter, and was a member of the Army detachment that captured Geronimo.

The present Bill, son of a shoe manufacturer, quit N.Y.U. in 1925 when he was in his junior year and, seeking faster action, went to work for Sam Borchard, an uncle who was a real-estate investor. Borchard took off for Europe, leaving his $25-a-week nephew in charge of a half-empty office building at 32 Broadway. When he returned three months later, the youth had rented all but two offices, increasing Borchard's income by $200,000 a year. Soon afterward, young Bill went to work for Leonard Gans, a well-known realtor who had swung the deal for Tudor City in New York.

It wasn't long before Zeckendorf was earmarked by the trade as a bright young man—an opinion it since has had no reason to alter. Rivals frequently hang harsher adjectives on him. Zeckendorf is one real-estate man who favors continuation of rent controls "to protect tenants from predatory landlords." He also casts a practiced sneer at most of the housing now being erected by competitors as well as the government.

"They're compounding the old mistakes by putting up new-style tenements on the same old sixty-foot streets," he storms. "The bird-brains don't understand that two-thirds is greater than the whole in real estate if you improve the remaining one-third."

How's that again?

"Sure, you can enhance the value of any property by setting aside one-third the area for gardens, playgrounds, and other recreational facilities. Why do you suppose the slum areas in every city in America are located in what once were the best residential sections? Because nearsighted public officials and realtors have permitted the core of the city to rot. They're too damn lazy to save what they've got, so they keep on spreading out from the center, leaving seeds of decay as they expand.

"The cost of rehabilitating a run-down section is negligible compared to the higher taxes that land will return if it is improved. This may sound fantastic, but move the residents of our worst slums into new, decent housing, tear down the dilapidated junk, and put up modern buildings with attractive landscaping—and the higher yield in taxes alone will repay any given city for its low-cost housing and slum clearance.

"Up to now, practically all low-cost housing is a super-leaf-raking affair that doesn't eliminate the congestion that's cramping our cities. We've got to give people room to breathe and enjoy the leisure increased productivity and higher wages are bringing to them.

"We've got to put business traffic on subsurface streets and move passenger traffic on master throughways. Traffic and parking problems can't be solved by legislation. A city is washed up when it tells citizens they must make deliveries during certain hours and it bans parking in areas that need a steady flow of trade if business is to survive."

And the cost?

"It will be terrific in dollars—and the best long-term investment, measured in humanity, we can make. We're subsidizing slums now by supporting jails, large police forces, and welfare agencies. It's about time we spent something to protect our chief national resource—the people." ⧺

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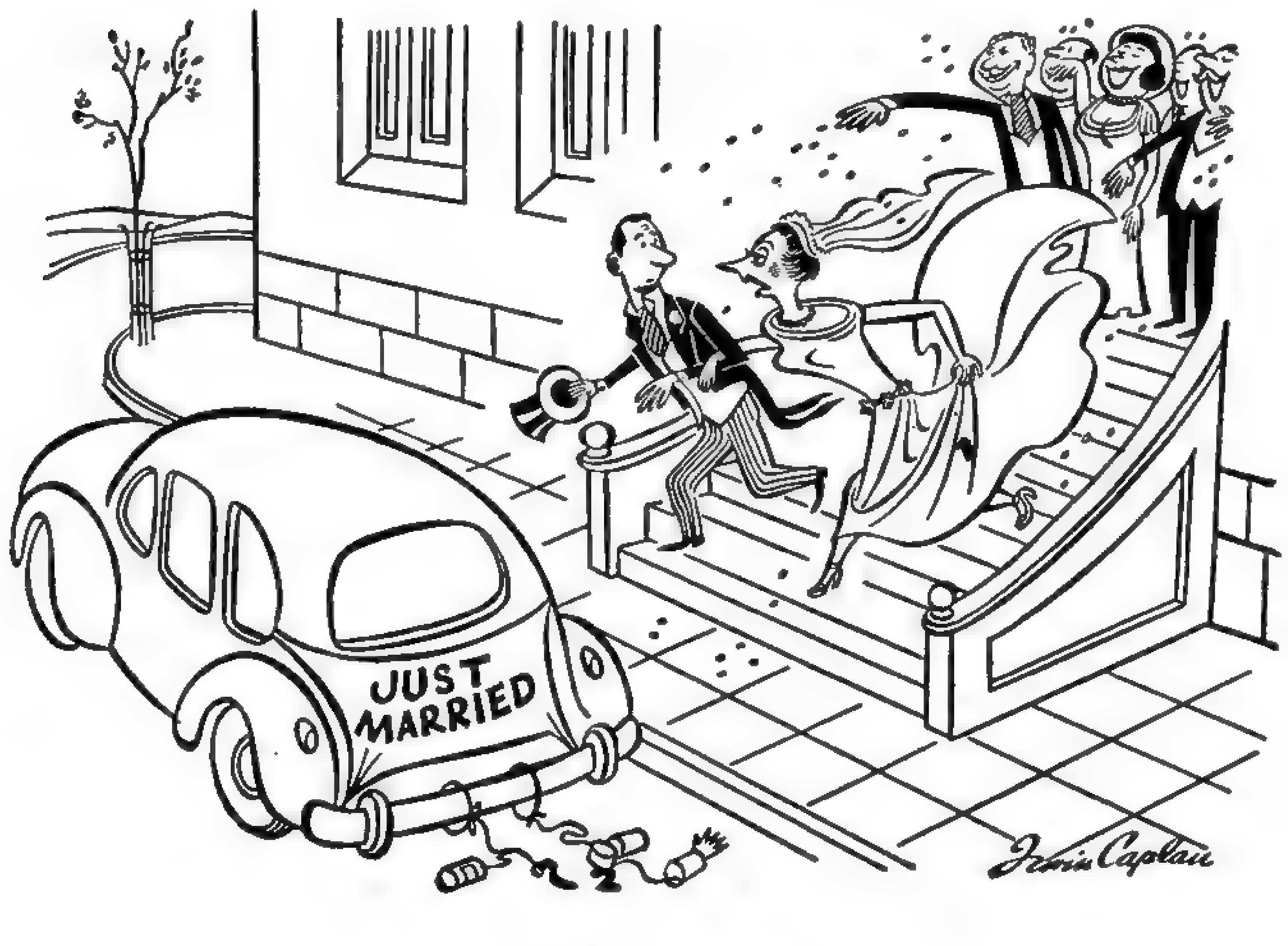
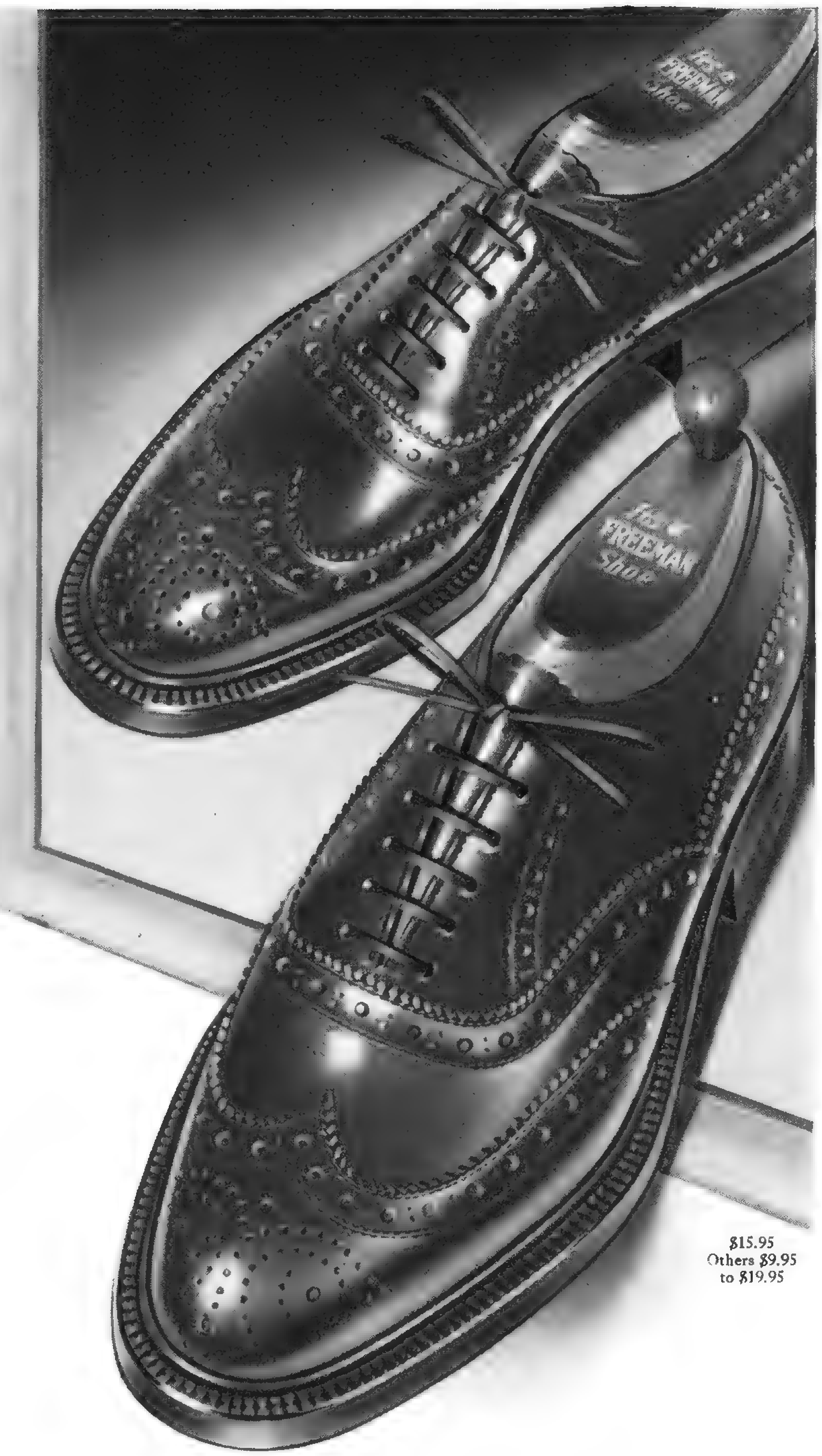


"I'll drive"



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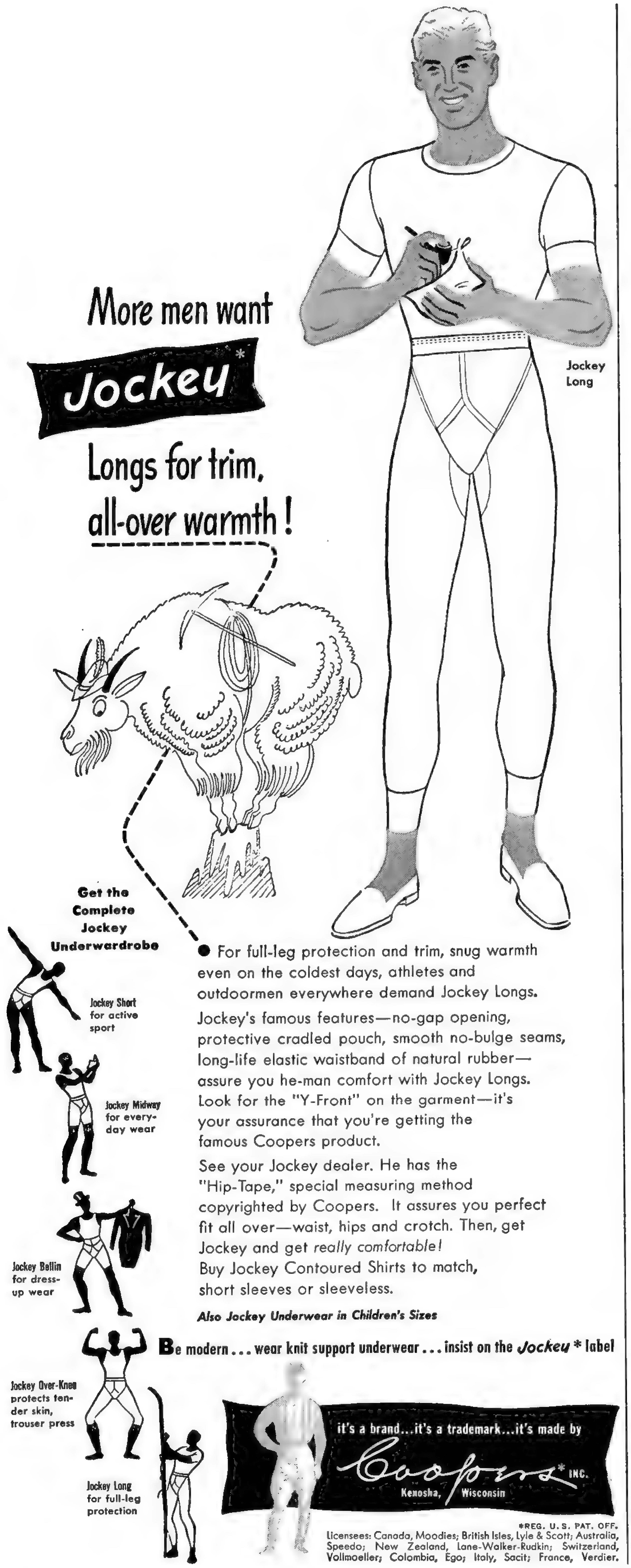
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The Lucky Marlin

Continued from page 75

bringing in his tuna, and Mr. Page looked a little peeved—maybe because Mr. Phillips had got the first fish. Then there was the shrill whine of line unreeling, and a big marlin slashed at Mr. Page's bait.

Nick yelled, "Let him have all the line he wants, Mr. Page. Let him take it. You got a beaut!"

Mr. Page was holding on like mad to the rod with both hands. He had plenty of No. 36 line on his reel, but I immediately turned around—the marlins always head out northwest. This one came out of the water in a long powerful jump, shooting straight up in the air. He was a brown one, with a sword as big as a baseball bat and purple stripes across the brown skin. The sun made him look like silver metal, and he hit the water with a hell of a splash. Nick said, "Now he'll make his run, Mr. Page, and we'll chase him. Reel in some of that slack—just a little. You got a lot of fish on your line."

Mr. Page reeled in and we took out after the marlin. Mr. Phillips shouted, "This one will set a record!" But that was a lot of bunk; the marlin was a beauty, but not much over two hundred pounds.

Nick yelled, "Take your hand off the reel, Mr. Page. We got to let him tire himself out before you sock him."

The marlin jumped into the air again, trying to shake the hook; and I don't know if this Mr. Page knew what he was doing, or thought he knew, or was just trying to show off, but after the marlin hit the water again, less than eighty yards ahead of us, Mr. Page decided to sock him. "Hey, not now! He's still full of fight," Nick yelled, but Mr. Page started to reel the fish in. There was plenty of slack in the line, so for a moment nothing happened. Nick shouted, "Let up on that reel," and tried to grab the rod, but Mr. Page pushed him away.

I think he was about to make some smart crack to Nick when that marlin started going. The rod bent almost double—and I'll say this for Mr. Page, he held on to the rod right to the end, so he must have been stronger than he looked. Then the butt end of the rod smacked him in the stomach, and Mr. Page's big body and the rod shot up into the air, making an arc that ended in the sea. *That old marlin must be way over two hundred pounds,* I thought, as Nick dived over after Mr. Page. The guy had hit the stern as he went over, so I knew he was hurt bad. I cut the motor and we got them aboard. I don't know who looked sicker, Mr. Page or Mr. Phillips. Nick worked over Mr. Page as I headed for Key West. After a few minutes, Mr. Page groaned and opened his eyes, and Mr. Phillips asked, "Are you all right, Harold?"

"He *ain't* all right. Couple of busted ribs," Nick said.

"My God! Give her all you can. We've got to get him to a hospital!" Mr. Phillips yelled at me.

I said, "Relax, Mr. Phillips. I'm *giving* her all I can, but it'll take us at least two hours to make port."

"Two hours? We must do something for Harold's pain," Mr. Phillips said, looking around. All he saw was beer. "Where's the hard stuff?"

"You said not to bring any this time, on account of Mr. Page didn't approve of hard stuff," Nick reminded him.

"Haven't you got *anything*?" Mr. Phillips demanded, as Mr. Page began groaning pretty steadily. Nick hesitated a moment, then went down to the cabin and came up with a quart of his special kind of rum which you can only buy in Haiti. I knew it was hard for Nick to part with his only bottle, but he gave Mr. Page a hell of a hooker and made him drink it.

When he finally reached the hospital, Mr. Page was out cold—drunk as a coot. We left him there, and that night we called at Mr. Phillips' hotel and Nick asked, "Which of you is paying for the rod and line I lost? That's worth about five hundred bucks these days."

Mr. Phillips, who had a nice load on himself, just smiled and said, "Nick, I know you're robbing me, but . . ."

"No, sir, Mr. Phillips," I said. "You try and buy gear like that today. Five hundred is cheap. We're not even counting all that good line we lost."

" . . . but," Mr. Phillips went on, "considering you saved the life of a very important friend of mine—I don't know why he held on to that rod. Damn near killed himself. As I was saying, because you saved Harold's life, I will not only give you what you ask, but I'm throwing in a hundred bucks as a bonus." So Mr. Phillips wrote out a check for the gear and what he owed us for the charter; he said he wouldn't do any more fishing this time. Mr. Page would be out of the hospital in a few weeks; he had only fractured three ribs.

Mr. Phillips handed Nick the check and a five-dollar bill. "What's this for?" Nick asked, looking at the bill.

"That fine rum," Mr. Phillips said, laughing. "See, I think of everything. Buy yourself another bottle."

"Not with five bucks."

"Come now, Nick, how much does it cost?"

"A buck fifty—in Port au Prince," Nick said, pocketing the five. He was never a boy to pass up dough. As we were leaving, Mr. Phillips said Mr. Page wanted to see us at the hospital the next day.

I figured he was going to give

Nick a little check for saving his life, so the following afternoon, when the sun wasn't too hot, we visited Mr. Page. He had the best room in the hospital and was lying in bed, a plaster cast over his chest. He was all executive again. He snapped at Nick, "How much do you want for your boat?"

"Sell my boat?" Nick said, surprised, glancing at me.

"That's right. I want to buy it."

Nick stared at him. "I ain't sure I want to sell," he said, softly.

"Then I'll buy another boat, but I'd rather have yours. Listen, Nick. I've been up against some big problems in my life and I've never known defeat. I certainly don't intend to be licked by a stupid fish. I'll conquer fishing—and do it scientifically, the way I do everything. I want your boat. Name your price."

"Ten grand," Nick said calmly, and I almost swallowed my tongue. Even with boats high as hell, Nick's old tub wasn't worth four grand.

"Ballard!" Page yelled.

A little thin guy in a sharp linen suit came scooting in from the sitting room. "Yes, sir?"

"I'm buying this fellow's boat, for ten thousand dollars. Take care of the necessary papers and make out a check." Mr. Page turned to us. "There's one condition: when I refit the boat, I want you two to take me fishing in it."

"Sure, we'll take you for nothing," Nick said, not cracking a smile.

It took us a day to fix up the papers and put the check through the bank. We were really rolling in folding money. On the dough Mr. Phillips had paid us, we took a trip to Miami and went on a two-day drunk; then we looked around for a new boat. There were plenty of boats for sale, but the prices were crazy. Nick said, "Hell with Miami. This is a sucker's paradise. Let's see what we can pick up in the gulf ports."

That was a smart move, because over in Mobile we lucked up on a 38-foot cabin cruiser, a custom-built job that was strong, roomy, and in top shape. The boat was about eight years old, but the owner was hard up and we got her for three grand. We spent another two grand fixing her up, installing a new motor. We gave her a new name, "Lucky Marlin," for, if the fish had kayoed Mr. Page, it had certainly been a break for us. It was nearly a month later when we dropped anchor at Key West.

The boys were buzzing about what Mr. Page had done to Nick's boat. A whole crew of mechanics from up North had come down to work on her. He had square-ended the stern, removed the two fishing chairs, and installed a big electrical drum winch on the stern, with nearly half a mile of thin, steel-chain wire around the winch. He had added a lot of other electrical equipment and slicked the old boat up. We heard he was looking for us, so we dropped in to see him at his hotel. He looked okay, although his side was still bandaged up. He said, "Now I'll show you two the modern way to fish—with brains instead of brawn. I had a thin steel chain made for me—it can stand the pull of any fish. All I do is stand by my button panel. When the fish strikes, I merely press a button, and the winch will reel it in, without any playing around."

Then Nick surprised me by saying what I was thinking. "That don't give the fish much of a chance, Mr. Page."

"Chance? I never take a chance, or give my enemies one!"

This Mr. Page was sure batty on the subject of fish! Nick saw there was no arguing with him, so he just asked, "When do you want to go out?"

"Tomorrow. Report at the ship at nine."

The next morning was clear and hot, and by ten we were way out. Mr. Page had put in another motor, too, and the old boat responded like a speedboat. I asked Mr. Page if he wanted to cross to Havana, where the big ones were running, but he said, "I have no time to waste. I merely want to fish and get it over with."

We baited up, and Page pressed a button and the winch started to

Continued on page 148

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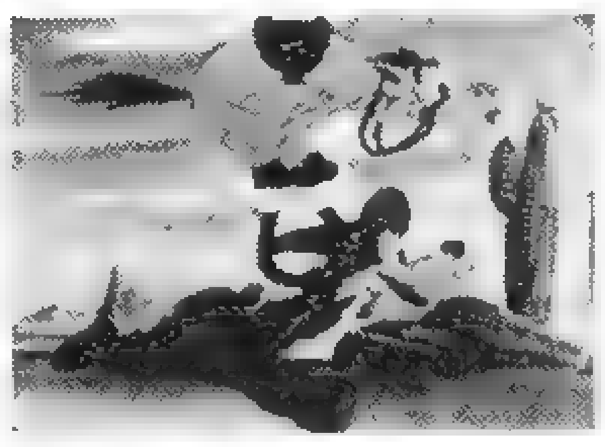

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The Lucky Marlin

Continued from page 147

unreel. He was pretty clever; the chain went through some kind of a gadget in the stern that registered pressure, so he could tell when a fish hit the bait, and about how big the fish was. We had a ten-pound tuna as bait and Mr. Page was lucky—he didn't have to wait long before a big black marlin took the bait. Mr. Page said, "Now watch this."

"Are you the lucky man?"

He let the marlin—a five-hundred-pound beauty, with bright stripes and eyes as big as plates—run with the bait for a few seconds. Then, as the big fish jumped into the air, he pressed a button and the winch started to reel in with all the power of a tank. It actually made the marlin do a flip-flop in the air — turned him over like that! When we got the hook up, it wasn't a pretty sight; the force of the winch had pulled the fish's stomach out, and we found him floating on the surface — dead. We pulled him aboard, and Mr. Page had Nick snap his picture next to the fish.

"That's a real big one, hey, Nick?" Mr. Page said proudly.

"Pretty big, Mr. Page, just about fair. Like to go after a real big one?" Nick asked.

"I can catch anything, even a whale, with this equipment," Mr. Page said.

"Maybe," Nick said. Then he called to me. "Take us off the Southwest Key."

I turned to ask him what the hell he was doing, but Nick merely said, "Mr. Page wants a big one—a very big one."

While I headed for Southwest Key, Nick put a hell of a sinker on the line and fooled around with the dinghy, making sure the oars and life belts were okay. I wanted to say something, but figured it was best to keep my trap shut. It was Mr. Page's boat, and the way Nick had looked when we pulled in the marlin's guts, I had thought he was going to sock somebody. I didn't want it to be me—not the way Nick hits.

It was pretty smooth off Southwest Key, with a lot of brown seaweed and the little colored fish that feed around the weed bright in the sun. Mr. Page said, "Seems quiet here. Will we hook into a big one?"

"You can never tell about fishing," Nick said. "We might get something big—if we're lucky."

Mr. Page had his line out, and with that sinker we were practically dragging the bottom. I thought at first we'd missed it, when suddenly the boat shook, as if we'd run smack into something. Mr. Page yelled, "The pressure needle's all the way over!"

"Looks like you got a big one. Reel him in," Nick said smoothly.

Mr. Page pressed a button and the winch started to reel in—but very slowly. That thin chain was strong all right, for we were being pulled back—reeling ourselves back to the hook!

"Come on, Mr. Page, or he'll get away," Nick said.

Mr. Page looked puzzled, and I put her in gear as he pressed another button, giving the winch all the power he had. For a split second nothing happened; we seemed to be standing absolutely still, the winch straining, but not moving. Then there was this ripping sound and the winch was suddenly torn out of the boat. It went overboard, taking part of the stern with it. The loose wires shorted, and there was a flash like lightning and I thought we were on fire. But it wasn't anything—except for the big bite in the stern.

"Well, this is sure something, ain't it, Mr. Page?" Nick asked, looking him right in the eye. "Too bad. That must have been a *good*-sized marlin."

Mr. Page just stared popeyed at the hole where the winch had been, then at the useless buttons in his hand. He looked sick, as if he simply couldn't believe his beloved machinery had let him down. He sort of fell back into a chair, looking like a big kid about to cry.

I headed for home. We were taking on a little water, but nothing to worry about unless it got rough. Mr. Page never said a word, merely sat there stunned and defeated. At the dock, Nick asked, "Like to go out tomorrow on our boat, Mr. Page?"

Mr. Page walked off the boat without answering, went to his hotel, and within an hour was on his way to Miami.

We've never seen him again. His boat lies half-sunk at its mooring. Every time we pass it, taking a party out on the Lucky Marlin, I think of Mr. Page and of how odd it is that the guys who claim they can't see anything to fishing always become the biggest fishing nuts. Sometimes I think we were too hard on Mr. Page. Maybe we should have told him, before he left, that in the big hurricane of 1935 a Mexican freighter went down off Southwest Key . . . and of course Nick had let Mr. Page hook on to a thousand tons of submerged steel. #

Continued from page 75

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 16

still champion

Having read Ring Lardner's *Champion* at least twice before you reprinted it in (July), I was still mighty glad to go through it again. I saw the movie, too. . . . Of all the many stories that have been written about the fight game, I am in complete agreement with you when I say that *Champion* is by far the best. They don't write that way in this generation.

F. P. SNYDER
Bronx, N. Y.

the remarkable Miller

Certainly enjoyed Arthur Miller's story in your August edition. Wish I was in New York so I could see *Death of a Salesman.* You'd think if a play was that good they would get the show on the road so that all of us could have the benefit of seeing it when it's new. But I think it will last and I've got the book to tide me over until a road company gets here.

A. C. KLINEMAN
Pittsburgh, Pa.

sweet music

. . . Apparently you do not send enough copies of Esquire to Cleveland, because we have to beg, borrow, or steal them at the "City Club." I can always get mine, however, and many times go to my back numbers to reread such stories as *Christ in Concrete* (March, 1937). A great magazine for men; no wonder they steal it when it cannot be bought.

EMIL F. PAZOUREK
Cleveland, O.

on the other hand

ularly liked, because I could continue indefinitely. . . . If this weren't true, I wouldn't be such a constant reader.

LEO LEIR
Honolulu, T. H.

Reading your article on Westminster Dog Show while in the hospital. . . . Enjoying it. . . .

F. E. BREDOUW
Kansas City, Mo.

. . . Esquire just isn't Esquire without the cute little man, who has the big eyes, and at least one cute art subject. . . .

MACK MURRAY
Kings Mountain, N. C.

riding Cromartie

Why didn't Robert J. Misch (author of *Cromartie's Ride*, July, 1949) spend a little time getting the facts of railroading? . . . Tell him that crews on the Empire wear clean overalls. . . . Track numbers at Albany are 8, 6, 2, 1, 5, 7, 9, 11, but not 3! Same ole thing! Phooey! Ask any railroad man if every trip is the same! Sure is—every trip a new thrill at more than a mile a minute. . . .

E. E. GRAPER
Schenectady, N. Y.

The story of Cromartie belies belief. First, the conductor is in charge of any train, not the engineer. . . . The conductor or the flagman would have stopped the Empire State Limited by simply using the air-brake lever that is always at their command in the coaches. . . . Cromartie would have been risking the possibility of ramming into something ahead. . . . (He) was running against the current of traffic and without a right-of-way order. Zowie!

MILTON FLEMING
West Lawn, Penn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ease off on the throttle, men. You're about to get a full confession from the author.*

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The Outriders

Continued from page 95

and you know how cattle stampede, but still you fired the shot. They thought it was the kid."

"They're wrong." I paused a minute. "We're pulling out in half an hour."

I turned away and went back to finish drying out. In a few minutes I had another visitor.

She said, "Thanks, Will."

She had brought me breakfast, and she kneeled beside me in the mud, huddling close to the fire, her lips blue with the cold and the skin of her face white and gleaming by the light of the flames.

"Thanks for breakfast," I said.

She shook her head a little. "Please—I know what you did."

"What are you talking about?"

"Even if he hadn't told me, I'd have known it was Roy." She paused and then looked at me. "You've been our good angel on this trip. Do you know what a comfort it is, having you?"

I'd never before been so sick with being tired that I couldn't eat. I had to put the plate down. "Keep him in the carriage with you from now on," I told her. "I don't want to see that boy again."

Her eyes flattened out when she got angry, but it was gone in a minute. "Not everyone is strong," she said slowly. "The weak can deserve our love, too."

Then she said, "I love Roy. He's all I've got—the one good thing my husband brought me."

"Can we forget your husband?" I asked her. "I don't like shadows across the trail."

We were silent a while. Then she said, "I suppose it's foolish, my being so careful of Roy. But when you have no one else . . . "

"Why not?" I said flatly. "You're pretty."

She gathered up the dishes. "I'll go back now."

I grabbed her wrist. "Men have told you that before, haven't they?"

She knew who I had on my mind. "There's nothing between your friend Jesse and me," she said quietly. "And what's more, I can take care of myself."

I looked at her steady eyes, at the pulse beating in her throat. Nobody could take care of her. In a few weeks she was going to die . . . because of me.

"I still meant what I said about the way you look."

This time she smiled. "I know you did."

"Yeah?"

"I've seen you watching me."

I decided that I'd gone too far. "I always look at the scenery, Ma'am." I got to my feet, nodded, and went toward the carriage.

Don Antonio wanted to declare a pause in the march for a full day, and I didn't because I was on a tight schedule, so we compromised by giving the men the rest of the morning to sprawl out and sleep, and before it was noon we prodded the oxen into moving on again. They didn't want to go—they'd spent the night running at full speed, and the weight of the yoke had them trembling and balking in the harness. The men snapped at each other and called themselves hoarse at the ponies and the bullwhackers had sore arms from using the whips. We had a sad caravan.

Jesse and I pushed out into the lead again. I watched the country ahead as we rode, but I did it automatically because I was thinking of Mrs. Getty, and remembering that she had seen me watching her and had been pleased by it and had let me know it. I wondered what would happen when we got to Missouri, where she would go and what she would do and what would become of her. It came to me then as a shock that before Missouri we would pass through Cow Creek.

I shifted a bit to get off my sores and looked around, and found Jesse staring at me.

"Stay away from her," he said.

"You talking to me?"

"Stay away, Will."

He was beginning to repeat himself, and when I looked at him again I found he really meant it.

So I smiled at him. "Laying down the law?"

"Clear and simple — so you'll understand it."

"Well, don't, Jesse," I said. "Don't talk like that. All you'll do is drive me into her arms."

He was quiet a minute and then he spoke slowly. "Will, we grew up together. We went to school together, and more often than not we ditched school together. You stayed at my house more often than you did at your own. When they put out a call for volunteers they got us first. It's been you and me, all along. But now it's all over."

"Jesse," I said, "I'm going to wet the prairies and wash out gullies with my tears."

He nodded at me. "Sure, Will." Then he spurred on ahead.

He pulled up about a hundred yards away and I watched his back for a while. We had bucked it together for years, as he'd said, but somewhere in that time Jesse had walked off by himself. Now we were in deeper than ever, and it made me uneasy. I didn't know him any more, and what he was showing me of the new man, piece by piece, I didn't like. I rode back down the line.

The men were slumped in the saddle and nobody exchanged any unnecessary words. I pulled up alongside the carriage and stood in the stirrups so I could look in. The boy averted his face, and Don Antonio wondered if I'd decided on a camp site for the night yet. Mrs. Getty said nothing and I couldn't blame her. I was about to speak to her, to soften her, when I heard Jesse coming. He reined in savagely, looked up into Mrs. Getty's face, and finally turned slowly to me.

"We've got company," he said.

I bellowed as loud as I could and called the train to a halt. There was the noise of creaking wood and leather, the clanking of steel bits and the pawing of restless hoofs, and then silence. In the silence I counted them.

I counted about forty braves on horseback, in war bonnets and war paint. They moved toward us slowly, unhurriedly, in a straight line, going at a walk, and then a small group of about ten galloped forward. We grouped in close to the wagons and waited for them with our guns out.

They were Pawnees, the hyenas of the plains, and they had a stronger stomach for robbing than for fighting. But this party was outfitted with new guns and the pouches in their laps were heavy with cartridges.

Their chief dismounted and walked gravely up to me. He went through the usual motions and I repeated them, and then he asked me if we were carrying whiskey or calico. I told him no, we had only a cargo of furs, which he could see, and undoubtedly he had all the furs that he needed in his lodge.

Speech is a great ritual with an Indian and he takes his own sweet time about performing it. This one was even more talented than others I'd seen, and he used a lot of words I didn't understand, but I got the general idea. He wanted ten ponies.

I told him to cut ten out of the herd, and the air was filled with the yips of his braves as they went delightedly to work. Then two of them raced the ponies away to join the others, and the chief was speaking to me again, more briefly this time. He wanted ten more ponies.

I gave him ten more and they joined the others.

He should have been smiling, but he wasn't. His face was impassive. He told me he was leading an expedition to war, and to do it successfully he would require twenty more ponies.

No one was looking at the Indian. They were all watching me. Very quietly, Don Antonio said, "Do whatever is best. Never mind my profits. They're not important."

Jesse's voice was hard. "We need the ponies. We need relays. We're driving our own mounts too hard."

I was still facing the chief. His final request would clean out our herd.

If I sent him to hell we would fight them and we might beat them off. If we didn't Keighley would grow old waiting at Cow Creek, and the gold pieces that were earmarked South would end up decorating the necks of Pawnee squaws.

I told him to take the twenty.

They took them and disappeared over the horizon, heading north.

Jesse turned to the men and said, "Looks like we spent last night in the rain for nothing."

Don Antonio, though his face was a little strained, told Jesse he was wrong. He congratulated me on my caution and swore that I'd saved the wagon train.

The men felt otherwise. I was pushing them harder than they liked to go; they were Don Antonio's private servants, trained, some of them, from childhood to take orders from him and him alone. They hadn't liked their sudden about-face to a new train boss. And Jesse was working on them.

Clint brought me the news.

"Our boy is whispering to them, Will."

"What's he got on his mind?" I asked.

"He says they could have fought the Pawnees off except that you chickened on us. He's making it sound good. He's having them live over last night's roundup, and when they've got the taste of the rain and twelve hours hard riding fixed good in their heads, he's punching home with the fact that you gave it all away to a scabby Indian who would have run if you'd said Boo."

"I'm pretty busy during the day, Clint," I told him slowly. "I want you to watch Jesse."

He grinned at that. "I been watching him a long time. I ain't going to ease off now."

I paused. "And you, Clint. What do you think of it?"

"Me? What should I think?"

"Go on, Clint."

He hesitated. "Why, Will, I know why you did it. I know your reasons, and I think they're good ones. It ain't easy to be in command—I never did envy the generals on the line."

"Still?"

"Still . . . why, Will, when he asked you for horses the first time, I figured you'd give to be rid of him. The second time I was watching you, because I couldn't figure that one. Third time—I figured you'd fight." He paused. "A man gets pushed only so far, Will—then he's got to turn around. If he don't, it does something permanent to him."

"Be damned to the Cause and kill the bastards. Eh, Clint?"

"That's right, Will. Be damned to the Cause and pour it to them." He fell silent again. "But like I say, Will—I'd hate to be a general."

Jesse bedded down on the other side of the camp that night, so I carried my roll over and threw it down beside him. He watched me without saying anything. I smoked a cigaritto down before turning to him.

"I hear you're unhappy, Jesse."

He grinned. "I figured grandpa would come sucking around you."

"What do you want, Jesse?"

"It's simple."

"No. It's too hard for me."

"I want to be top man, Will."

I couldn't hold my anger. I didn't try. "You can have all the credit for what's coming! You can step up and take the medals for both of us!"

"I'm thinking of Cow Creek. You're not reliable any more, Will." Jesse was cool and quiet. "You're backsliding. I can see you beginning to think about saving somebody's life, and trying to work out a way. That's bad for the job."

Then he grinned. "Now, me—I know the difference between a Cause and a Woman—especially a dead woman."

I hit him hard. He rolled over and came up on his knees, holding his jaw. His eyes were dead. He said, "You're a good man, Will."

"You'll have to take command with a gun."

He smiled. "I know that, Will."

After that we said good night to each other very politely and went to sleep, side by side.

I didn't drop off until I was sure he had, and I awoke long before he did. I had to stay in the point because I knew the landmarks, but I was busy enough without spending my days jockeying for position with Jesse, to make sure that he never fell a little behind me. Lead men push a mile or so ahead of a train, and I wanted to avoid those times of day when we were out of sight of the caravan and alone. The time was past when I could show Jesse my back. So I put him way behind me, down with Clint.

When we made camp Clint came up with a demand for a party. (*Continued on page 152*)

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The Outriders

"You've got to let them unwind, Will," he said. "They're angry and tired and easy pickings for Jesse. Get them mellow—let them forget their troubles."

I looked at him a little uncertainly and he went on. "I've done a little investigation. The Don's carrying a handsome supply."

So I spoke to Don Antonio on the subject of whiskey.

Yes, he had some, purely for medicinal purposes.

"I'm no M.D. but just the same I advise you to break it out."

"But in case of emergency—"

"That's what I'm talking about."

I put the herd out to graze a good way from camp because it looked like a noisy night. The whiskey was passed around with supper and it took hold immediately. Mouth organs and guitars were pulled out of yannigan bags and we were treated to some singing that sounded like a pack of burros with bad colds.

Then some of them were on their feet and calling out with impatience.

"Where's Mrs. Getty!"

"Come on out, lady, we want to stomp!"

But she was still in the carriage and there was a blanket hanging over the window so that we couldn't see in.

Finally someone shouted, "Get out your hankerchiefs, men!"

Half of them tied handkerchiefs around their arms. It was the heifer brand, which indicates that there aren't enough women to go around, so that men must take their place, moving to the music "lady fashion." And they began to dance. The boys were all considerably out of practice and there was much stepping on feet and crushing of corns, and the party got even louder.

One of them leaned to the hairy ear of his partner and said loudly, so all could hear, "You're looking mighty clean and pretty tonight, honey."

Another, convulsed with laughter, shouted, "Don't be afraid of me, you painted cat! Hold me closer!"

There was no stopping them. The idea caught on in a flash and soon they were all making loud and elaborate love to their ladies.

But the bearded heifers apparently failed to catch the humor of the situation. One of them dropped his arms, shoved his partner away, and roared, "It ain't fittin' for a man to talk that way to a man!"

"You ain't a man, dearie—" his mate said, winking broadly, and that was all he said, because he went down in the dirt with blood filling his shirt front.

The heifers had turned as one in great outrage, their voices roaring and their arms flailing, and from the way bodies were piling up it looked as if the ladies were easily carrying the field.

Clint got a blow on his ear that stunned him, but when I picked him up he grinned and said, "It's great for our morale!"

Then Mrs. Getty stepped into the space beside the fire and the men dropped their arms and

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stopped fighting. She had taken a long time and the result was worth it. We stared at her. The men were suddenly aware that the joke they'd been playing with the heifers wasn't a joke after all.

It was so quiet you could hear everyone breathing. She wore her hair down, spilling over her shoulders, and there was something naked in the sight of it that made me ache to touch it. She had on a dark silk dress that made a sound when she walked like wind in tall grass, and it didn't hide her body. She looked around at us, and for a minute her eyes were wide, as if she expected to be crushed by the men circling her. The guards shuffled their feet and moved in, slowly at first, and then one was running.

Her arms went around his neck. I could almost feel their weight around mine. Then somebody hit his guitar and they started to dance. Nobody hooted or called out. They stood waiting their turn, and I waited too.

Across the way one of the bullwhackers shouted, "Me next!" and he caught her as she went by, dragging her into his arms. I could see her face. It was thrown back and she was laughing. And I could see his face, too.

They each followed, one after another. They were men crazed. You could see they would have killed for a turn with her. One of them was lifting her off the ground, and her hair swung over them both like a veil.

I went over and my hand came down on his shoulder. He'd sweated through his shirt.

"What . . . what in hell?"

"I'm taking my turn."

He glared at me and swung her to one side with his arm around her. "Let her say."

She looked at me and she said, "My shoes are worn through."

"Get another pair." I didn't mean it that way, but it came out angry.

"All right. Wait for me."

She went back to the carriage and after a moment she came out holding some new shoes. She held them out to me.

"Put them on."

Everybody came in close to watch as I went down on a knee. I undid her slippers and held them a moment before dropping them. Then I forced her foot into one of the shoes. I looked at her. She was biting down on her lip, hard. I wanted to tell her to rest, but instead I got up and pulled her into my arms. The whole weight of her body was against mine. My fingers tightened against her back and we moved slowly, in a circle.

I stared down into her face. I said, "You never showed yourself like this before."

"I was afraid to . . ."

"Afraid of the men? They'll stay in line."

"No, not the men . . ."

"Who, then?"

She said, "You."

"Why?"

"Because you want me most . . . ."

I tried to smile. "I told you

Continued on page 154

24 CARAT

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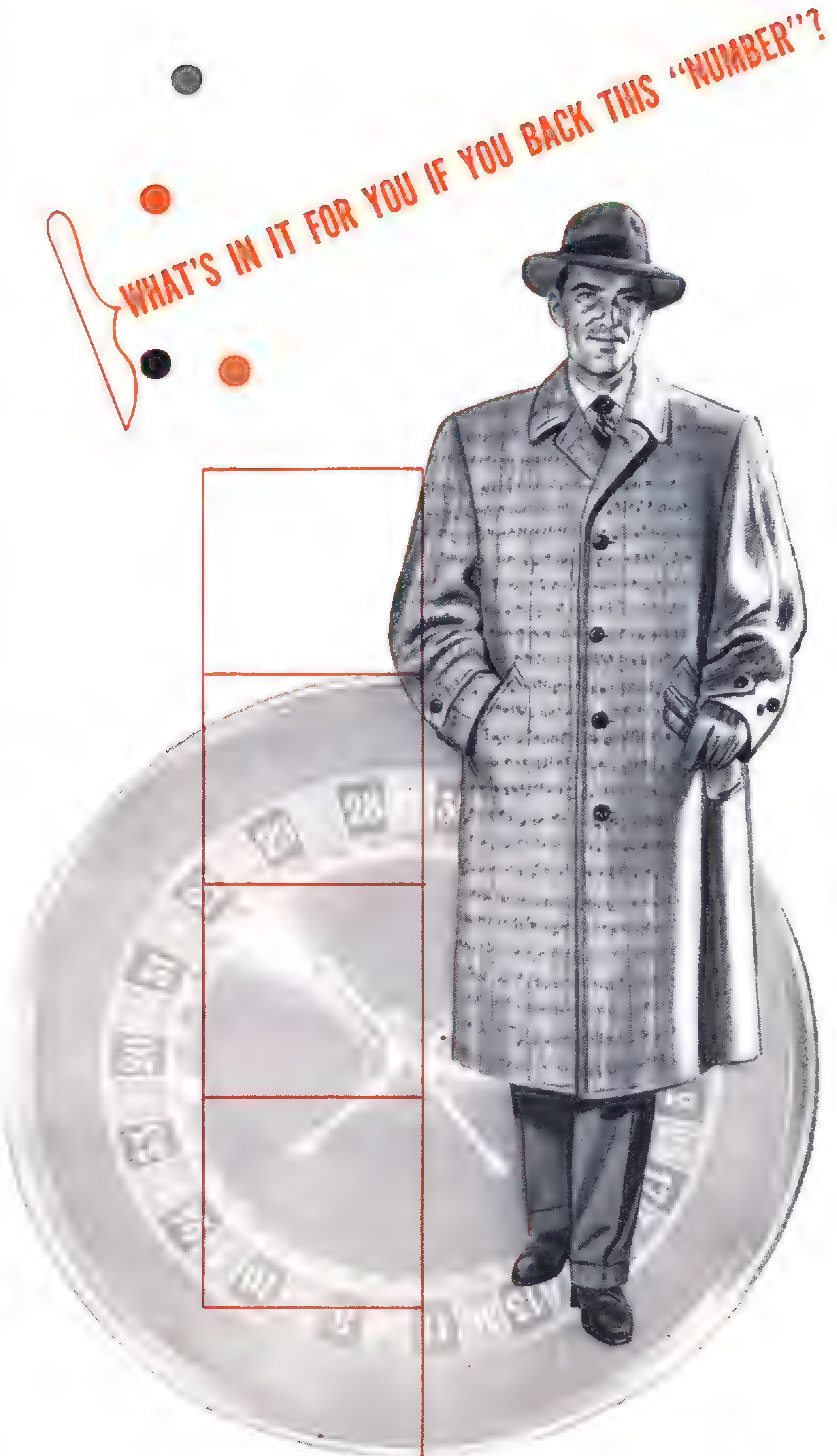
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before . . . we're all alike here."

She went on. "And yet—you hate me, too."

"Why would I hate you?"

"Because I'm here. You didn't want me on this trip. I've known that from the start."

"It makes no difference to me." I decided to take Jesse's tack. "A woman livens up the party. Especially a pretty one."

My mouth was close enough to kiss her. "Men get trail hungry," I said.

"Do they?"

We were in a shadowed place. My hands caught at that heavy, loose hair. Her head was back, her eyes were narrow and alive.

Then I remembered what was to come. I let go and stepped away from her.

"I'll take you back."

She followed me to the campfire without another word.

There was no cause for celebration the next day. We swung out in another heavy rain, and we moved east by inches, with the wagons going hub-deep in the mud so that time and again we had to dismount to put our backs against them.

We rolled into Sand Creek in a driving downpour. It was a small settlement, built around an old fort, and we stayed only long enough to eat some fresh fruit and drink gallons of milk. From riders coming through they had learned of a projected push by Grant down to Richmond, but we were less interested in the state of the war than we were in the trail ahead. They told us it was washed out.

We made our own trail, a deep and rutted one. We kept moving, only because no one said stop, but our motives for moving were lost in a shamble of exhaustion, in a spectacle of men swaying and almost falling from the saddle, in oxen with bloody backs and reluctant legs. The rain turned colder and soon became a hailstorm, pelting us for more than an hour, so that we finally had to stop and huddle against it. Then the sky cleared a bit and we had rain again, a sheer curtain this time, slanting into our faces, and the caravan labored forward.

Long before we saw it, we heard the hissing of the river.

The men lined the bank and stared with awe at the Arkansas. It was yellow and brown, running fast, churning angrily out in the middle in great, heaving circles, spilling up over the bank and drenching us.

And all we could do was watch. We had raced here from Santa Fe, driving ourselves and our animals cruelly, and the Arkansas at flood tide dared us to go any further. We didn't take her dare. Not at the moment.

We watched her for the rest of the day, but there was no sign of the rain stopping or the river falling. We ate and slept beside the turbulent bank, shivering under our slickers, listening to the noise the waters made as they hurled themselves downstream. In the morning it still frothed before our eyes, un-

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changed, except that the river was darker, muddier.

Clint drew me aside and said, "How about it, Will?"

"I don't know."

"We've wasted half a day already. We haven't got any more to spare."

"I've never crossed a river like this."

"Then it's time you learned how, eh, boy?"

"In Mexico," I said slowly, "they've got beds of clay. They drink water like a sponge—suck a flood dry as fast as it falls."

Clint shifted impatiently. "We're not in the West any more."

"I know."

"Keighley'll be coming into Cow Creek in four days. It's got to be done in a hurry."

"Even if we get the oxen across, what about the wagons? They can't swim."

"Then we'll take 'em apart."

The animals were going frantic, listening to the water and watching it. It had to be done quickly, as Clint said. If it could be done at all. And I suddenly felt my blood pound with hope. I could let the river take the rap for me.

I glanced quickly at Clint and then away, afraid that he might read it in my face.

I would tell them the river couldn't be forded, and they'd believe me because it was the truth. I thought of the years I'd lost in the war. Maybe I wasn't a man for war—not for this kind anyway. And then I thought, it doesn't have to be this kind.

My eyes went to Mrs. Getty. Yes, I would tell them that we were going to wait until the river subsided, two or three days. And those two or three days would keep her alive. Keighley couldn't chance more than that out in the open at Cow Creek. If I stalled I could keep them all alive.

But the burly Mexican priest took it out of my hands. He came forward gravely and said, "I'll be the first to get wet."

I said, "The current's too fast. It can't be done."

"We'll know that after I've tried it."

"Don't, Father!" I said, but Clint stepped in front of me and faced him.

"You sure you know what you're doing?"

"No. No, I'm not sure. But it's surprising what men can do when they have faith in God."

"I don't mean any disrespect," Clint said, "but you've got to look to your mount, too. I'll check him over for you."

The priest carried a huge corporation and needed help getting into the saddle, but once there he seemed pretty well at home. I expected him to delay a while, to take a few deep breaths or to pray, but he just leaned his heavy weight forward to the animal's neck and kicked.

The mount was no sooner in than the current buckled his legs and he went under.

I stood on the bank praying that the priest would drown, and that the rest would be satisfied to sit it out and save their lives.

But the mount came up again,

Continued on page 156

after coffee—sip

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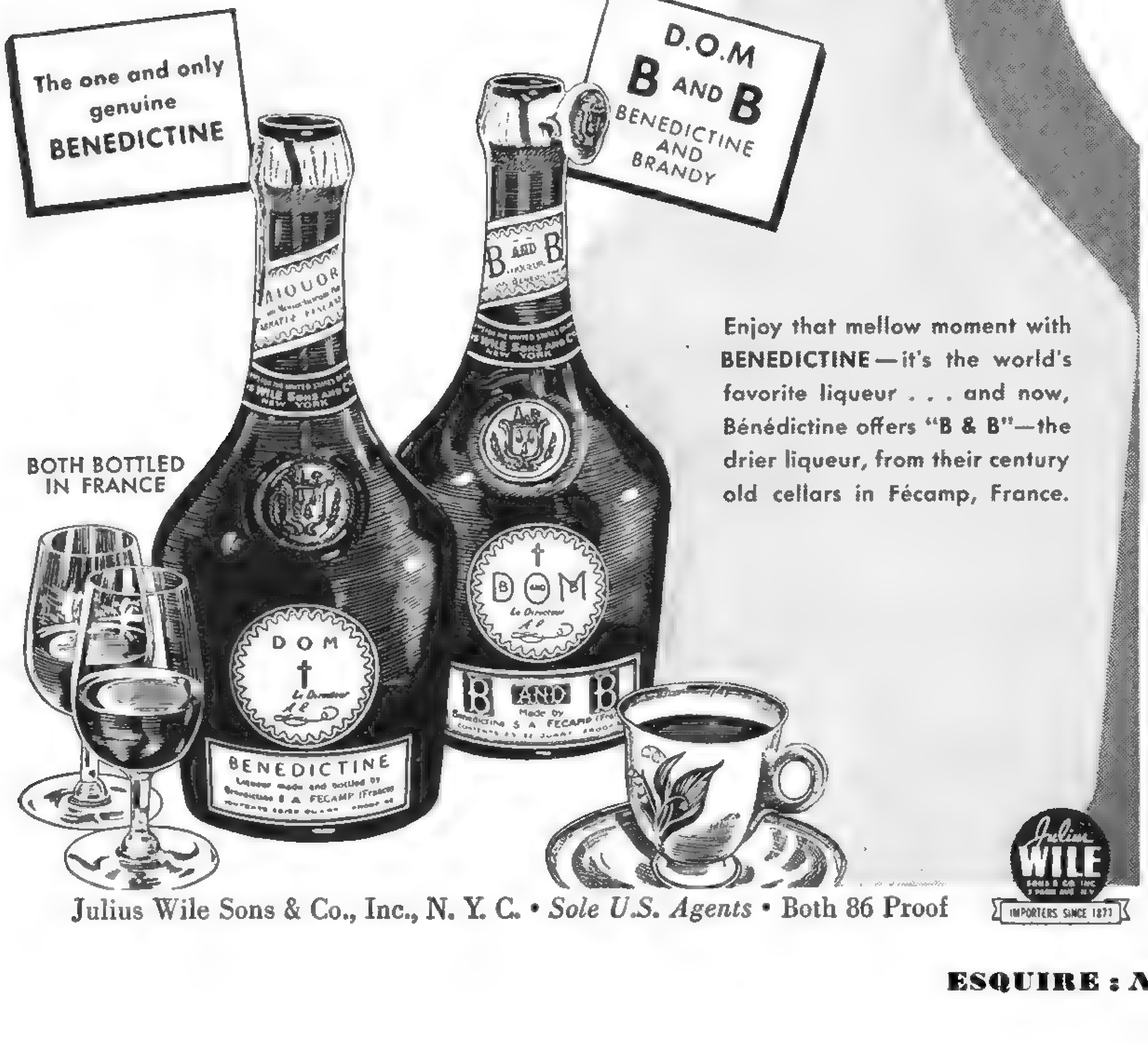
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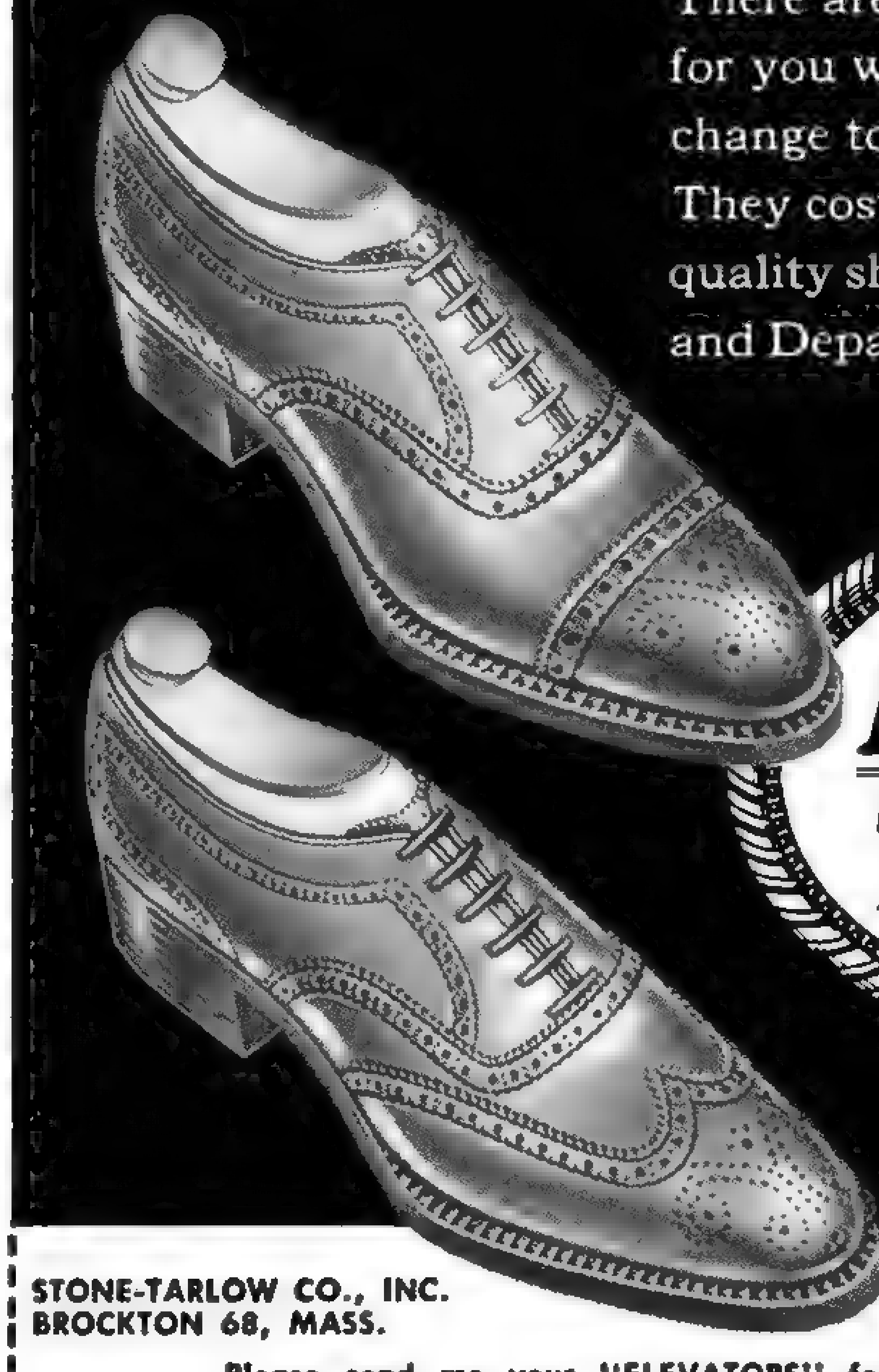

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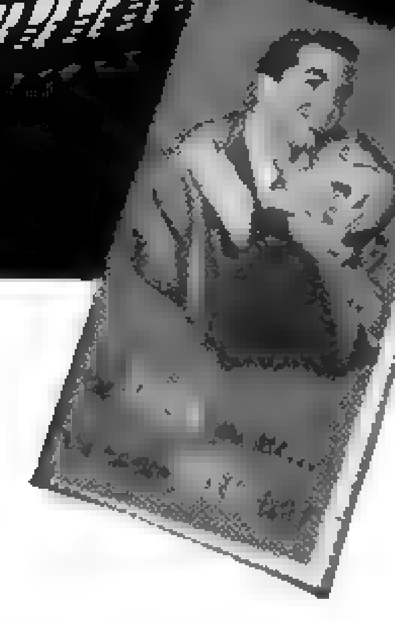

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spinning around helplessly. Then he got his head and began to swim. He went under again in the middle, and then we heard his shrill snorting above the deeper pounding of the water. A little while later the priest was waving to us from dry land.

Clint went next, carrying Mrs. Getty. I watched them go, and something within me was straining to hold them back, my lungs were bursting with a cry for them to turn around, because I knew that once she touched the far shore there was no hope for her.

It seemed as though they were in the water for hours before Clint's mount was rearing up onto the bank from the boiling river, slipping back in, then making it.

There was nothing else to do but go on with it. We prodded the oxen down to the bank. I knew that cattle hated to swim in rain, but we were in no mood to pamper them. One of Chaves' men showed them the way, and Jesse and I took the flanks to keep them from turning. We got them in and plunged in beside them.

The water was ice, freezing my hands on the reins, driving the breath from me. I felt my mount giving everything he had, bracing against the sucking pull of the currents, and beside me I could see the oxen lunging forward desperately, swimming in a bunch, horns arched high out of the river. swim, and if they don't swim they go under. So I had another moment of hope—a short one. The priest came splashing back into the river, whooping and hollering. The oxen had drifted far below their lead man by then—they turned at the sight and sound of the heavyset man before them and they followed him up the bank to safety.

We went back to the wagons and began taking them apart, piece by piece, rib by rib, wheel by wheel. Then we threw a raft together, lashing it tight with rawhide thongs, and for the rest of the morning and half the afternoon we ferried. We were men suspended in a hell of angry waters, with the river churning up to us and the sky emptying down, and yet, somehow, we took the wagons and the carriage across.

The bags of gold we saved for last. Midstream, where the current pulled in six different directions at the same time, the heavy rawhide bags began sliding for the edge, and I thought of the look of surprise on some miner's face way down below us on the Arkansas, as he sluiced his pan around and saw perfect gold coins in the bottom of it. But two of the men went overboard to keep the raft from capsizing, and while they held to the sides we managed to paddle through to the shore.

I was ready

was snatched away by the wind.

I had to bend from my mount to hear her.

"Are you going for Roy now?"

I nodded.

She turned to look at the river and her face was pale. "You won't make it." There was a desperate finality in her words, as though she were face to face with a familiar nightmare.

"I'll make it," I said.

"If he doesn't want to cross—"

"He's got to. We can't leave him."

"Please—let me ride with you —I'll get a mount—"

I spurred after her. "Are you crazy? What good will it do?"

She put her hand up over mine. "Then . . . be careful, Will. . . ."

I thought of the comfort I might offer by telling her the truth. Whatever happened would be better than what was to be. Instead I said, "The boy'll be all right. Don't worry."

"Be careful for yourself, too. . . ."

"Sure."

"Tell Roy—" and then she paused. "I'll wait here," she said.

The boy had pitched in and worked hard all day over the construction of the raft and the dismantling of the wagons. With no mount of his own, he'd been unable to make the swim, and the last time we'd taken the raft across it had been too heavy for another passenger.

My mount heaved himself up on shore and stood quivering, the water dripping from him. I let him rest a while and smoked in silence, while Roy stood waiting quietly. Then when the horse was breathing easily again I told the boy to climb on behind me.

He nodded, but he didn't move.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

His voice was very calm. "I'm afraid, Will."

"Why?"

Looking up at me he was squinting against the rain. "I don't know why. If I knew, maybe I wouldn't be."

For the first time I understood something of what he felt. I knew the size and the color of his fears because, in a way, I'd felt them. I hadn't wanted to cross, either.

I said, "The horse does all the work, Roy. Just sit tight and hold on to me."

"Will—" he said, his voice tight, and he stopped.

I was in a hurry, but I took it slowly with him. "It's nothing, Roy. That's a promise. Now climb on."

He nodded again and said, "All right."

He swung up easily behind me and held me around the middle.

This was my third swim across and it looked like the best. The horse went steadily, his muscles bunching and loosening with an easy rhythm, and I was talking to him, telling him what a good boy he was. He braced himself once against the current midstream and then began knifing through it, losing hardly any ground at all, going almost straight across from bank to bank. I was beginning to feel a little proud of him when I discovered the pressure around my stomach was gone.

Continued on page 158

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I swung to look around. I was almost up to my shoulders in water, and the water level behind me was even. For a second I thought the boy's head had gone under, but that he was still astride.

Then I heard a woman's scream from shore, and saw him for an instant, his eyes open and glaring, his face terribly white against the mud of the water. Then he was going downstream, slipping over and over very slowly, turning somersaults in the racing waters.

It was hopeless for me to turn in that current and go after him. It was just as hopeless for the three men on shore who drove their mounts into the river and struggled twenty or thirty yards after him before pulling out again to save their own lives. By then he was more than a mile away and going faster every minute. Anyway, he had already been dead when I looked down into his face.

It was dusk when we started putting the wagons together, and we worked into the night. I kept myself as busy as I could with the others, but I knew when the job was over I'd go to her.

She was sitting alone in the darkened carriage and I climbed in and sat down opposite her. I could see in a minute what had happened. She'd been frozen, and it was something that had been done inside, way deep within. When she moved her body it was like a dead weight. It was like seeing someone screaming and not making a sound.

I wondered if I should have come, because I knew what she saw when she looked at me. She saw the man who had ridden the boy across and had lost him, the boy who was all that was left, and without whom there was nothing. And yet I had to be there, near her, where she could call me out. I wanted her to have her chance to fight me and the river and the stinking trek and a dead husband. I knew how she needed it.

I moved across to sit beside her. Nothing happened except that her hands moved across her lap, scratching, back and forth. I thought of the kid's face going under, and sitting so close to her I felt the muscles that were holding it in, so I pulled her up against me and said, "All right. Now cry."

It was like a spring tearing itself out of a desert. Her hands dug at my shoulders.

"Will! He's gone . . . everything's gone . . . I'm alone . . . and he's alone . . . in the water . . . and he was so afraid. . . . "

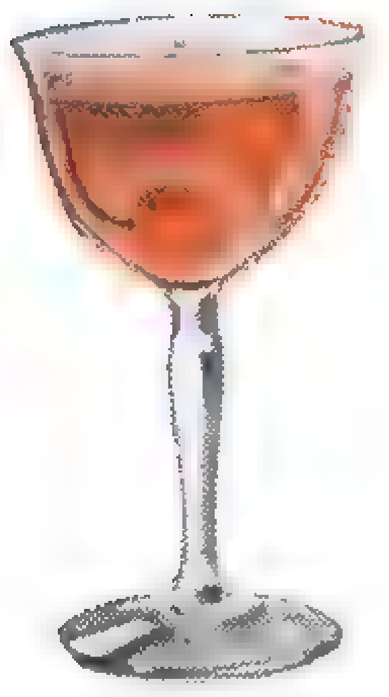
And that was the truth. He had been so afraid it had paralyzed his arms so that he couldn't hold on. He had been so afraid he had just let go, as if he wanted to die, as if it were easier to die than to go across.

There was nothing to say. I could feel the full weight of her against me now, and she had gone soft, relaxed. I suddenly knew that I needed something to hang on to myself.

She spoke again, her breath on my face, her voice quiet in the dark.

"My husband ran away from

Holiday entertaining?



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Gettysburg. When the shelling started, he ran back of the lines and lay down and hugged the ground, and tried to bury his face in the sand. It came out in the court-martial. They put him up to a wall and they shot him."

She was silent a while. "It was in Roy's blood, too. His people knew he was a coward, so they wanted to make him a soldier. They thought they could change him. They said he had to wipe out the stain. But I knew it would kill him, if he didn't kill himself, so I took him away. I took him part of the way and the river took him the rest. . . ."

Again she was quiet, and then she whispered, "And I was afraid, too."

"You?"

Her mouth was close. "I was." And then, as if a time of terrible waiting were over, she said, "Not now."

I kissed her. I knew what I was doing. She pulled my head down against her breast, something I'd seen women do with their kids. She was holding close to Roy that way.

But I wanted it to be more. I made her look at my face.

"I'll forget this tomorrow—if that's what you want."

"No. Don't forget. . . ."

All feeling ebbed out of me as I thought of Cow Creek. My hands were shaking, so I cupped them around her face and closed my eyes against what I saw in it.

During the day Jesse left the train and came riding up into the point. He pulled in alongside me and said, "Will, I got something on my mind."

"Let's have it."

He paused a minute and then grinned. "Will," he said, "I've been thinking it over. A man makes mistakes. I started as a private and after two years I made sergeant, and I reckon that's the end of my climb. The pay's good, there isn't too much to do, and I like the company."

I didn't look at him. "So you don't want command any more?"

He threw back his head and laughed. "It was a mistake, Will, like I tell you. There was a woman mixed up in it someplace, as I remember. But there are other women. It couldn't have been very important."

I didn't say anything and he went on. "You looked mighty good, boy, down at the river. That settled it for me. That—and remembering a few things. I'll take orders from here on."

"Then take this," I said. "Get back in line where you belong."

It didn't seem to hurt his feelings any. He was still grinning at me. "When this is all over, you and me are going back to live in the same block at home. I'm going to remember this as being mighty unneighborly of you."

But he turned and went back.

I hated the sight of him, and this morning I'd begun to feel the same way about Clint. It was because they were bushwhackers, both of them, and in four days they'd have the chance to go to work. And I wasn't forgetting that they had a partner.

Continued on page 160

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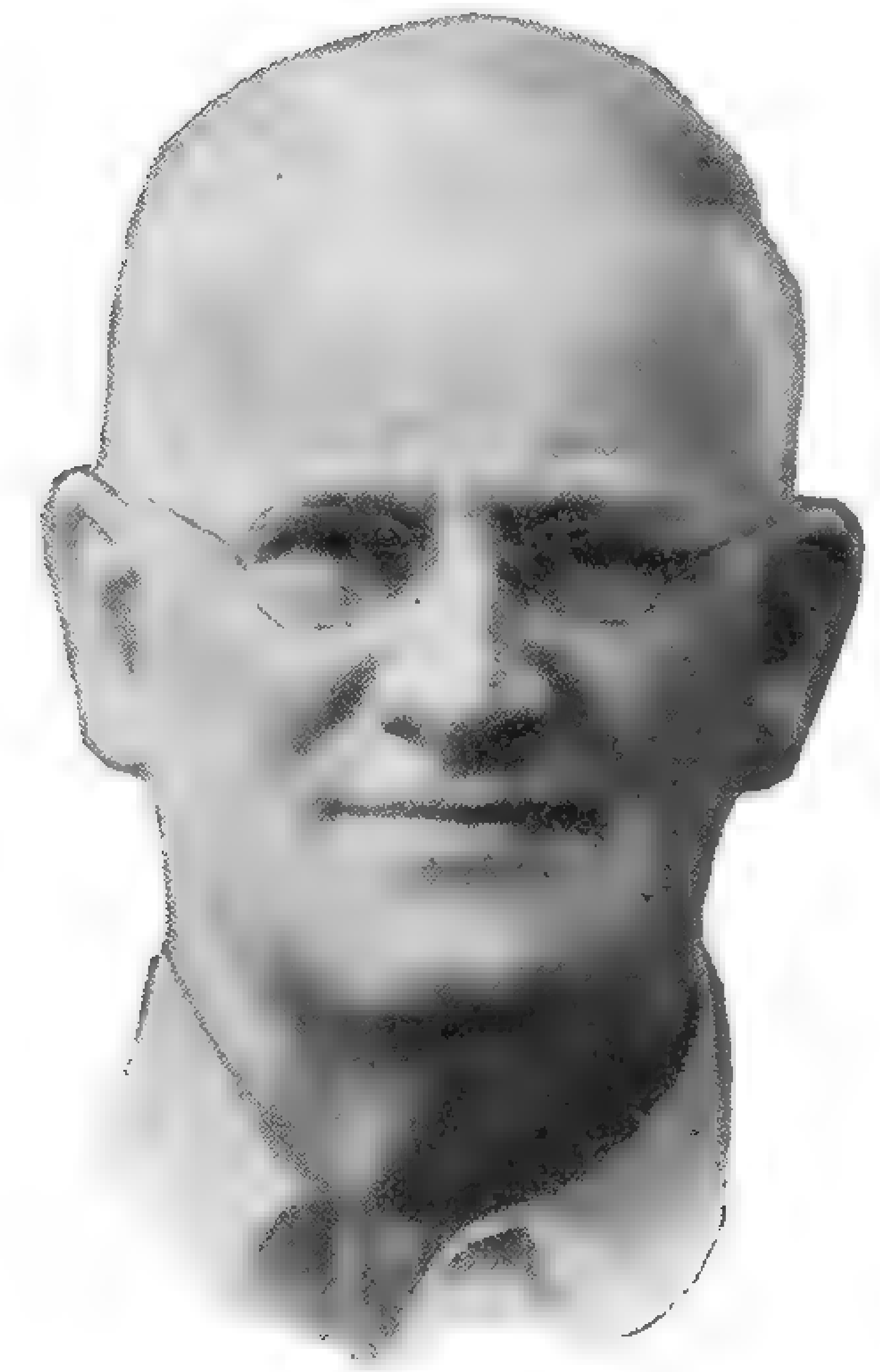

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The day lengthened and it carried us twenty-five miles closer to Cow Creek, but by nightfall I was too tired to stay wrought up. I sat down to eat with Clint.

He watched me a while and then said, "It's going to be hard."

"Sure."

"We've been away from the shooting a long time. Far away. It gets so, at times, you can't remember what it's all about."

"When the time comes," I said, "will you be all right?"

He answered slowly. "It's hard now because you've got all day to think about it. It'll be different later. Lucky you don't have to think much about pulling a trigger."

I said, "Don't you?"

He poured a cup of jamoka. He drank it. He scratched his head. "How about you, Will? You going to be all right?"

"You worried, Clint?"

He nodded. "I am, Will."

I threw my jamoka on the fire and it sizzled. "Watch me and see."

I kept my eye on Clint and Jesse during the next three days. They had coiled themselves taut. When spoken to their answers were surly and short. They ate away from the others and bedded down as far to the edge of camp as they could.

I saw what they were doing. They were disentangling themselves, pulling out from the others' lives, beginning to build a wall. They had lived with the people of the caravan for three weeks, but as the deadline drew near it was as though they were walking away, as though they needed space before they could shoot. I knew I was doing the same.

I had promised her that I wouldn't forget, but I didn't dare remember.

The fourth day dawned clear. I delayed our start a little because we were close, and my orders were to camp by the Creek at nightfall. I rode lead, alone, thinking of the cool house in Santa Fe, where slim, idle women chatted away their days, the wife and daughters of Don Antonio Chaves, waiting for their lord to come home. I thought of the great church that dominated the town, while its priest was swimming the rivers of the plains. I thought of Mrs. Getty, and a dead soldier and a dead boy. I thought of myself, and through the eyes of Clint and Jesse I knew how much I had wavered. But I knew, too, that I would go through with it, and that it would be done.

Ten miles from Cow Creek I called the midday halt.

We drank from a running stream that dammed itself up ahead into the Creek, and then we led the animals down to be watered. We ate and we rested. The men had gathered around the priest, who was singing to them in his deep, booming voice. It was a lazy day, heavy with the drone of insects. I suddenly got up and went to Mrs. Getty.

"When we make camp tonight," I told her, "I want you to sleep near me."

She smiled a little. "You too, Will? You're getting more and more like your friend Jesse. Very direct."

I grabbed her by the arms, hard, and she stopped talking. I held her that way for a while.

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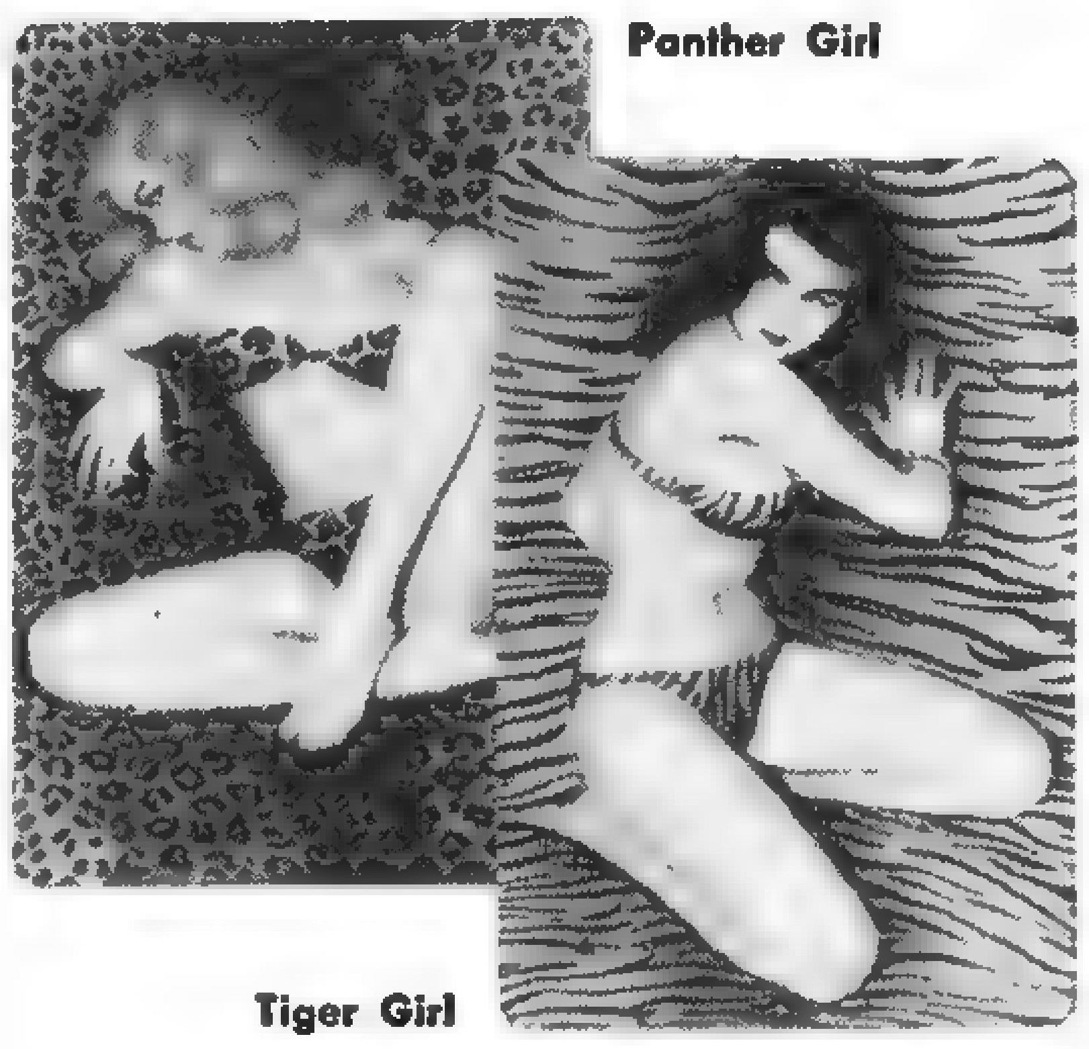

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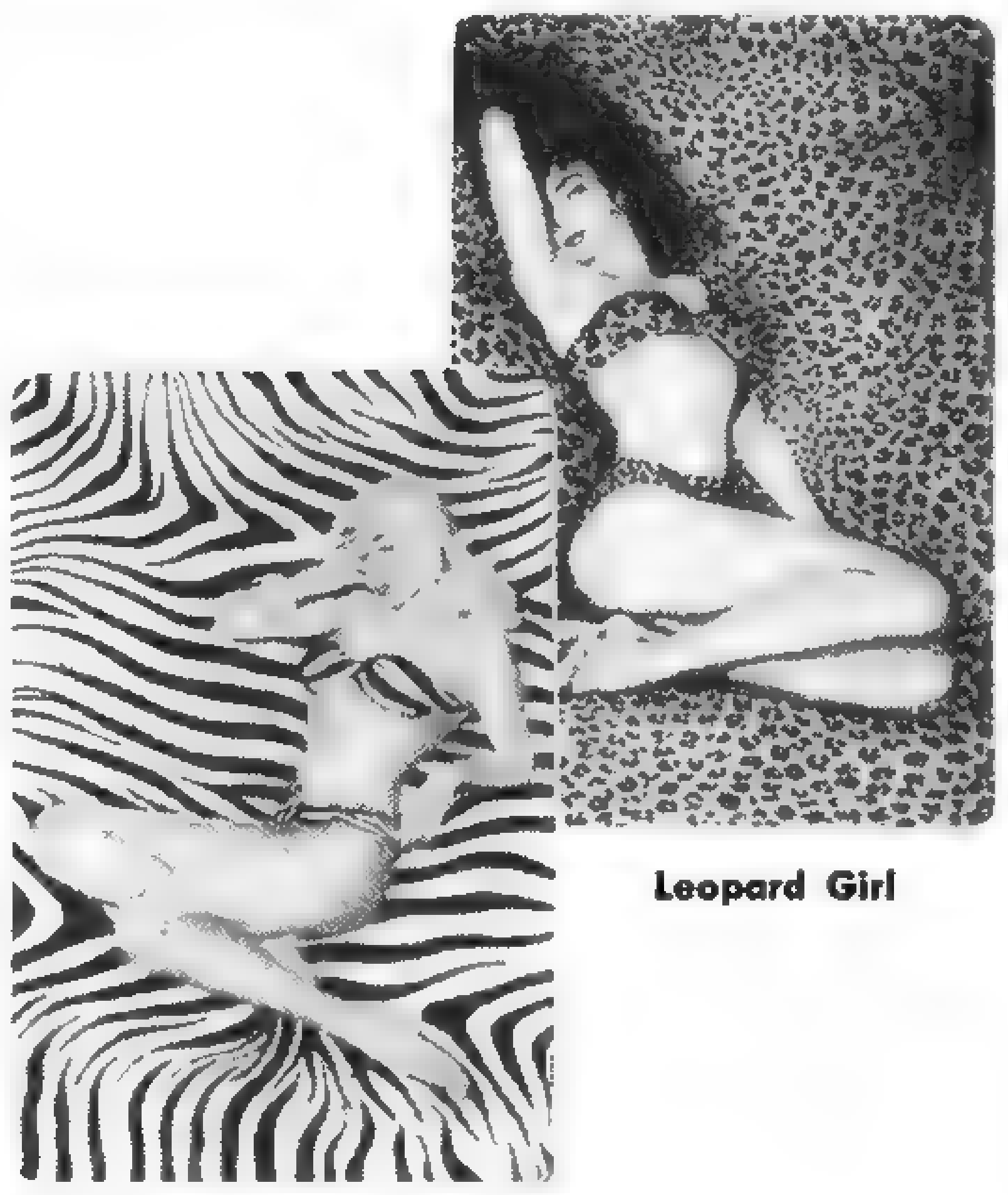

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"Do as I tell you," I said.

She wasn't smiling any more. She had become tense. "There's something wrong, isn't there?"

"No. I just like to be ready for trouble."

"There is! I know it!"

"I'm telling you the truth!" I said fiercely.

I felt her relaxing. "All right, Will. . . ."

"I just want you near me," I said, and I finally let her go.

"I'll be near. . . ."

I wanted to say something else to her, I wanted to say her name, I wanted to tell her how it was with me, but the words caught in my throat. She saw that.

I turned away and called out to the men to break up their party and move ahead.

When the column was in line for the march again, I spurred forward to go into the lead. I passed Jesse, and he nodded to me slightly. I saw how pale his face was. Clint, beside him, was sitting stiff and uncomfortable in the saddle and looking straight ahead. I left them behind and galloped far in advance, until the caravan was out of sight behind me. Then I slowed down to a walk.

The blood was hammering in my head and the reins slithered in my wet hands. I checked my guns. I'd felt this way before, when combat was a few hours away. But there was a difference now. I hoped that I could be killed in the ambush.

Ahead of me there was a cloud in the trail, and I had a minute of panic when I thought it might be them, that our directions had got crossed and this was to be the place, here, a few miles outside the Creek. But as I drew closer I saw it was only a small herd of sheep, with a single man to drive them. He hailed me and I pulled in by him.

He was a country boy, riding barefoot on a mustang, and he was glad for company.

"Howdy," he said. "Ridin' alone?"

"Bringing in a train."

He nodded and looked contemptuously at his herd. "So'm I."

"Anything ahead?" I asked him casually.

"No."

"Nothing doing at Cow Creek?"

"Not that I noticed."

I offered him a cigaritto and he looked at it in surprise. "You come all the way from Mexico?"

"Not quite. Santa Fe."

He whistled. "That case, maybe you ain't heard the news yet."

"Not a thing. What's going on?"

He grinned. "That's just it. Nothin's goin' on any more."

I couldn't figure what he was talking about. "Going to keep it a secret?"

He laughed. "I couldn't if I wanted to, an' I don't want to." He shot a look at me. "I like to see people's faces when I tell 'em."

"All right. Watch mine."

"Well," he said, "the war's over."

He got what he wanted. I stared at him, my face flushing, and I tried to say something and couldn't. He went on excitedly.

"It happened at Appomattox, with Lee an' Grant comin' face to face an' Lee sayin' he couldn't go on any more. Lucky thing it was, too, 'cause another few months an' they would 'a had me. They say as Grant must be a farmer hisself 'cause he let him keep his mounts—said when it come time to plow again—Hey!"

The sheep scattered as I turned and went through them, my spurs digging and my mount leaping away madly from the rowels. No convict ever walked out of jail the way I went back to the caravan. The thought kept pounding in my head: We don't have to do it! We don't have to! It's over! I didn't once think that the Cause was lost, that my brother had been killed for nothing, that blood and money had been wrung from the South until it lay like a corpse. I only knew that Lee and Grant had come face to face and had freed Clint and Jesse and me.

The oxen saw me coming and they swerved off the trail and balked, jamming up the train behind them. I came racing down the line, shouting the news, and the men went crazy. They sent shots rocking into the sky and they bawled openmouthed at one another and they sent their horses plunging round and round. The priest went heavily to his knees to pray, and Don Antonio just nodded and smiled and didn't say anything, and Mrs. Getty's eyes were glittering with tears.

Though it was only the middle of the afternoon we cut the animals out of harness and made camp. The men calmed down by smoking and shouting and congratulating each other, and no one would think of moving again on such a day.

In all the frenzy of excitement I remembered that there was still a piece of unfinished business, and I motioned Clint and Jesse to follow me. We walked out of sight of the others and sat down on the grass.

"The ambush is off," I said.

Clint nodded and said, "I'm getting older, but I've still got a few days and nights ahead of me if I keep my feet dry. It was the nights that were beginning to worry me. A man is awful alone at night."

We were quiet a minute. We were all thinking how close it had been.

Then I said, "Somebody's got to ride ahead to Keighley. He's probably heard the news and is getting ready to disband. Maybe he isn't even there. But there's just a chance that he hasn't heard. He stays off the main roads and doesn't mix with people. We don't want this train bushwhacked by mistake."

"I'll go," Clint said.

"You'd better start right now," I said.

We stood up. Jesse hadn't said a word, but now, as Clint turned to go, he called him back.

"Wait a minute."

Clint stopped.

Jesse looked at me and said, "You're forgetting about the gold. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold."

"What about it?"

"Think what it'll buy." His eyes flickered. "You were raised poor, Will, like me. You went without. You know what it means."

I looked at him as if he were crazy. "You haven't been listening. We're going to tell Keighley to call off his men because the war's over. Killing is over. *This* killing is over!"

"No, it isn't," he said. "Keigh-

Continued on page 162

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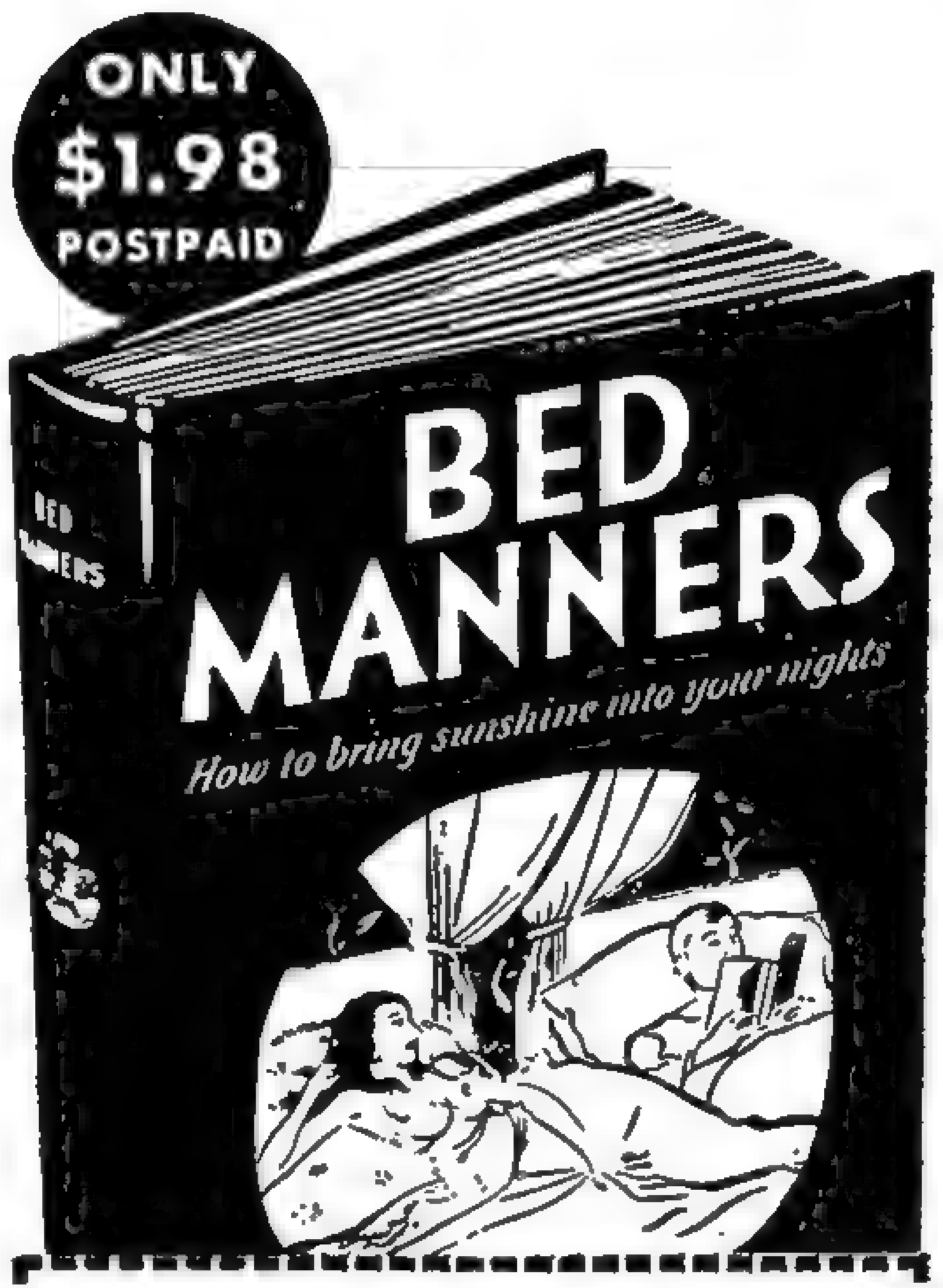
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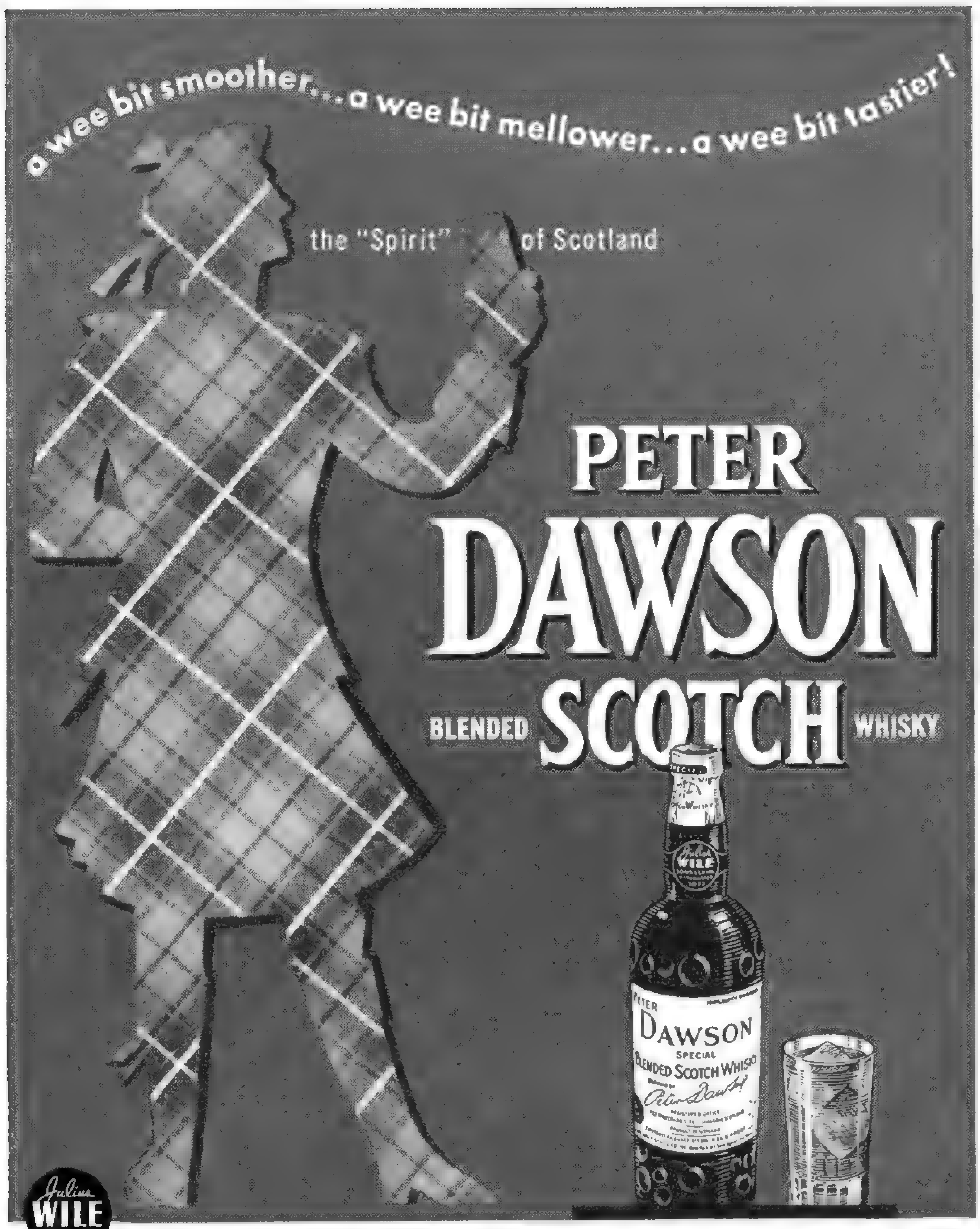
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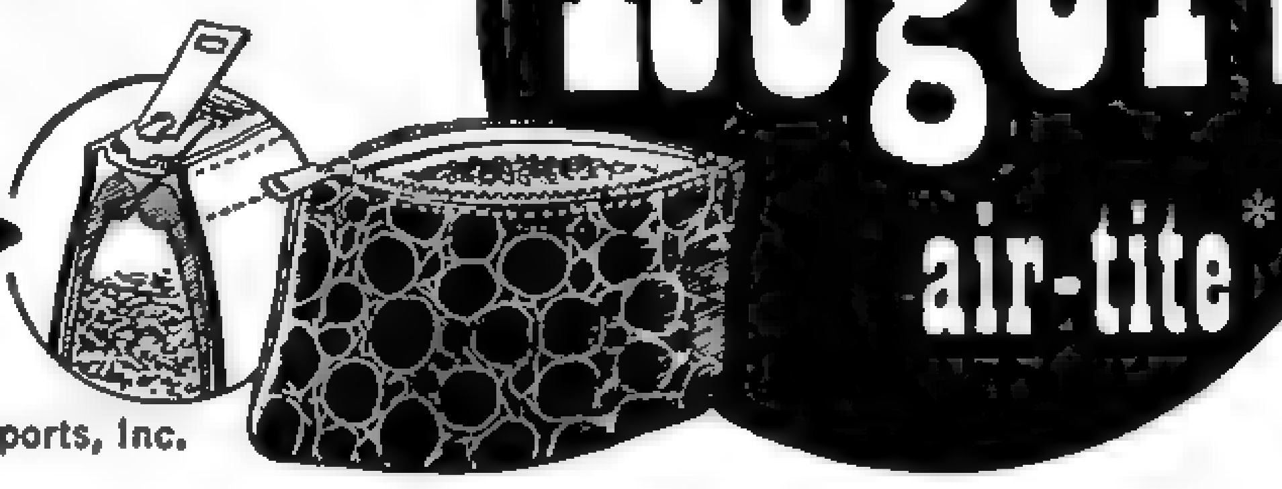

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ley's no guerrilla, Will. He's a bandit. So are Clint and me. So are you."

I was so sickened I thought for a minute I'd vomit. I couldn't see how it had happened. I'd lived with fighting men too long; I knew my way around, I wasn't dumb enough to bite and swallow. But I'd been taken, because I believed. And believing, I'd been trained on twenty different battlefields not to ask questions, but to get the hell forward. So it had been easy, easy to turn the believer into a cutthroat, and here was Jesse telling me all about it, as though we were brother-conspirators and all I needed was a little wheedling to push me along.

He was saying, "It's share and share alike, Will," and he was smiling. "Keighley was playing it safe, making out to be an irregular. If they caught him for stealing or killing, they wouldn't hang him. He could appeal—be a prisoner of war. It's smart when you look at it, Will, hiding in the flag."

I took him by the throat and I heard myself roaring. "You knew! All along you knew it!"

Clint took me by the arm, saying, "Will!" but I shoved him away and put my hand back on Jesse.

"You know how I hated to do it! You know I did it only because it meant money for the army—but you let me, you let me go on, all the way!"

He said, "Please, Will," between his teeth, in a grating voice, and I let him go. He fell to his knees and stared up at me, his hand moving slowly, back and forth across his brown throat.

"You see how it was then," he said hoarsely. "You were all South, Will, and a yard wide. And there was Keighley needing you bad because you knew the West, and not being able to tell you why. But he could tell me. He found out in a minute where I stood. We talked it over and decided."

I stood a minute until I was calmer. I said, "You decided I was to bring the train back, and then you'd tell me. Then you'd give me my share. Am I right?"

"At least ten thousand. Maybe more. A regular windfall for you."

"Or maybe *you'd* take my share," I said. "Maybe the ambush was for me, too."

He got back to his feet. "No, Will, you got it wrong."

I turned to Clint. His face was set, expressionless. "And did you talk it over with Keighley, too?"

"No, Will," he said. "No, I didn't. I put my trust in him."

"In that case, Clint," I said, "take his guns."

I covered Jesse and he raised his hands slowly.

"Don't act crazy, Will. Don't throw it all away."

"What about Clint?" I asked. "Was there a share for him, too?"

His face had gone white. "Yes. For him, too."

Clint hefted one of Jesse's guns in his hand. "I'll bet there was. Right out of this barrel."

"Clint," I said, "I hope your pants are tight."

"Tight enough, boy."

"Then take off your belt and tie his hands behind him."

To Jesse, I said, "Walk."

All I could think as we went

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back to camp was that it was worse than ever. A soldier, even an irregular, would think twice about shooting down any prisoners in cold blood. But Keighley was a bushwhacker, and he wouldn't want anyone around to point him out of a crowd later on and send him swinging. Keighley would have to be thorough.

The immediate problem was that of talking very straight to Don Antonio.

We made an interesting procession as we came up to him in camp, with Jesse bound between us. I jumped in with both feet and said, "Don Antonio, there's an ambush waiting for you about four miles down the trail. This entire train will be wiped out."

He had been staring at Jesse in bewilderment and now he looked at me. "How do you know?"

"I know," I said, "because I've led you into it."

I've seen a man's eyes smoke with hatred and his name was Chaves. I thought for a minute that he was about to raise his hand and give an order for the three of us to be killed where we stood. But instead he said bitterly, "The gold!"

"That's right, the gold. But not the way you think."

I told him my story and I talked fast. Time was running out. His guards had formed a circle around us, and I felt how anxiously they were waiting for that signal, too. But it didn't come. When I finished he looked at me a while in contempt, and then he turned to the priest.

"Well, Father?"

I kept talking. "I want to stay with you. There's a score to be settled and I want my part in it."

He spun on me. "You make a mistake, Mr. Owen, if you take me for such a fool!"

I knew that Keighley would have had a man out ahead. I knew that we'd already been sighted. I heard myself shouting at him. "There isn't time for talk! If we're going to save our lives we've got to move! We've got to make a run for it!"

He had turned wearily to the priest. "I was afraid, from the very beginning . . ."

The priest was watching me with narrowed eyes. "What do you suggest, Mr. Owen?"

"There's a ravine just past the Creek," I said. "It's almost a perfect trench. If we can get through, we can make a stand there."

"Suppose we turned around and went back. Could we avoid a fight?"

"It can't be done. Keighley's been to a lot of trouble. He's taken more chances than he should have. He's gambled—and he's not going to stop now."

"But if we ran away?"

"Gold makes a heavy load. He'd catch us in an hour or two—at the most."

"All right," the priest said slowly.

Don Antonio stared at him. "How can we trust him again!"

"We can't," the priest said. "So we'll ride behind him. You and I. We shall ride behind him, alert for the ambush. But if there's any sign of betrayal on the part of our leader, he shall be the first to die." He paused a moment, looking at me. "I myself shall kill him."

I said, "You've made yourself a deal, Father."

And to the men I said, "Dump the carriage and cut the oxen out. Fast!"

We needed horses in harness for the dash. But even without the carriage, there weren't enough mounts for the job, so we transferred the gold sacks out of the rear wagon and distributed them into the other two, packing them tight. The men clambered up into the wagons and on the sides, and when they were set we hoisted Jesse up with them for safekeeping.

I started to help Mrs. Getty into the second wagon but she knocked my arm away. "My luck with men," she said in a harsh voice.

I just looked at her. She hadn't finished yet.

"The coward and the sellout. A pair!"

"Keep your head down when the shooting starts," I told her.

We were ready to go. Clint and I were first on horseback, then came Don Antonio and the priest, also mounted, and finally the two wagons, sagging with gold and humanity. They looked like armored coaches, the way guns bristled along them. We went forward.

We rode for an hour, saving ourselves for the sprint, going at a walk—a much shorter train than we'd had before, a much quieter one. Thicker brush began to appear beside the trail, a few trees, and then dense woods. The countryside was turning wilder and greener, indicating an oasis in this flat land, indicating water and natural irrigation. We were on the edge of Cow Creek, and going in.

The rim of the sun was still showing, but shadows were getting longer and thinner and dusk was falling quickly.

Then a horseman came out on the trail and held up his hand.

He held it up palm out, in greeting, a peaceable traveler on the trail wanting to talk for a moment to some of his kind, to get the latest news and maybe some tobacco. He was a broad-chested man and he looked like a centaur, grown to his horse. The last rays of sunshine were glinting in the silver streaks of his beard. I was face to face with Keighley again.

This was evidently a reconnaissance trip, stepping out as a lone traveler, engaging us in talk for a few minutes while he looked us over and counted the number of guards, and saw exactly what he would be up against later that night when he made his move. He rode forward slowly, and when he recognized me his eyes twinkled.

I killed him with a single shot.

We lashed the horses and jerked forward at a run. They fired at us from the woods as we went through, but the death of Keighley had them in confusion. First of all, it wasn't supposed to begin until the middle of the night, when the train was fast asleep and there was only a man or two standing watch to contend with. And secondly, they were too busy picking Keighley off the ground and wondering what the hell had gone wrong. All we needed were those few indecisive moments. When they came after us we had already taken up our positions, and our fire made them break and

Continued on page 164

what a **MAN!**... *in*

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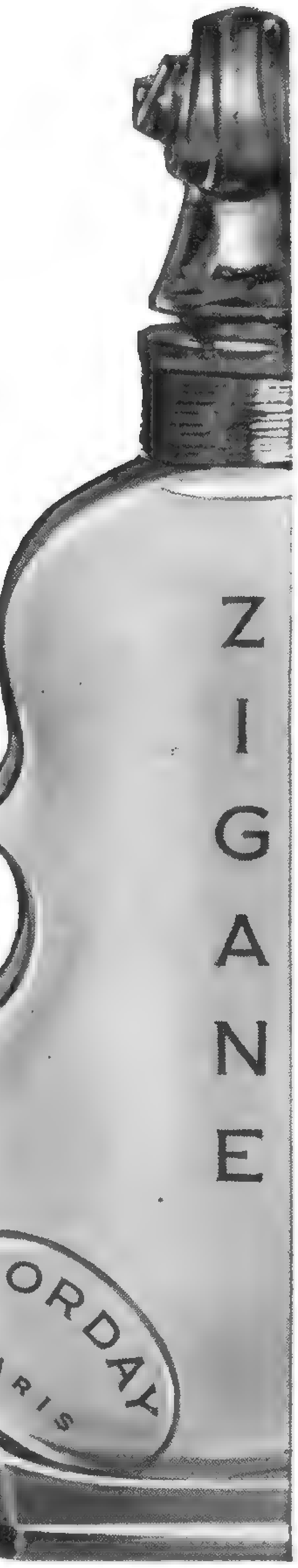

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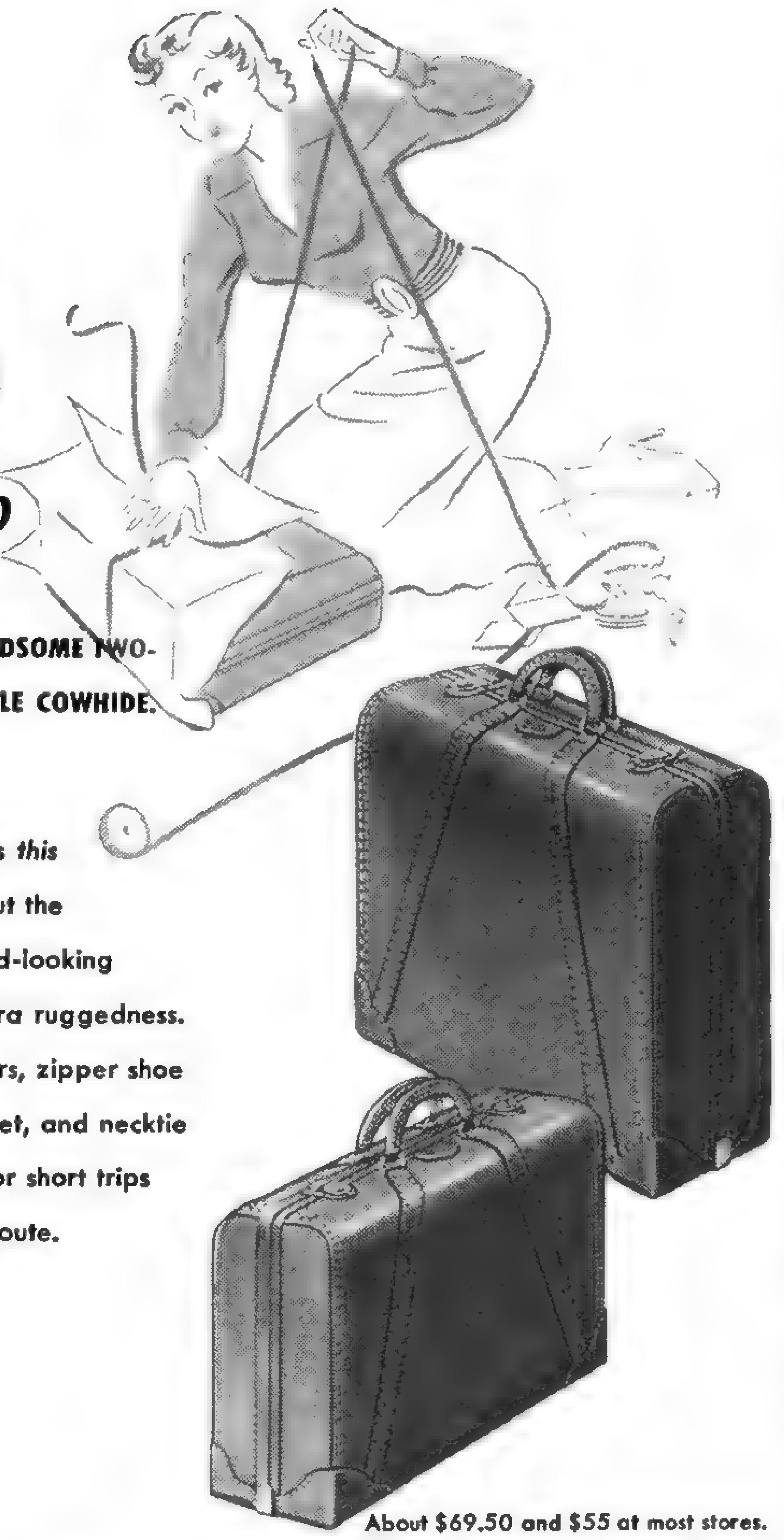

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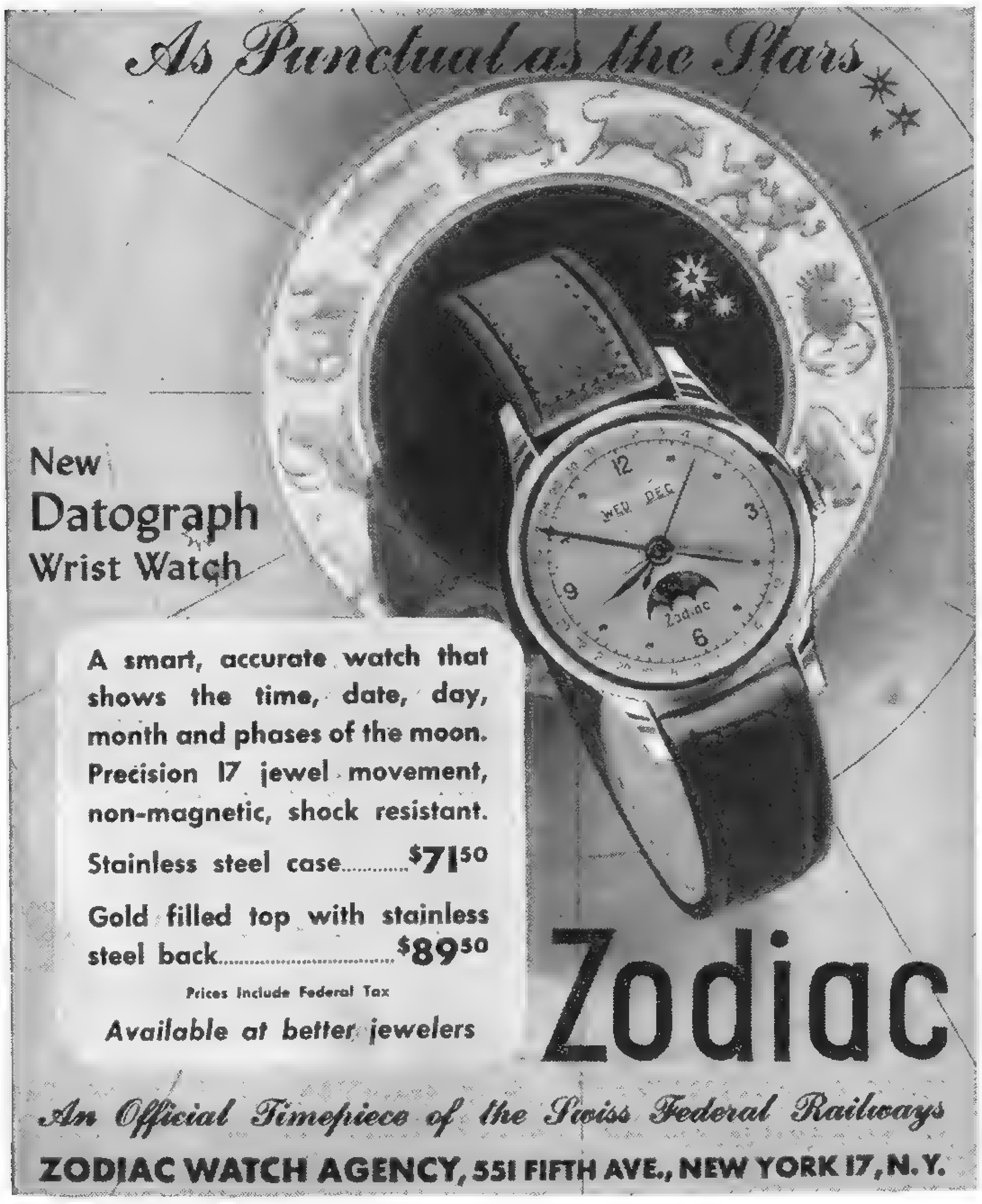

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run for cover.

In that first brush we lost all our horses, killed or driven off.

The ravine was deep and dry, just outside the Creek, but the country was flat again behind us so we had to stay put. They had the woods, and fresh water, and freedom of movement across our front and flanks. They knew where to fire to find us, and all we had was the flash of their guns in the darkness. We were ten and they were fourteen.

We crouched behind the stained bags of gold and they rang clearly every time they stopped a bullet. We probed gently at each other. Each time a man pulled his trigger he made himself a target, and nobody wanted more of that than was necessary. Besides, we weren't armies and we didn't have quartermaster depots behind us to bring in fresh cartridges. So we waited for daylight and held our fire and shot only when we thought we could kill.

They scored first. We were showing only the tops of our heads, and that was where Don Antonio caught one, just above the hairline, where the hole didn't even show. But you could see where it came out.

He died without a sound. He merely fell forward against the bank of the ravine and then rolled sideways into the priest's arms. When I crawled beside the body, Father Damasco had already turned away from the corpse of his friend to squint out once again into the darkness at the marauders. His lips moved in a murmur, pronouncing the words of the extreme unction, but he was careful to do so silently. There was no point in letting the enemy know.

He glanced at me when he was through and his fat shoulders moved in a shrug.

"The gold will go back to his family," he said, "who have no use for it. Their need was for him."

"And so was ours," I said. We were nine to fourteen.

Shortly afterward we were eight. I was making my way back when I stumbled over a body at my feet in the ditch. I crouched down to touch it and drew my hand away, wet. Then I lit a match and looked.

It was one of the guards, staring wide-eyed at the moon. A knife had been passed once across his throat.

Clint was beside me, holding his belt and some severed ropes in his hand. "Jesse's gone," he said.

We had trussed him up securely and left him on the ground behind us. We'd had no man to spare as a guard—the ropes had had to do. I remembered how he had smiled and been silent as we tied him, and I remembered how he had winked at me. And now he had slipped loose and crawled across to join them, and with dawn or just before it he would come back again with his new friends in a charge, come to take his share of the gold. The dead man he left behind had been in the nature of another wink at me.

Clint saw the body and said, "I see he left his calling card."

I looked at him, at the sunken old face, the white hair, the wild, drooping mustache.

"Clint," I asked him, "how do you feel?"

"You mean for an old man?" he grinned.

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"That's right."

"What do you want, Will?"

"Remember Benton? Remember how you took us out of a hole once?"

"Want me to try it again?"

"Yes, Clint."

He nodded, just once. "Nothing ventured—you know the rest."

"If Jesse could get across maybe you can make it the other way."

"Think they left the back door open?"

"I'm counting on it, Clint. I may be wrong."

"I'll let you know."

I took his hand. "Bring help. If you only had a mount—"

"God gave me two feet, Will, and a belly to crawl on."

He put his belt back on and was ready to go. We gave him a handsome sendoff, firing again and again, all at once, so that the front of our trench was a sheet of flame, and Clint vaulted up onto the level ground behind us and squirmed away into the darkness.

With Jesse, they now numbered fifteen again. We were seven.

Just before dawn, they finally tried it. They were dark shadows detaching themselves from the darker shadows of the woods and racing toward us in a straight line, holding their fire until they were on top of us. I remember throwing Mrs. Getty to the ground at my feet and firing carefully for their stomachs, and then some of them had come leaping into the trench and the blur of smoke was like a blur on my brain. There was a body grappling with mine and under my hands a bearded face with white eyeballs straining, and I tasted blood on my lips. At my elbow Father Damasco stood with two guns pointing toward me, pumping bullets, and I thought dully, *It's a mistake for him to kill me because without me there's one less.* Then he shouted in my ear, "Let go—he's dead!" and I released my hands from the man's throat and he dropped away from me.

I heard men coughing from the smoke and one was crying and cursing at the same time, and I noticed that the firing had stopped and that it was dawn.

She was alive and unhurt.

We had driven them off, but they had left a few behind, two dead in our trench and three on the ground before us. I remembered that one had been mine.

With five dead there were five shares to be divided among them, and the bandits were much wealthier men now.

I looked at our damage. We had lost a man, and we had two with shattered arms, but we were able to stanch their blood and they could still hold guns.

The day was a long one, with the sun rising early and glaring at us throughout. We lay prone and unprotected beneath it, and before long the bodies drew flies so we heaved them out of the trench. The dead horses had begun to smell.

Later, one of the wounded guards began to cry for water, and they heard him over in the woods and called for him to come and get some. They would even meet him halfway, they said, and they filled a canteen and threw it out into the open ground between our two positions. It rolled to a halt and lay there. The wounded man looked at it a minute and then turned away, clamping his mouth shut, and the subject wasn't mentioned again.

There was very little firing during the day. Jesse called to me a few times.

"Show yourself, Will. Give a man a shot."

And later, "What do you want me to tell your ma, Will?"

But otherwise they sat quietly in the woods. They would wait out the rest of the day and most of the night, and near daylight they would try it again. They probably figured on taking us the second time, and they were right.

I slept a while during the afternoon and when I awoke Mrs. Getty was sitting near me, watching.

I tried to smile at her. "Any word from Clint?"

She shook her head.

"He'll come back," I said. "He always does."

She was silent. I said, "You still going on to Missouri?"

"I'd be a stranger there. No, I'll try Santa Fe again. I'll see if I can buy my farm back. They'll want more than they paid for it, but I have a little saved." She stopped. "And you?"

"My home's in Virginia."

"I did my best," she said slowly, "and so did Roy—but land needs a man. The way women do." She was quiet a minute. "It's been such a long time."

I touched her face with my hand, just brushing it. "Do you think it's too late?"

"Yes," she said. "We're just talking. Clint will never come. And they will."

"Then let's stop talking."

I had kissed her before, but this time she returned it, clung to me. Despair was a passion, too.

When we heard the horses we thought they were coming again and we stood shoulder to shoulder, facing front. Then we were climbing out of the trench and the men were screaming their lungs out and dancing on the ground, because Clint had come back. He came astride a black army mount, among a host of riders in blue, a cavalry outfit, their sabers jangling, their guns out. They swept past us in single file and then turned, a straight line, plunging into the woods, firing. The line remained unbroken—the bandits mounted and fell away before them, and the Federals clattered after them through Cow Creek and into the open country beyond it.

Clint pulled away from them and galloped over to us. He came grinning off his mount and his arms were around me.

"You all right, Will?"

I held him a minute and then said, "Thanks, Grandpa."

The grin was splitting his face. "I bet I gave you a start, boy—me riding with bluebellies."

"I want your horse, Clint," I told him.

"Relax, boy. This is a Union show. They been hunting Keighley for a long time."

"I want to see Jesse," I said.

"All right. Get going."

I went up in the saddle. Mrs. Getty silently watched me go.

To join them for the chase I had to cut through the woods. It was dark in there, green and silent, and I let the horse slow down and pick his way. I heard the sounds of the battle far ahead—the bandits had been caught, had turned to fight—and

Continued on page 166

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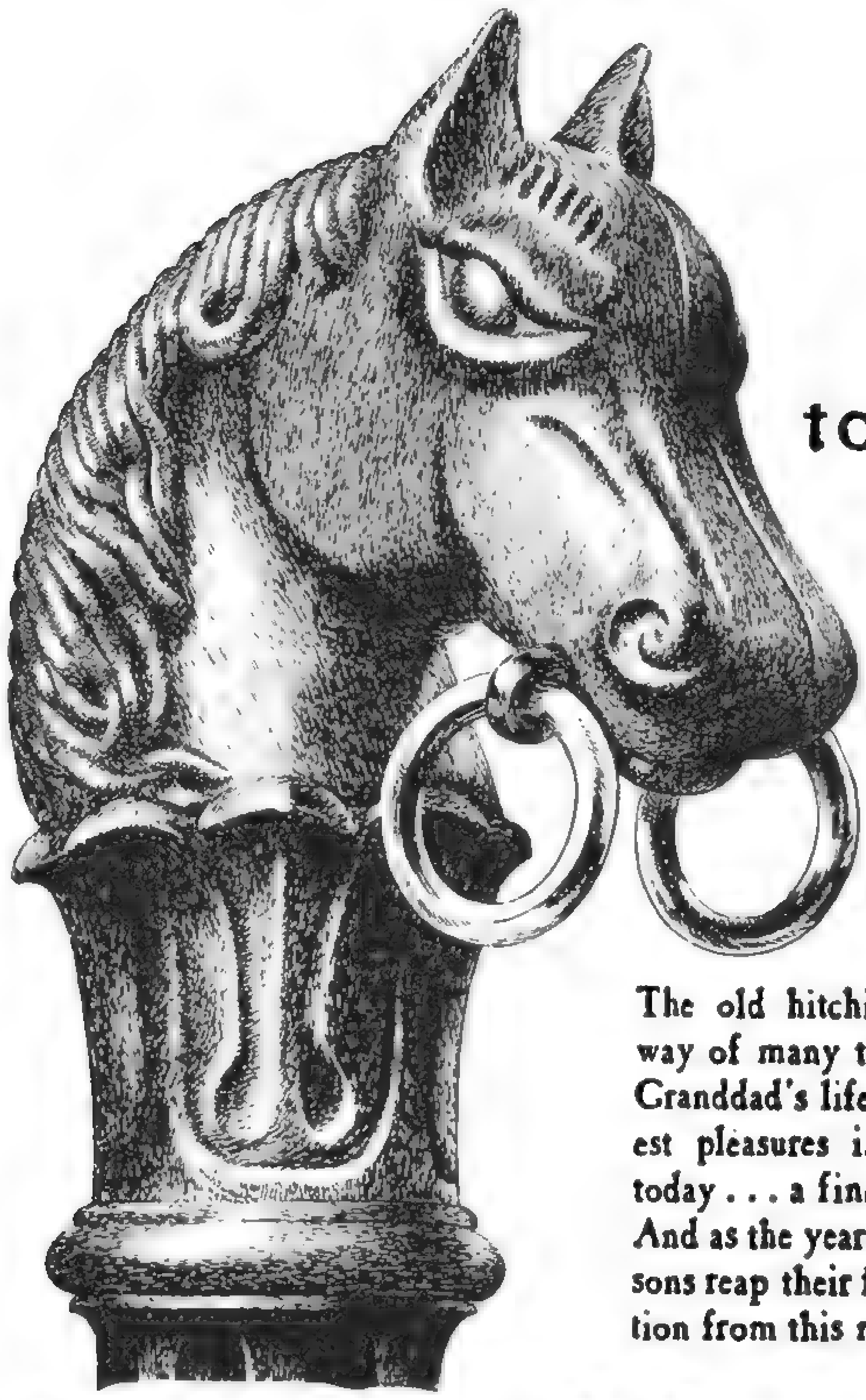

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the fight wouldn't last long. I was in a hurry to be with them, to look into Jesse's face for the last time, so I touched the mount with my spurs. He jumped forward, was in a gallop, and then suddenly he collapsed beneath me and went stumbling into the long grass, and the splintering sound of a shot echoed among the trees. I rolled a few times and then scurried back beside the dead horse. After a few minutes I put my head up slowly. I couldn't see a thing in the shadows—until a shadow stirred.

A voice said, "That was my last shot."

I said, "Too bad, Jesse."

I got up carefully and walked over to him. He leaned beside the trunk of a tree, half-hidden in the grass. His black hair was matted on his forehead, glistening with sweat, and his face was terribly pale. His hands were nerveless beside him, the useless gun lying in his lap. I bent to pick it up. There was blood in his lap, too.

The gun was empty—I threw it aside and looked back at him. He squinted up at me and I saw the pain in his eyes. It took him a minute to recognize me, and then he said, "I didn't know it was you, Will. I wouldn't have . . ."

"Sure you would, Jesse."

He shook his head. "No, Will. No . . ." His body shuddered. "What will you do with me?"

"They'll want to hang you," I said. "Only they're not going to know. When they're through mopping up they're going to find you in the trench. They'll thank you for defending the gold."

"And then?"

"You'll be taken care of. When you're able to ride you'll get a mount. Then you'll go away. You'll disappear. You'll never be seen in Virginia again."

"Who'll nurse me? Mrs. Getty?"

"That's right."

"Sounds nice. But I'm not going anywhere."

"You'll do what I tell you."

He smiled. "I'm dying, Will."

He had been shot in the groin, and his blood was running from his lap, wetting the grass, black against the dark green, Jesse's life draining out of him. I was suddenly very angry because I felt something stab at me. It was the wash of memory, the times that had gone and the times that would never be. It was Jesse Wallace as a young kid and Jesse Wallace as a man. And now it was Jesse Wallace going out because of some rawhide bags swollen with gold.

I bent toward him. "Put your hands around my neck."

What was it we had called him at home? Mr. Kicker. That's how he had played poker, always holding on to a kicker. And he had one now, too, hidden in the grass, and his hand was on it.

I got back as fast as I could, and we shot at the same time. There was a block of concrete smacking me in the side, dull on the outside and scalding within. I felt my legs weaving and I wanted to sit down, but I managed to keep my feet.

He had slipped over so that his head was buried in the grass. It took all I had to turn him over. When I did I found that he was still smiling.

I went back to Mrs. Getty. ⁂

Continued from page 95

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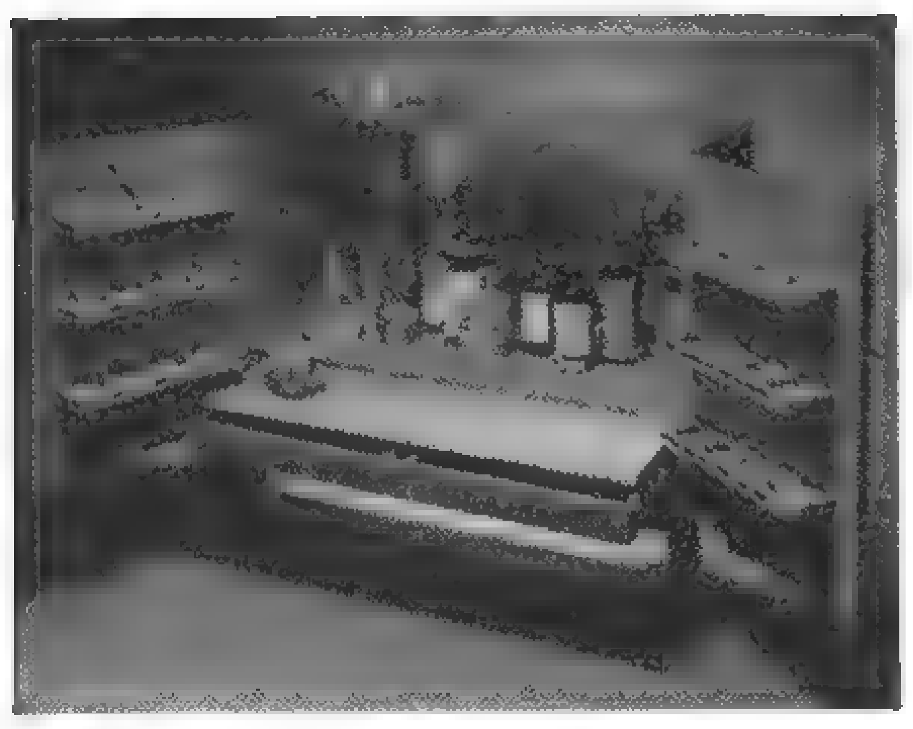

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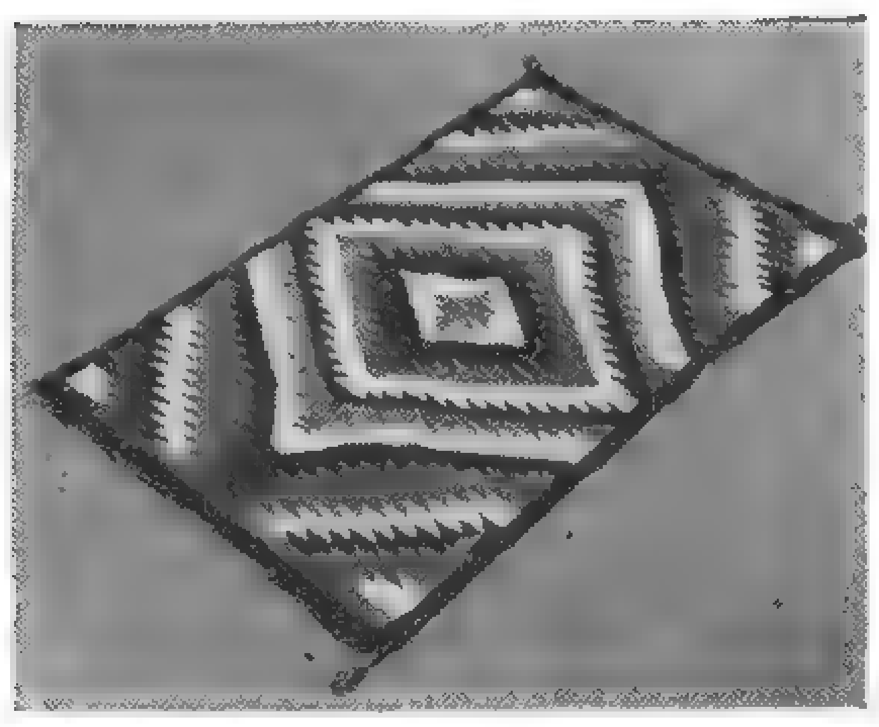

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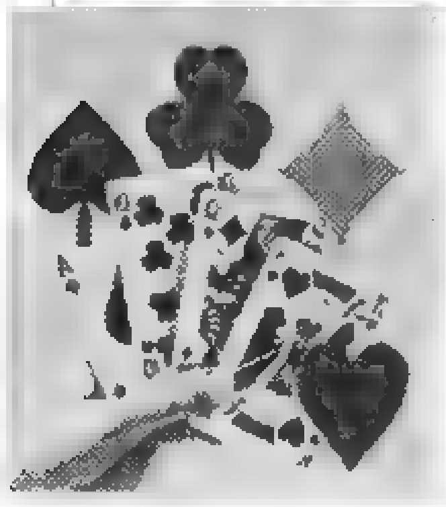

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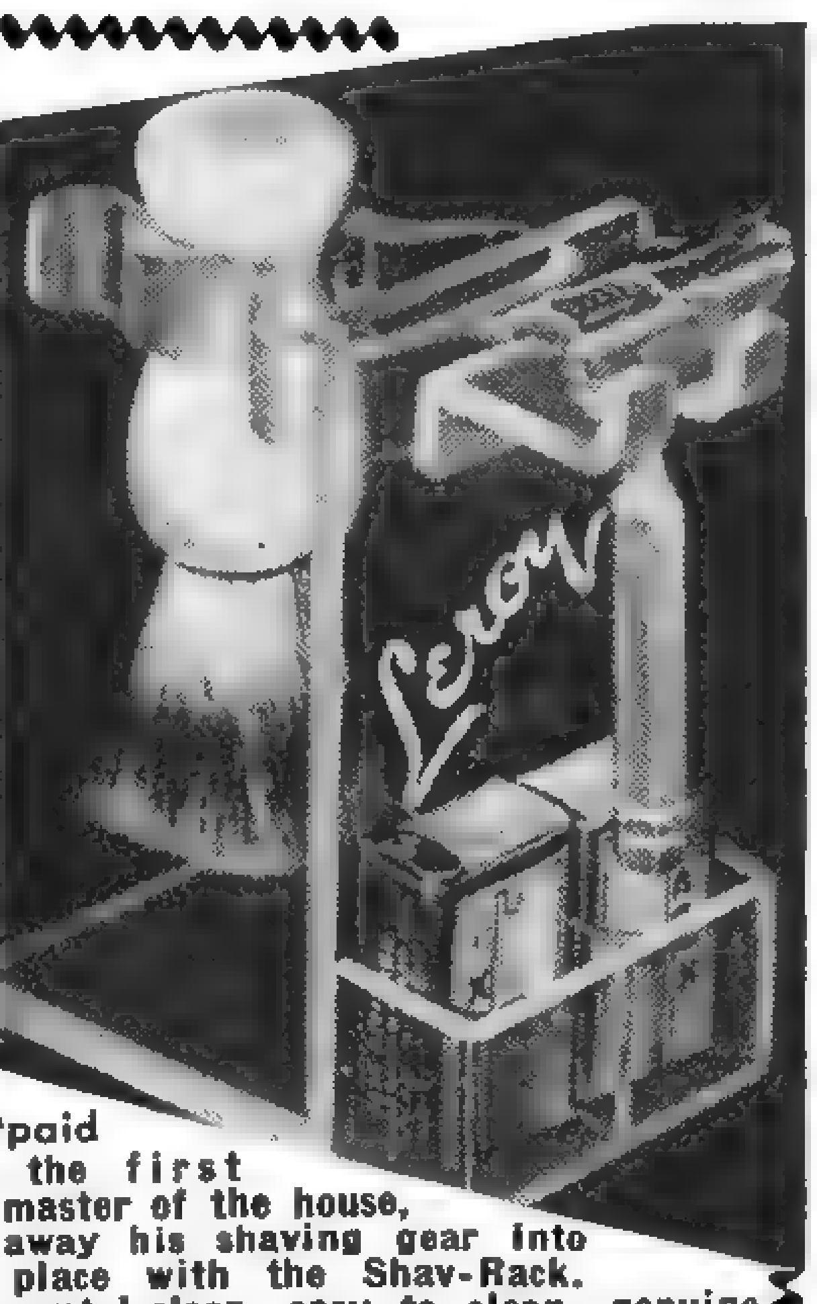

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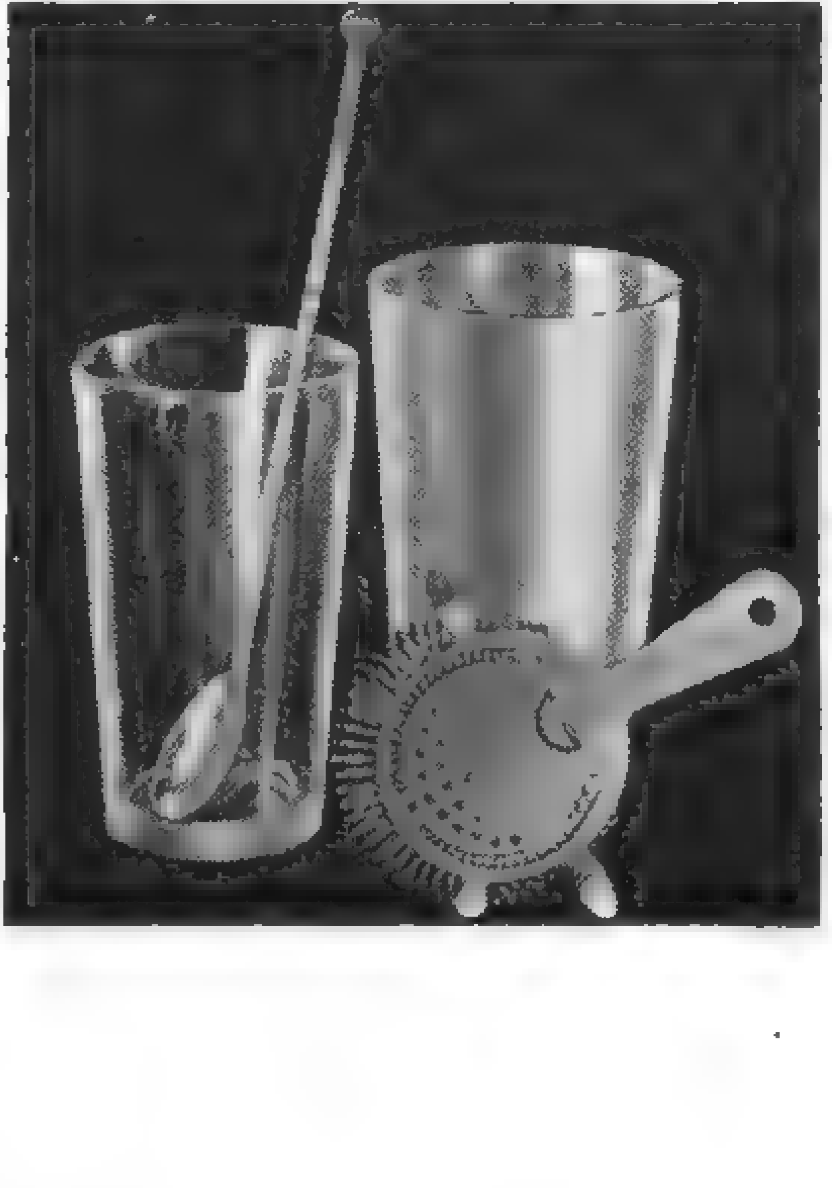

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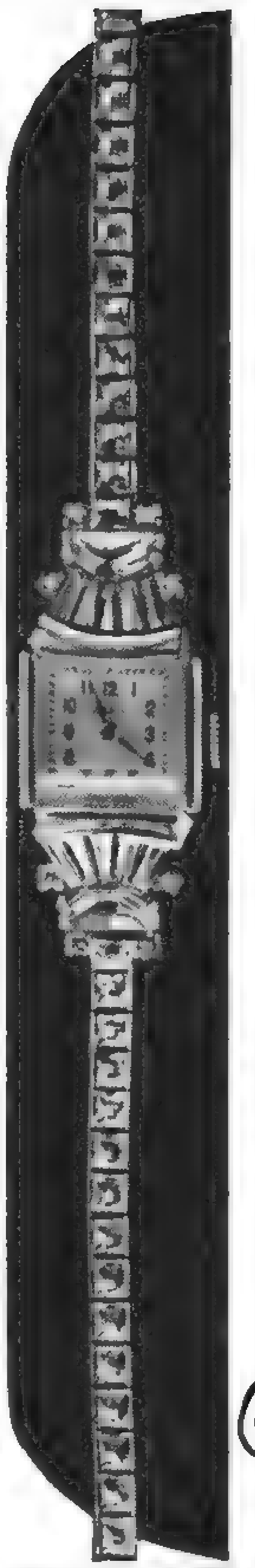

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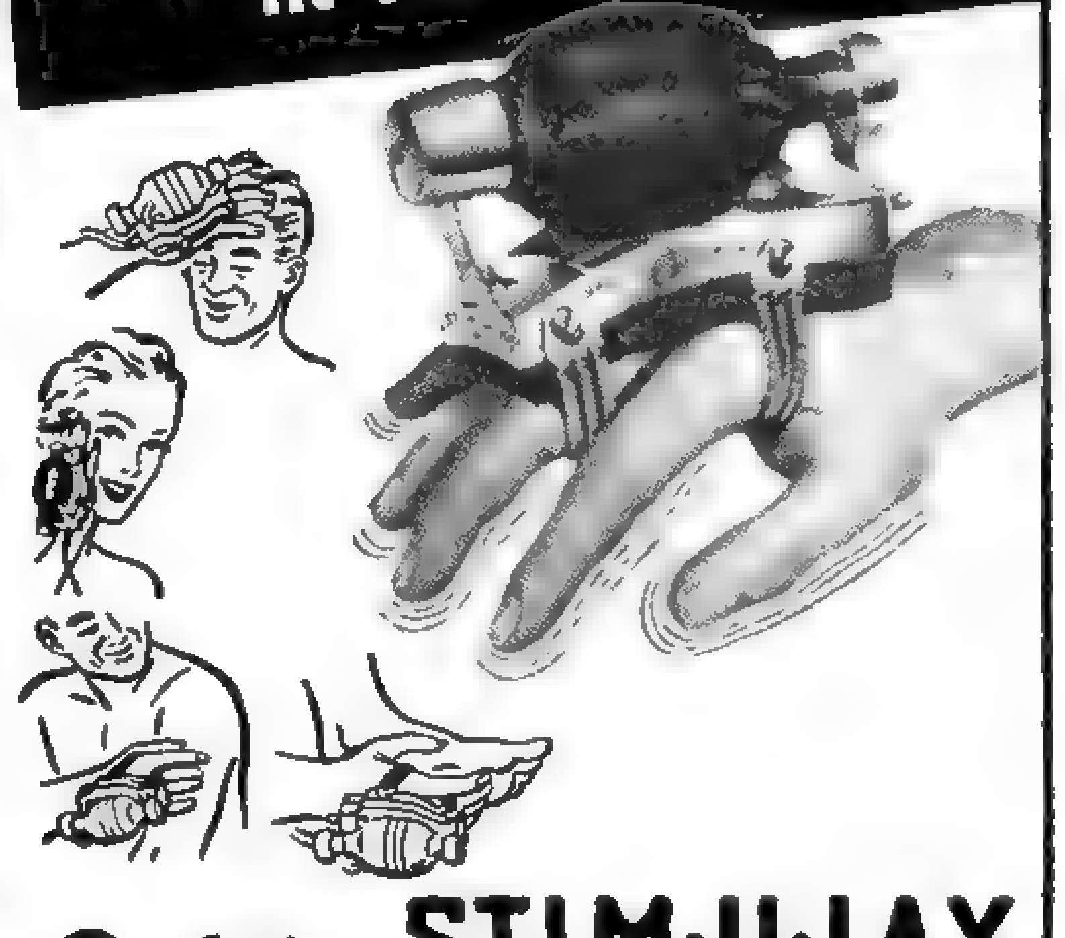

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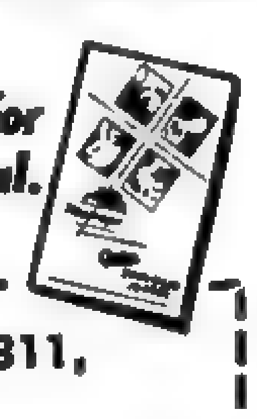

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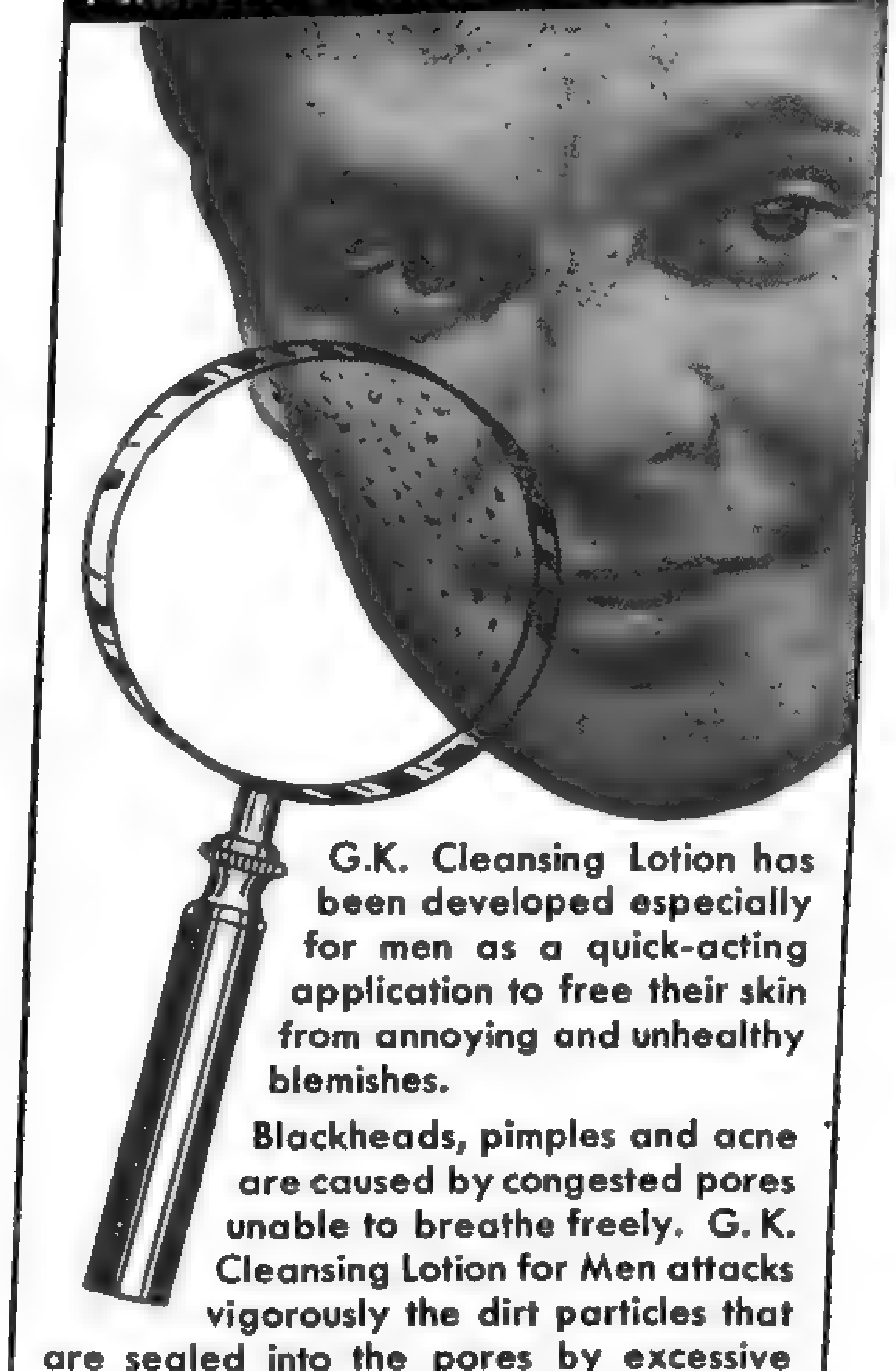
ATTENTION — Men with OILY SKIN • BLACKHEADS • PIMPLES • ACNE • OPEN PORES



G.K. Cleansing Lotion has been developed especially for men as a quick-acting application to free their skin from annoying and unhealthy blemishes.

Blackheads, pimples and acne are caused by congested pores unable to breathe freely. G. K. Cleansing Lotion for Men attacks vigorously the dirt particles that are sealed into the pores by excessive skin oils. Normal skin function is restored by this deep-pore action and all embarrassing face blemishes disappear quickly.

Use G. K. Cleansing Lotion for Men when traveling and in the office as a refreshing all-day skin conditioner. G. K. Cleansing Lotion for Men is ideal for before and after shaving, too.

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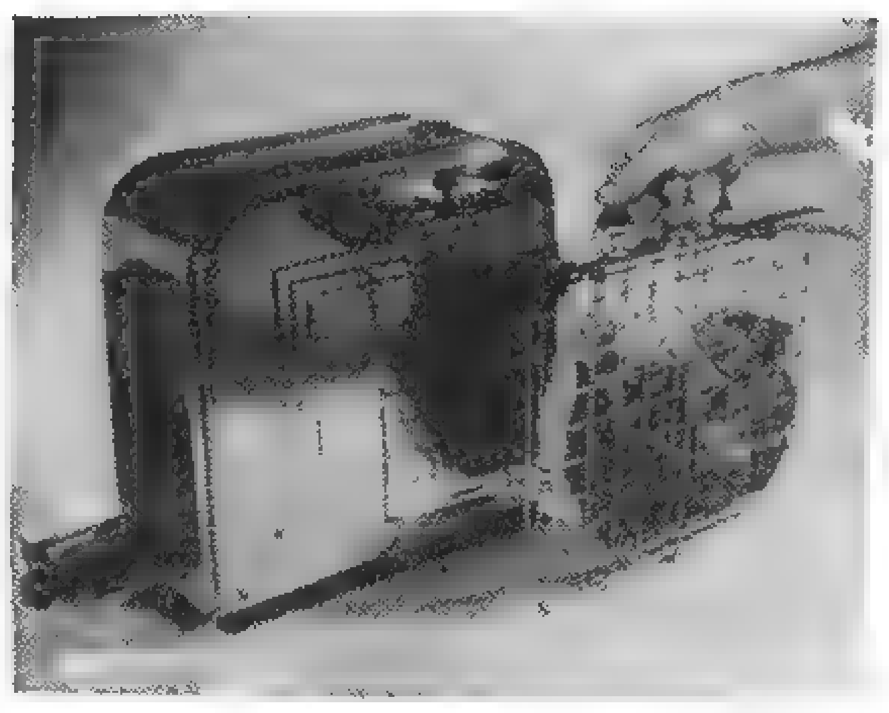

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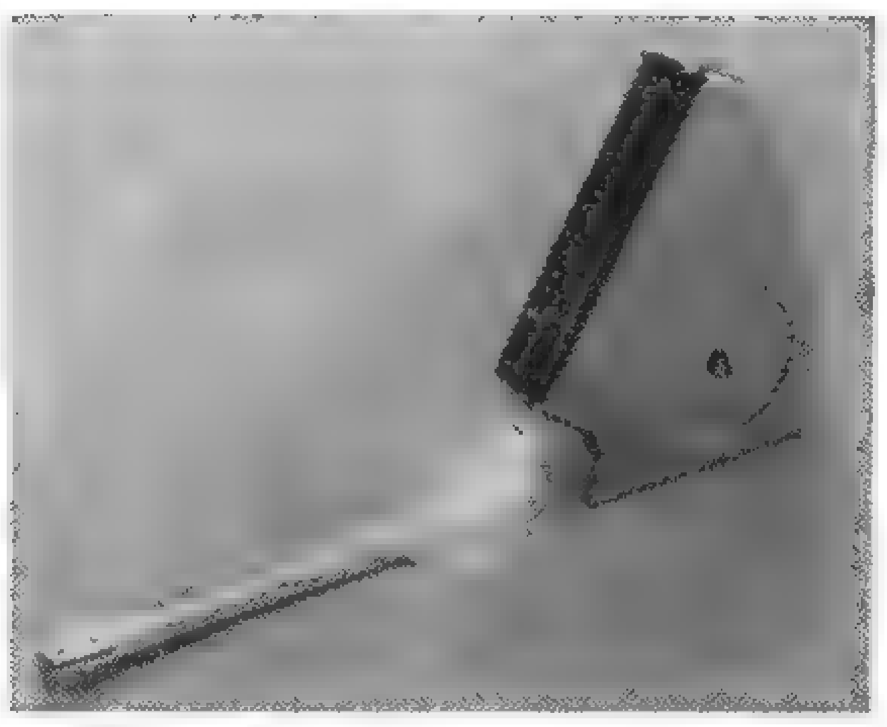

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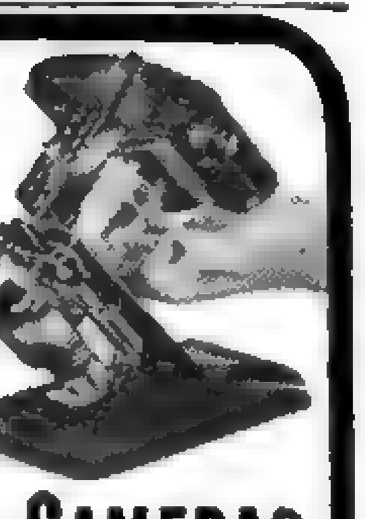

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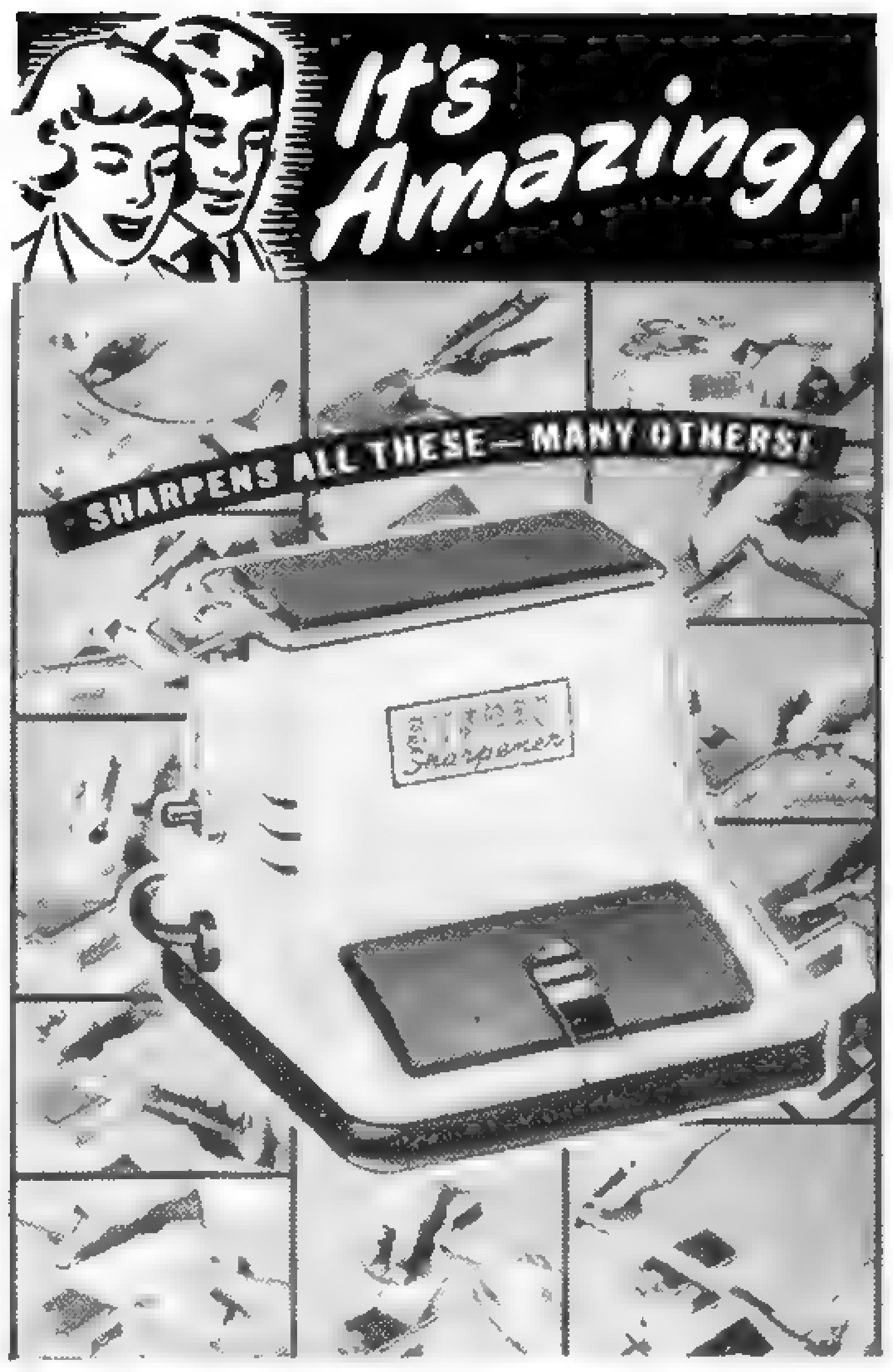

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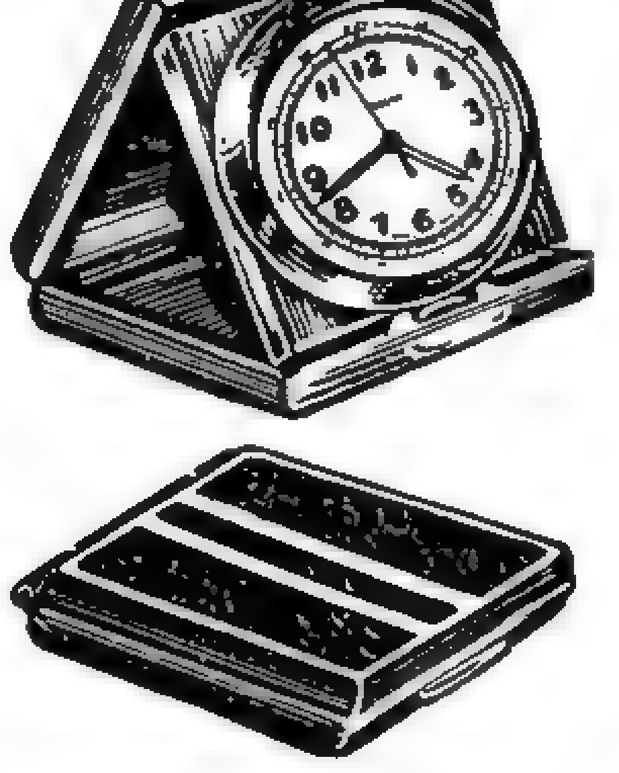

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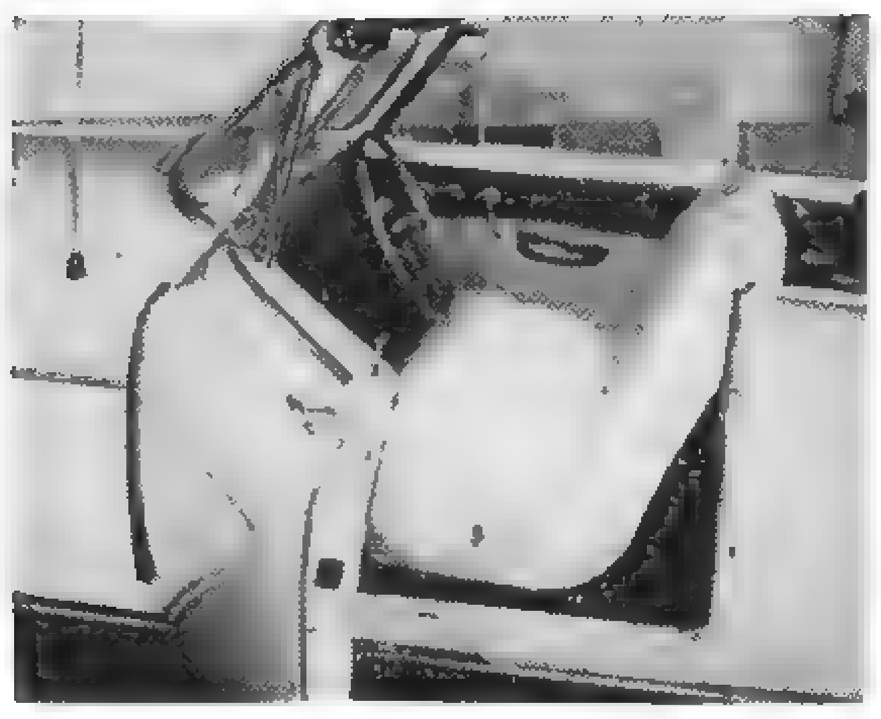

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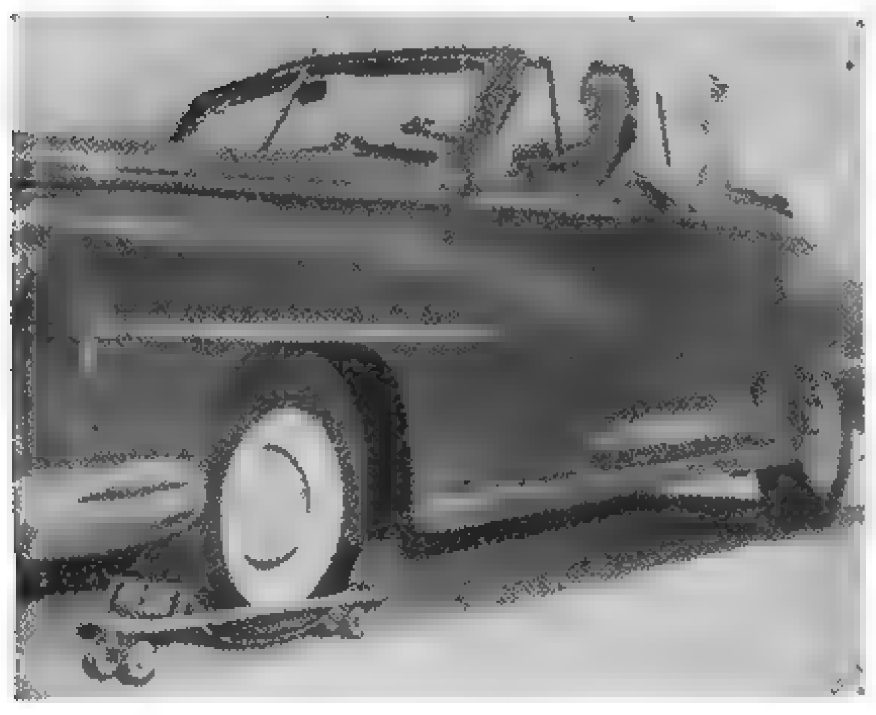

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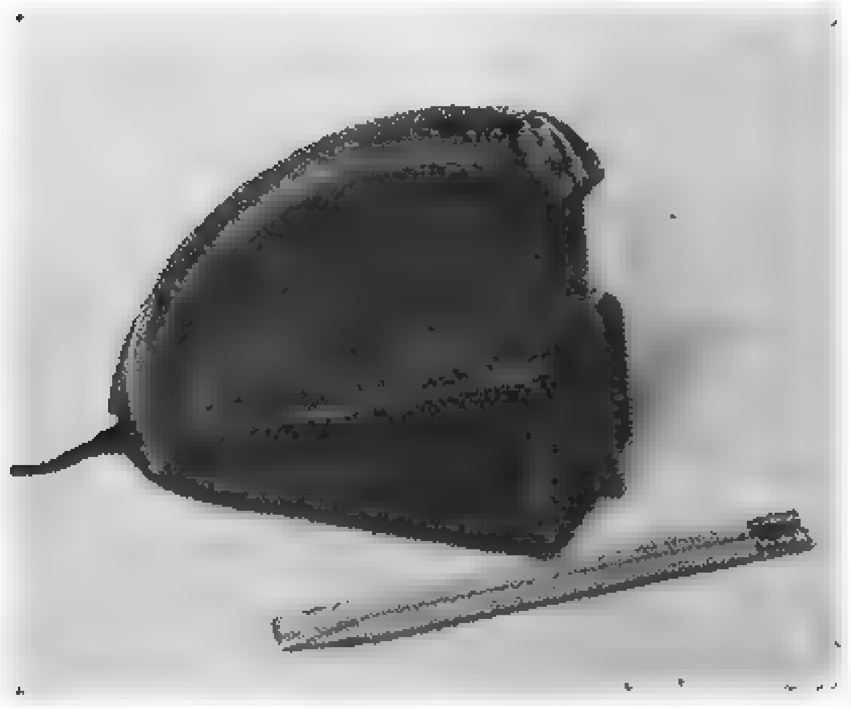

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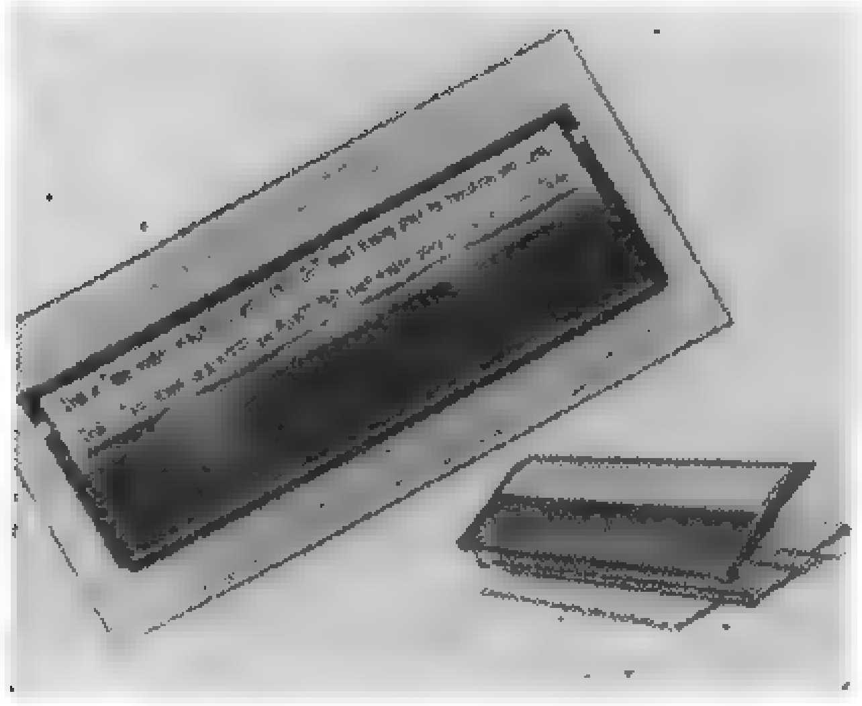

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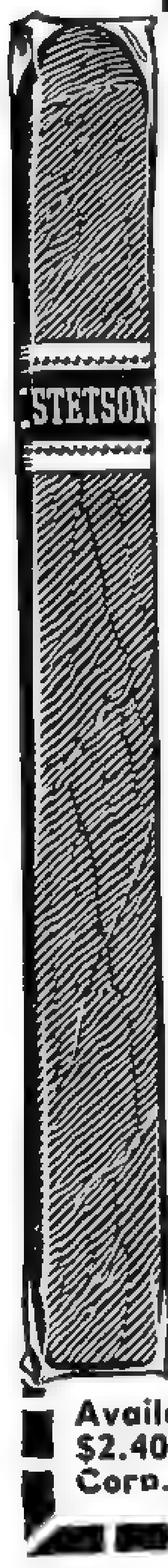

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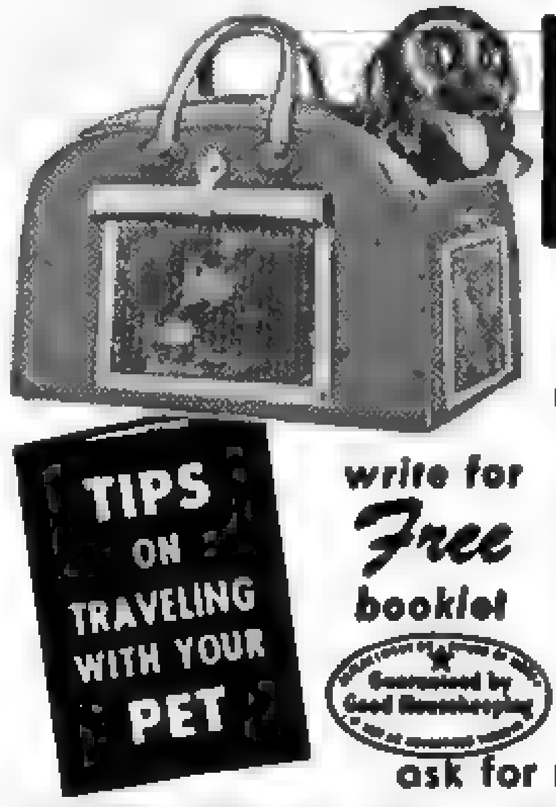

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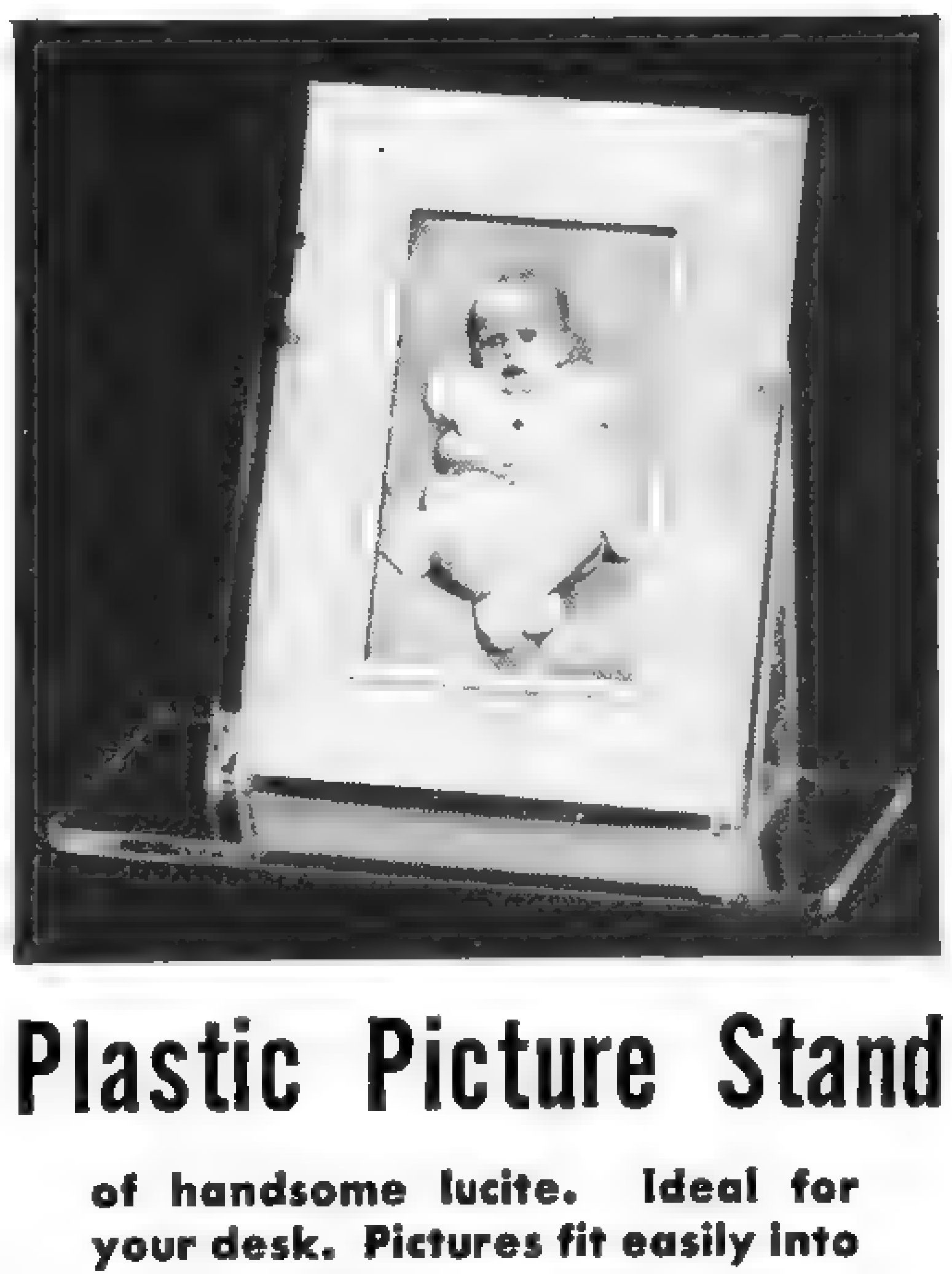

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GOING PLACES

Painting the Town

THE BUSINESS of night-clubbing presents its problems these parlous nights, God wot. It would, of course, be a relatively simple matter to charge the whole sorry situation up to the heartless acquisitiveness of some of the men who operate the clubs. It would be an absolute cinch. It would not, however, be quite fair. For the bonifaces have their problems too. Food is prohibitively high, entertainers (and alleged entertainers as well) are demanding high salaries, and, most important of all, business is off—way, way off. As a result, the night club owner—and the restaurant owner, too, for that matter—is confronted with an authentic dilemma. Should he cut down the portions of food he serves? Should he leave the portions alone and, instead, raise the prices? Or should he, as men were known to do in the black October of 1929, solve the whole engulfing mess by simply blowing out his brains? All of which is a somewhat circuitous way of getting around to the fact that there are still a handful of entrepreneurs giving it the old college try—a regular cheer for the team, a locomotive, and hit the line for the dear ol' Silver Slipper!

IT IS NO accident that the names of certain men—and of the establishments they operate—crop up again and again in these dispatches from the ringside table. These men, after all, are among those who have enough integrity to try to give a full measure of value. It hardly need be said that they deserve to be encouraged. What does need to be said, however, is that you are doing yourself, as much as them, a favor when you patronize their pleasure domes. So please understand that when we mention their names we are not being tautological—merely helpful. Esky does not take this franchise lightly and when he recommends a place it is because he thinks it will give you your money's worth.

EITHER IN THIS space or in the responses to your letters of inquiry, Esky also takes it upon himself to try to dissuade you from patronizing places which will prove a waste of time and money. Let us, if you will, examine West 52nd Street for a moment. We choose it because the mail is always full of letters asking for information about Swing Street, as it used to be known. Well, we'll tell you about West 52nd Street in as few words as possible. Here, with several notable exceptions, is a street, on which we cannot recommend that you spend too much time. Is this trip necessary? Not if it's to some of the alleged flesh-pots of 52nd Street it isn't. Which is not to suggest that we hold any brief against flesh-pots, but simply that we loathe the fraudulent ones—ones that serve bad rye and indifferent entertainment and, in the process, will clip you if they can. But if you go to 52nd, the following are among the places that have something worthwhile to offer, such as Jack & Charlie's—or, if you will, 21—because in return for its unblushingly steep prices it has swell food, more or less swell people, and a wonderful atmosphere. We think you will like it very, very much. Also on West 52nd, a block or so away, is the Hickory House, which still serves superlative food at remarkably reasonable prices. The steaks are still cooked over hickory logs and the portions are still substantial and the atmosphere is still warm and inviting. Furthermore, the Hickory House serves lunch—a good lunch at a price designed to make it unnecessary for you to drop by Fort Knox on the way.

LEON & EDDIE'S is a fine brassy cabaret—and no nonsense about it either. If you are inclined to dissent from this view, you might stop and consider the fact that here is a place which has been doing business at the same old stand for a long, long time. If it did not have something to offer, you may be sure that it would have folded many years ago. But what it has to offer is not too easy to describe. It has girls, of course, and girls on the order of the girls at Jimmy Kelly's down in the Village—which is to say, quite attractive girls indeed. Then, too, it has Eddie Davis, the proprietor, taking over every so often and singing a roundelay or two. It also has good food. Not 21 food, to be sure, but not 21 prices either. In other words, we recommend L & E's.

TO GET BACK to the thesis with which we started this piece, we would say that the managements of Leon & Eddie's and 21 and the Hickory House are among those who do not take their responsibilities lightly. In an age when entrepreneurs are inclined to take their grievances out on the poor customers, these establishments try to do their jobs efficiently and with as little hurt to the clientele as possible. It is a pleasure to mention them, just as it is a pleasure to mention places like the Press Box, the Stork, the Copacabana, Ricky's, Tim Costello's, the Latin Quarter, the Colony, and the King of the Sea. For while all these places differ from one another in several respects, they all have one thing in common. That is the feeling that the customer is a human being.

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

WITH ESQUIRE

Getting Away From It All

NOW THAT FALL winds are beginning to funnel blasts of chilly air through the streets of northern cities, and the faces of our friends start to go green with their regular winter pallor, those of us who can get away for a winter holiday start thinking about Florida, palm trees, and what the sun would feel like, baking into the small of our backs.

REGAINING THEIR ANNUAL pre-winter popularity are traffic representatives of the Florida East Coast, Seaboard Air Line and Atlantic Coast Line railroads, and anybody else with influence enough to get reservations on short notice on one of the crack southbound trains during the season. And friends of people on Delta, Eastern and National airlines are suddenly calling them up for lunch, "Just to talk over old times, old man . . ."

THE CONVERTIBLE SET, meanwhile, are getting their cars greased and checked-over and are unfolding maps and marking highway routes on them with thick black pencil. If you're seeking a fast, safe and scenic road to the south, one of your best bets would be to follow the Ocean Highway along the general route the birds followed, when they took off for warmer climes a short while back.

THE OCEAN HIGHWAY runs 1,365 miles from New York to Miami, by-passing the big cities of the north with the help of the New Castle and Cape Charles ferries, and giving you a chance to stop over at such southern tourist centers as Virginia Beach, Wilmington, N. C., Myrtle Beach and Charleston, S. C., Savannah and Brunswick, Ga., and Jacksonville and the whole of Florida's wonderful east coast. There are fine hotels along practically every mile of the route, of course, but if we were doing it we'd sure try to arrange our itinerary so that it included overnight stops at the Cavalier at Virginia Beach and the Fort Sumter at Charleston. Whatever you do, be sure to spend some time in Charleston, truly a gem of the Old South. The Ocean Highway Association, P.O. Box 1552, Wilmington, Del., will be glad to send you highway maps, hotel listings, etc., if you write to them.

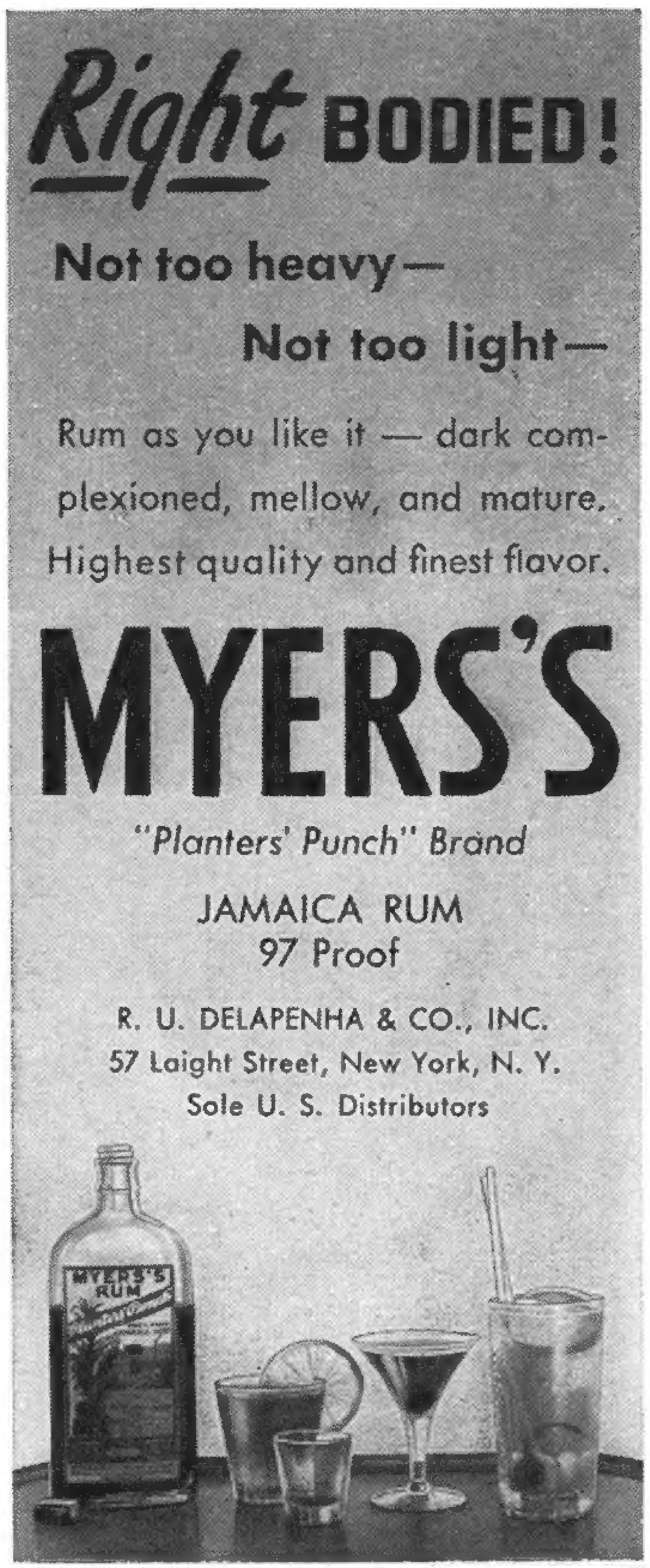
AT ANOTHER WILMINGTON, this one in New York, is another place you'll want to make a stop—if you're heading your car north toward Lake Placid and the ski country of the Adirondacks. This is especially true if you've got a restless kid or two climbing around the back seat. Within a mile or so of Wilmington, built on the side of Whiteface Mountain, is a village straight out of Hans Christian Andersen—nine houses with red and blue roofs and the gingerbread sort of architecture that popped out at you from the pages of your sixth-grade reader. The place is called Santa's Workshop. It's equipped with real reindeer, a blacksmith making toys at an old forge, a toy shop, a red and yellow water wheel driven by a small mountain stream, and Santa himself, complete with rosy cheeks, white beard and red suit. A visit to the village—and a threat not to stop in on the way back—should be enough to keep a carful of kids quiet for a thousand miles of driving.

A NOSTALGIC NOTE is added to our mail this month by word of the planned formation of a Kilroy Club. Its object is to offer ex-service men and women economical vacation tours to Switzerland, and it is the brain-baby of Mr. Florian Niederer, a Swiss who was in charge of the GI leave program in his country during and after the war. Niederer has gotten so much mail from former GIs who would like to see Switzerland again that he sold the idea to the Swiss National Tourist Office, of which he is an official.

THAT GLOW YOU SEE around Central Park these early evenings is the good old New England hospitality that has been overflowing from the Park Sheraton Hotel ever since the Sheraton people, a Yankee outfit if ever there was one, took over the Park Central Hotel, renamed and transformed it. "Transformed" is the word. There's a feeling of spaciousness and light, and a bright and cheerful atmosphere makes itself apparent as soon as you enter the lobby. A main dining room has been built on the lobby floor, and it has become one of the best eating places in the Central Park area. And doors opening to the famous swimming pool from the ballroom give banquet and convention managers a chance to put on their own aquacades.

THAT THE GOOD OLD DAYS of luxury cruising are back is underlined by the announcement that the new Cunard White Star Caronia is due to sail early in January on one of the most beguiling itineraries that ever seduced a man into chucking up his business. In eighty days her lucky passengers will cover more than twenty-one thousand miles of travel to South America, Africa, Asia, Europe and the Mediterranean. That's all!

If you wish further details or other information relating to travel, your inquiries will be welcome. Just send queries and stamped, self-addressed envelope to Travel Editor, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.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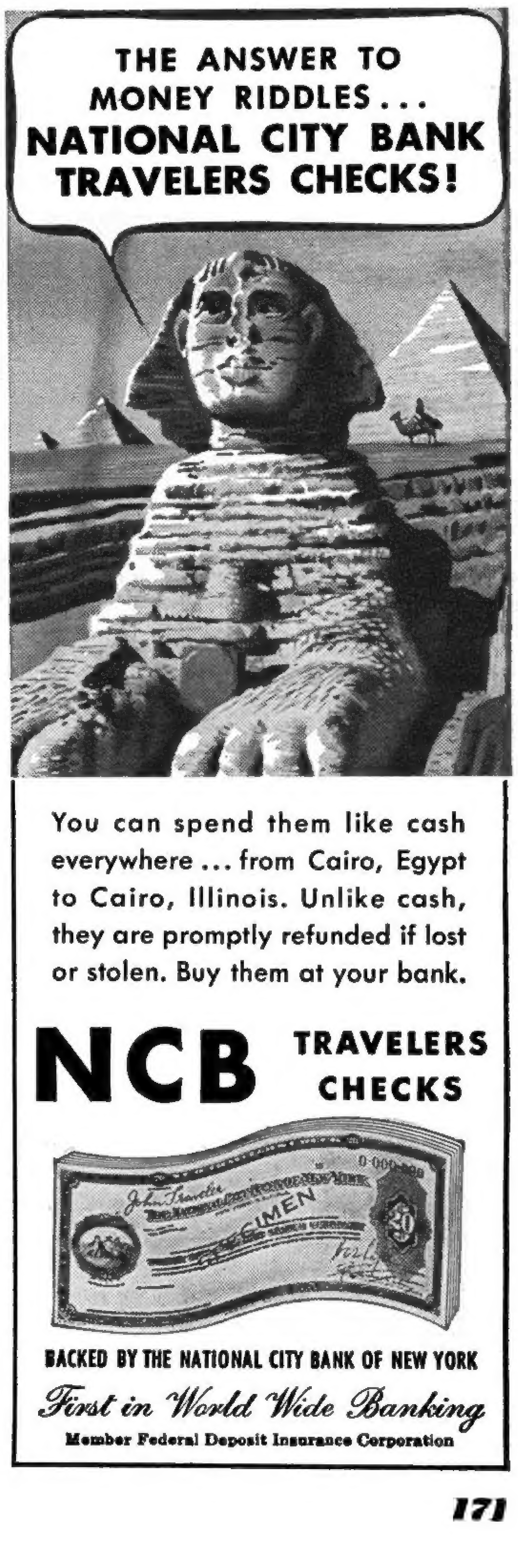
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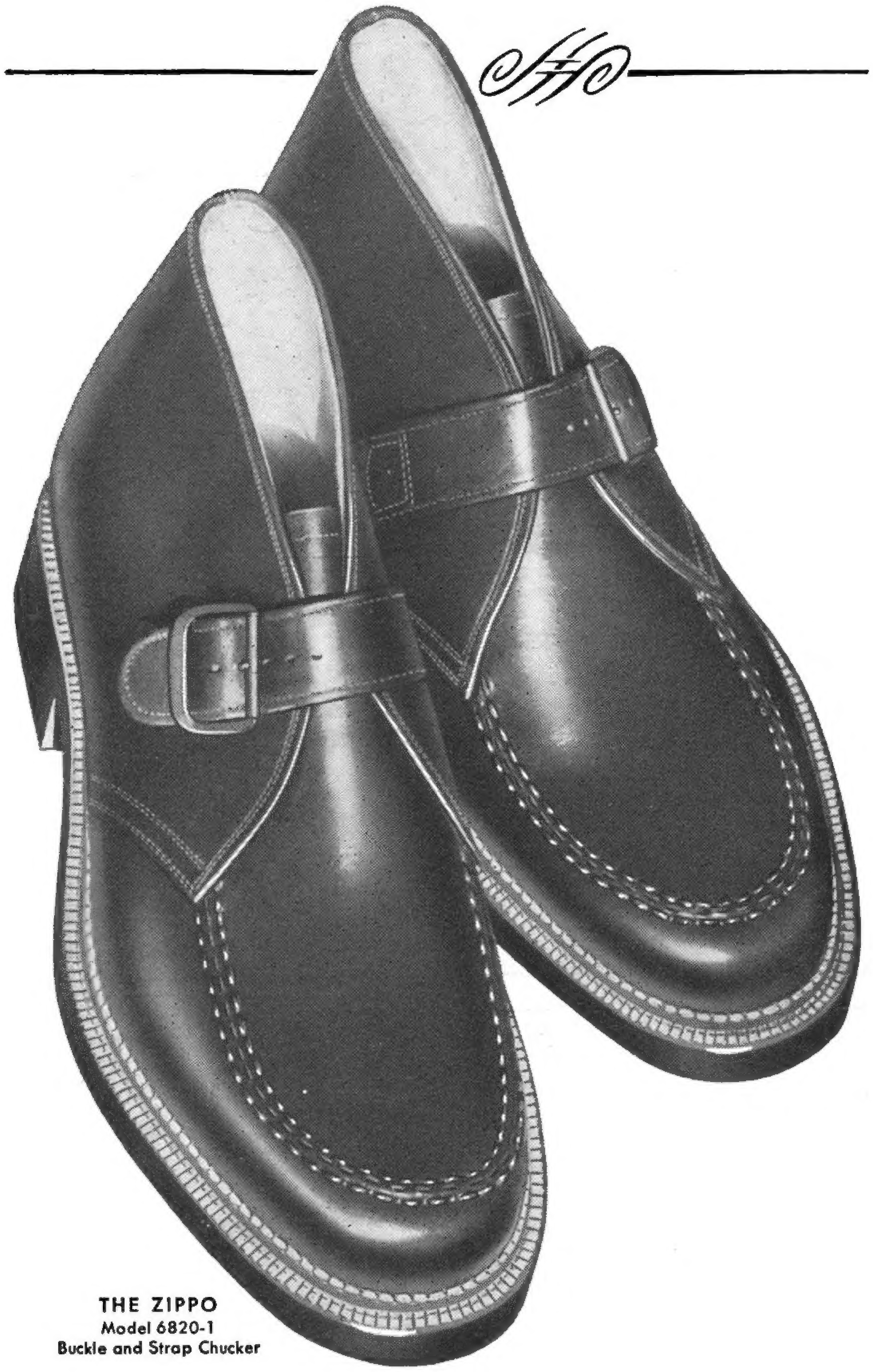

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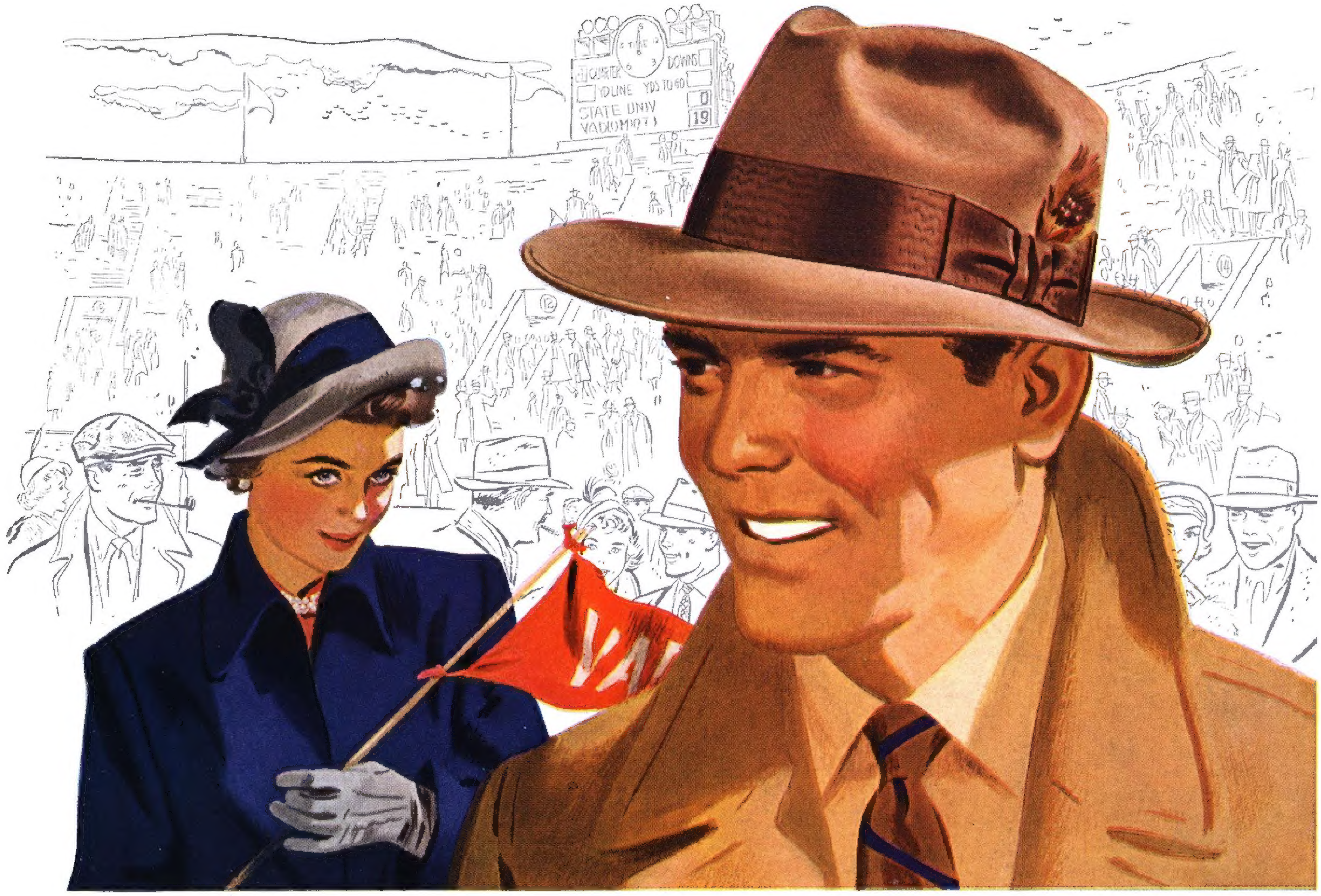

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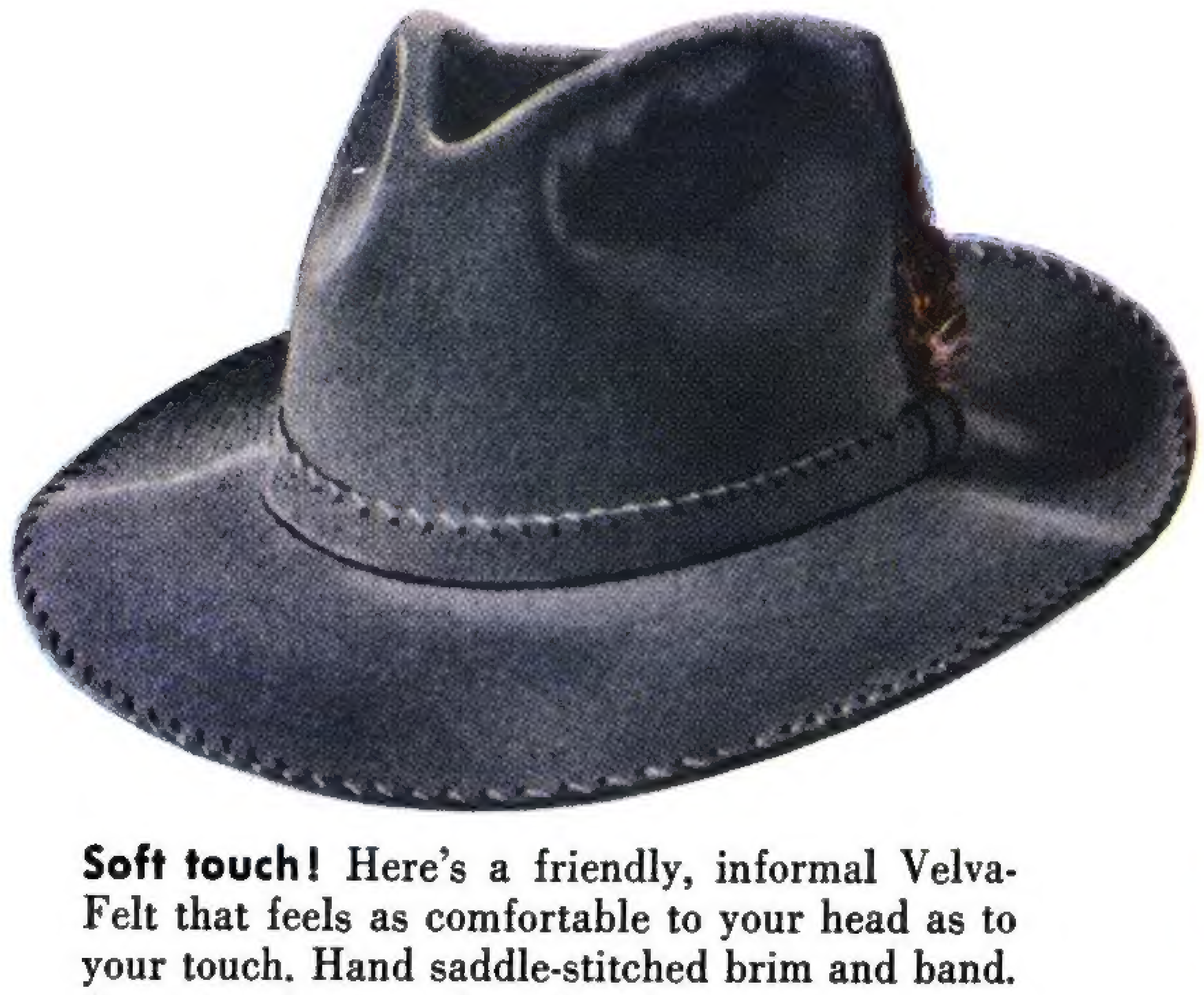

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